The Hymnal

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Two Hundred and Fifth Thousand.

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THIS Hymnal has been compiled by a Committee of The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, consisting of: —

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PREFACE

THE preparation of a new Hymnal for the use of the churches was committed to The Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work by the General Assembly of 1889. There were difficulties in the way of the undertaking, and even the beginnings of the work had then to be put off. To the Assembly of 1893, for the first time, and again in 1894, the Board reported the progress made in it, and the methods by which it was advancing, and, finally, in this present year, laid before the Assembly the proof-sheets of the Hymnal, then substantially complete. After its examination of these, the Standing Committee on Publication and Sabbath-School Work reported the following resolution, which the Assembly unanimously adopted by a rising vote: —

"*Resolved*, That we heartily recommend the new Hymnal, now approaching completion, to our churches, and express the earnest hope for the general adoption of this collection as the book of praise throughout our Church; and that we record our grateful appreciation of the labors of the Committee in charge of its preparation."

And now that the book is complete and approved, it must stand as the best exponent of the aims kept in view during its preparation, — to produce a manual of the Church's praise, a treasury of things new and old, chosen for actual service, expressive in some degree of the devotional feeling and also of the culture of God's people.

In the selection of hymns, those endeared to the Church by proved fitness have been given the first place; and the whole field of modern hymnody has been laboriously gleaned. The hymns are intended to cover every side of Church worship and work, and of Christian experience, and are so classified as to be most readily at hand to meet the occasion. Great pains have been taken with the state of the text. The Editor has in all cases sought to have before him the author's original text, and the authorized texts also of such amendments and revisions as seemed worthy of attention. As far as possible, the hymns are printed as their authors wrote them. When any changes have been adopted, the fact has invariably been noted beneath the hymn, partly in the interests of intelligent hymnology, partly also for honesty's sake, that no man's name be put to anything which he did not write. These foot-notes, with very few exceptions, are records of a personal inspection of the facts recorded, and furnish an interesting and, it is believed, trustworthy history of the hymn.

In the choice of tunes by the Committee, and in the revision of the harmonies by the Musical Editor, the guiding thought has been to adapt the book for use in congregational singing. Enough of music familiar

and simple is included to enable any of our congregations to make immediate use of the book. Beyond that is a great body of tunes, just as available when they shall be learned, and having the charm of freshness: some, no doubt, simpler and more readily caught; none, it is believed, beyond the reach of a congregation of moderate culture, with the aid of a choir. There are great differences among congregations in the matter of musical culture, and it is fitting that the needs of all should be thought of, and not left unprovided for. It may be best in some churches that certain of the more difficult tunes shall be introduced as anthems by the choir, the congregation following only at first, but in that way learning to sing them. Among the new tunes are more than fifty specially written for this book, and, both for excellence and usefulness, making a real addition to its resources.

Each of the hymns in this collection is set to its own tune, and very careful thought has been given to securing music not merely adapted to the rhythm of the hymn, but giving the proper musical expression to its sentiment and spiritual quality. To many of the hymns an alternate tune has been added, chosen with a view of bringing the hymn into use on occasions or under conditions when the first tune may not conveniently be used. Sometimes an alternate tune is designated by a cross-reference to its place in the book. And very often, when no alternate tunes are indicated in either way, the tunes are so grouped that at any given opening of the book there may be two or three tunes available for any one of the hymns. The method of printing the alternate tune to a hymn on that part of the opposite page nearest to the words themselves will, it is thought, commend itself to singers from its greater convenience in actual use. It is the usage of many of our churches to sing the Amen at the close of each hymn, and the proper chords have been provided for such purpose.

In making up the pages of the Hymnal, it is not merely the grace of beauty which has been sought. The openness and ampleness so grateful to the eye mean also that every hymn and tune has had given to it whatever space it properly called for, so that the notes and text may be distinct and clear, every syllable of the first verse, as far as may be, printed under its own proper note, and, best of all, that the number of verses in a hymn may be determined for their own sake, and not by mere mechanical considerations of space.

The names of the tunes, unless for good reason to the contrary, are those originally given them when first published, and the dates set to them are the dates of first publication. The date set to the hymn is the earliest date obtainable, ordinarily that of its composition, in some cases necessarily that of first publication. Where two dates are given, they indicate that of the original form of the hymn, and that of the author's revised text used in this book. The word "publ." indicates that the date of writing is unknown, and that the date of publication is posthumous. The letter *c*, (*circa*),

before a date is used where exact certainty is unobtainable. Where dates, either of hymns or tunes, are altogether wanting, the date of the author's or composer's birth and death are given in brackets, *e.g.* (1816–1893), or, where living, that of birth only, *e.g.* (1838–), or the date of death, when that alone is known, *e.g.* (–1850).

With such suggestions of purpose and method, there remains only the pleasant duty of giving thanks. The Editor would express his own to all who have answered his inquiries or otherwise lightened his labors, but especially to Mr. James Warrington, who has, in a way not less kindly than painstaking, given him the benefit of a special knowledge in the difficult matter of properly ascribing and dating the tunes in this collection.

Among the many composers who have set to music the hymns assigned them by the Committee, special acknowledgments are due for courtesies received at their hands to the Musical Editor, William W. Gilchrist, Mus. Doc., to George William Warren, Mus. Doc., Uzziah C. Burnap, the Rev. William P. Merrill, and the Rev. John Anketell, A. M. Thanks are given also to the following owners of copyright tunes who have freely granted the use of them: Mr. Frederick H. Cheeswright for No. 181, Mr. William G. Fischer for No. 707, the Rev. John S. B. Hodges, S. T. D., for No. 331, the Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, D. D., for No. 642, the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., for No. 501, Mr. Lewis H. Redner for No. 178, Mr. Samuel A. Ward for No. 622, Mr. James Warrington for No. 330, Mr. Richard S. Willis for Nos. 155 and 174, the Rev. J. Ireland Tucker, D. D., and Mr. William W. Rousseau for Nos. 86, 354, and 667.

The Committee would also acknowledge the favor of the following owners of the copyright in freely granting permission to use copyrighted hymns: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. for the hymns of Dr. Holmes and of Mr. Whittier; Miss Longfellow for the hymns of the late Rev. Samuel Longfellow; Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. and the family of the late Bishop Brooks for his Christmas Hymn; Mrs. Hervey D. Ganse for No. 85; the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., for No. 501; and Judge F. W. Henshaw for No. 685. And thanks are given to the following authors for their cordial permission to use their hymns here included: the Rev. John Anketell, A. M., Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D., LL. D., the Rev. William H. Furness, D. D., LL. D., the Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., the Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, D. D., Thomas MacKellar, Ph. D., the Rev. Daniel March, D. D., the Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D., Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D., the Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, the Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff, the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., the late Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, D. D., and the Rev. Aaron R. Wolfe.

And now the Committee would close its labors in the earnest hope that this book may add something, not less to the spirituality than to the heartiness of God's praise.

JULY 8, 1895.

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OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME; THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD; AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

The Ten Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the Name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also the words of our Lord Jesus, how He saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Apostles' Creed

I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in JESUS CHRIST His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell;* the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

* *i. e.* Continued in the state of the dead and under the power of death until the third day.

Opening Sentences

LET Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

I WILL come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy; and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

OUR help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.

IF we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

WE have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

I WILL arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

RETURN unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

LORD, I cry unto Thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto Thee.

Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

THE hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

BLESSED is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple.

THE Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him all the earth.

IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High: to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

THE Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him: He also will hear their cry, and will save them.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

TIMES OF WORSHIP

Morning

I EVERY MORNING 7·7·7·7·7·7· Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

1 Ev - ery morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;

Ev - ery morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas - sion doth en - dure. A-MEN.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

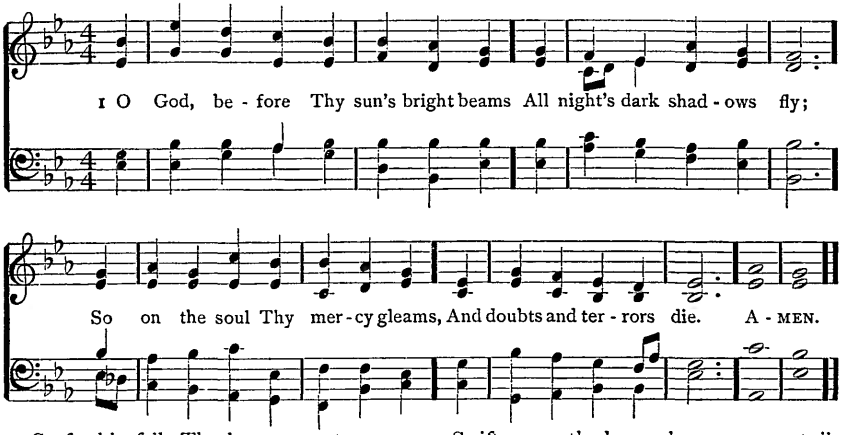
3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863: verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt.

2 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace
As morning's gladdening breath;
Gives light to all to seek Thy face,
And guides in life and death.

3 O holy light! O light of God!
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know!

4 Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way:
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,
Whilst it is called to-day.

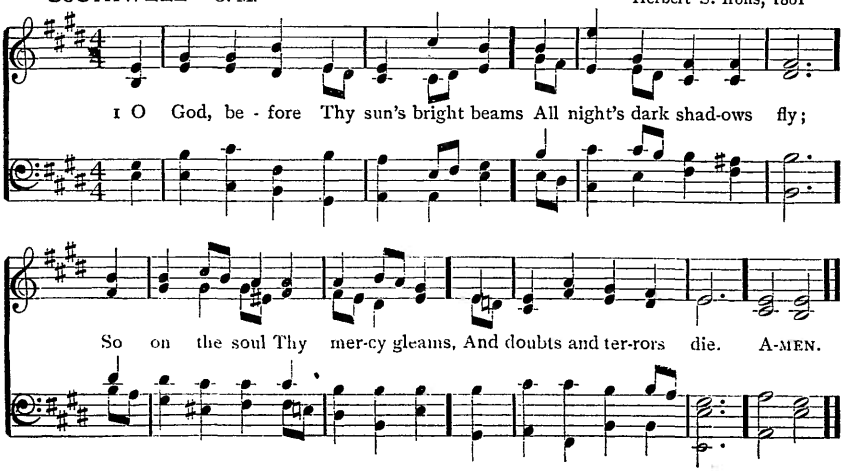
5 Then we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven.

6 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
O holy One in Three,
Grant us, with all Thy glorious host,
To share that morn with Thee.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863

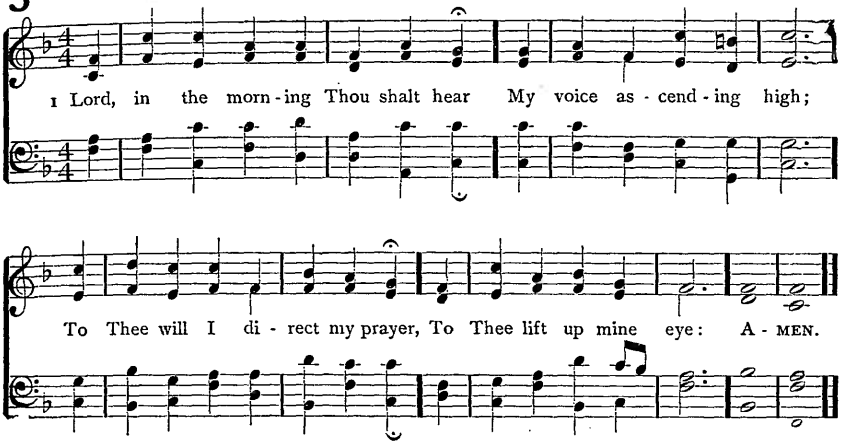
SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861



Morning

3 MEAR C. M.



2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

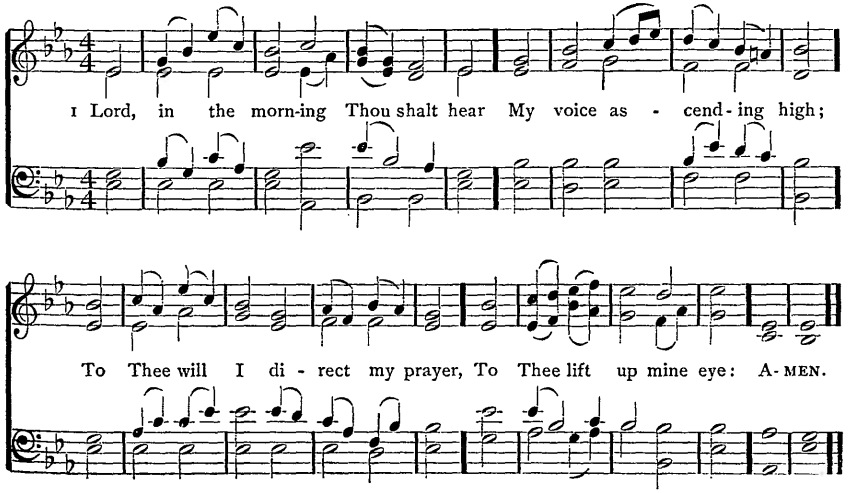
4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

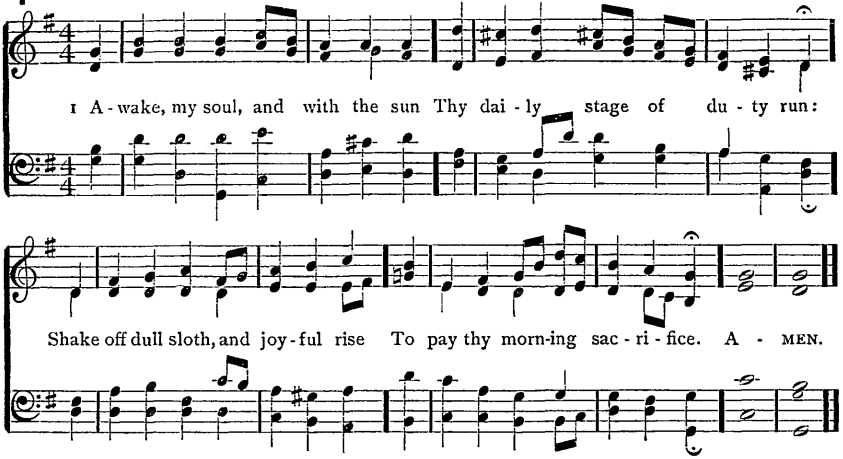
WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800



4 MORNING HYMN L. M.

François H. Barthélémon, 1791



2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

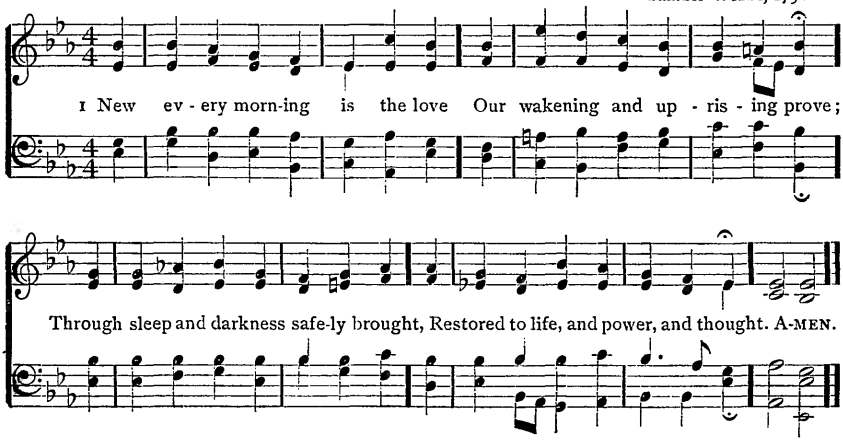
6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1695 (Text of 1709)

MELCOMBE L. M.

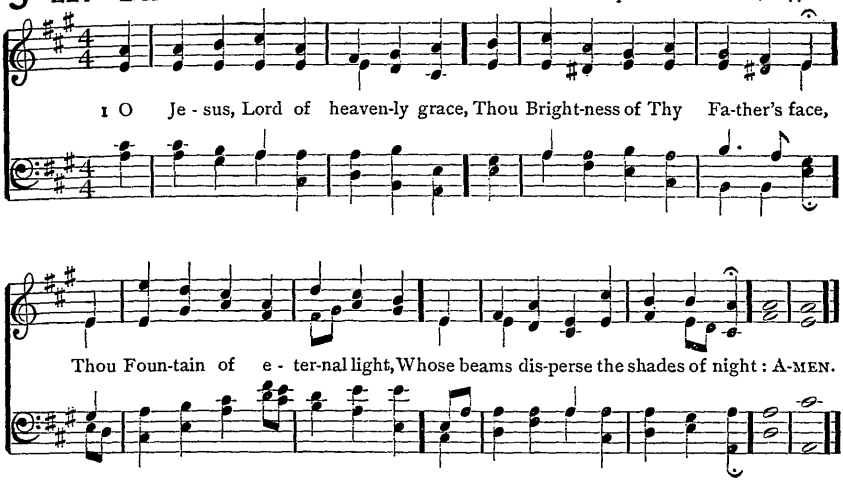
Samuel Webbe, 1792



Morning

5 ELY L. M.

Bishop Thomas Turton, 1844



2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

5 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noonday light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Ambrose of Milan (340–397). Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837

6 (MELCOMBE) L. M.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

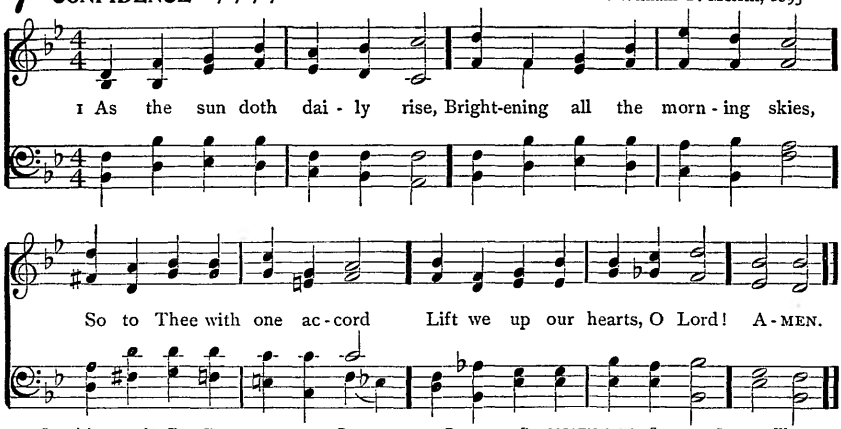
5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. John Keble, 1822

Morning

7 CONFIDENCE 7·7·7·7·

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1895



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2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

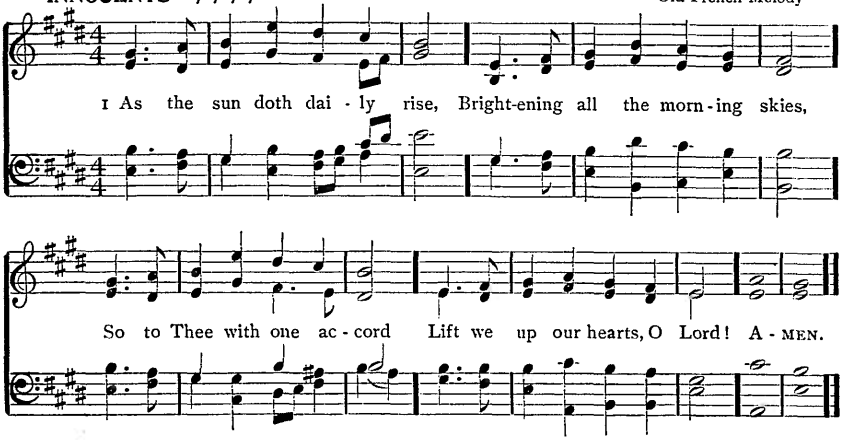
5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

6 Praise we, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by Earl Nelson, 1864

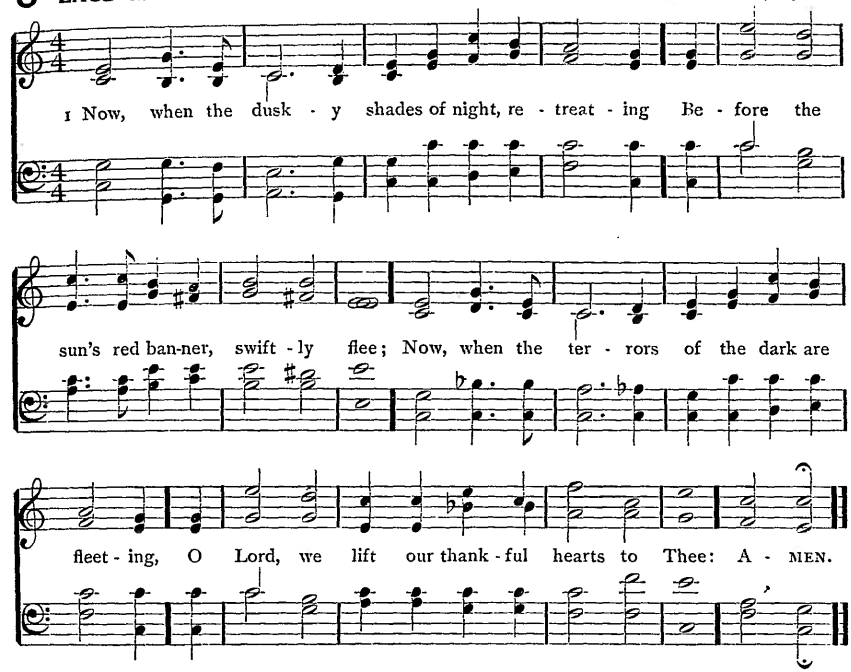
INNOCENTS 7·7·7·7·

Old French Melody



8 LAUS MATUTINA 11. 10. 11. 10.

Sir John Stainer, 1872



2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of light unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the even and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,
Man goeth forth through all the weary day;
In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.

5 Thou, who hast made the north and south, watch o'er us;
Thou, in whose Name the lonely ones rejoice,
Still let Thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
Still let us listen for Thy warning voice.

6 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Anon. Hedge and Huntington's Hymns etc. 1853

9 RATISBON 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Old German Melody: Werner's Choralbuch, 1815

1 Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear. A - MEN.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

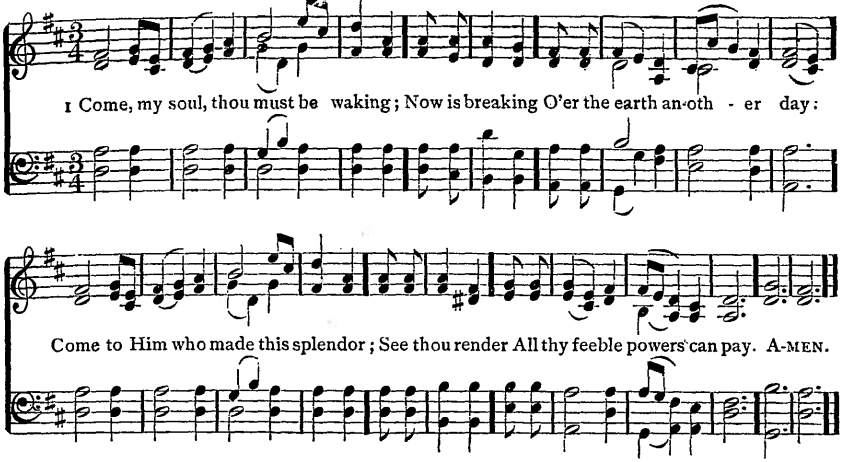
DAY-STAR 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1872

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only Light, Sun of Righteousness, a-rise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart appear. A - MEN.

10 HAYDN 8.4.7.8.4.7.

Arr. from Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)



2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

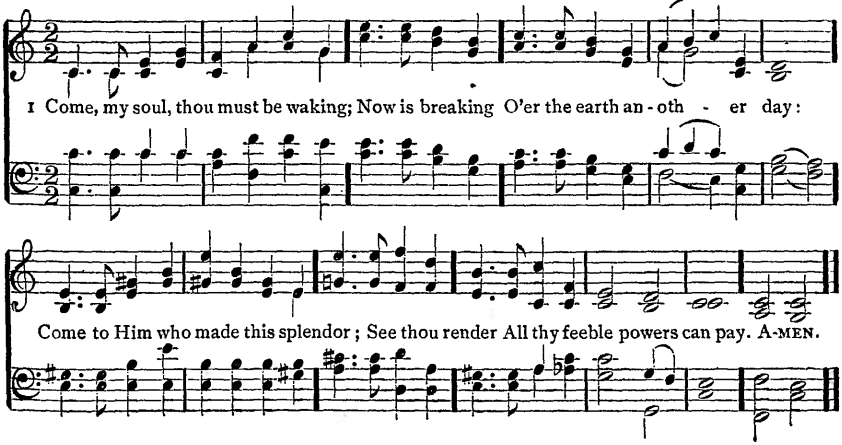
4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, publ. 1700. Tr. Rev. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841: verse 5, alt.

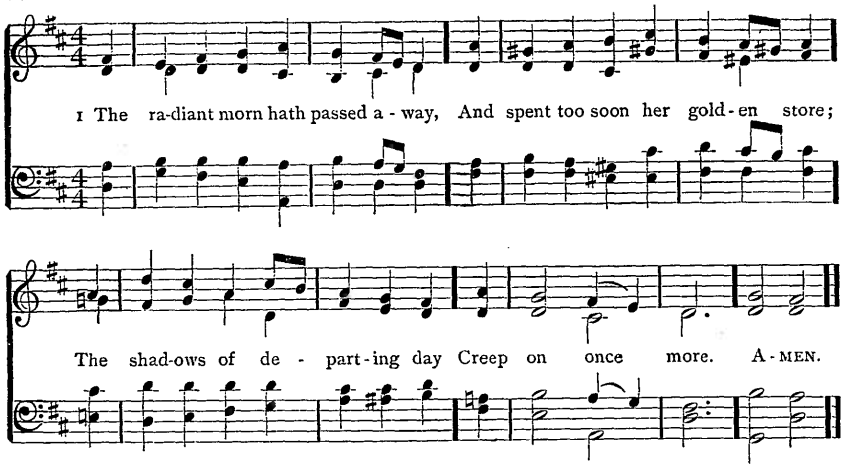
LUX PRIMA 8.4.7.8.4.7.

Sir John Stainer, 1872



II THE RADIANT MORN 8. 8. 8. 4.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872



2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past:
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

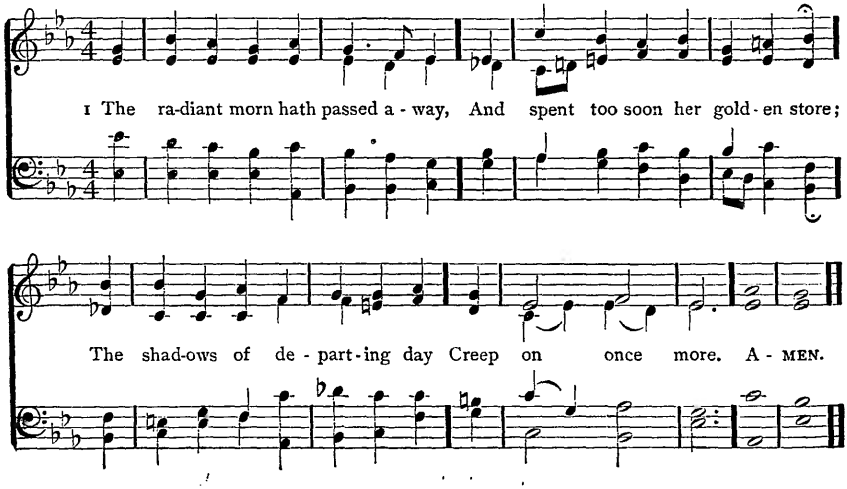
4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864

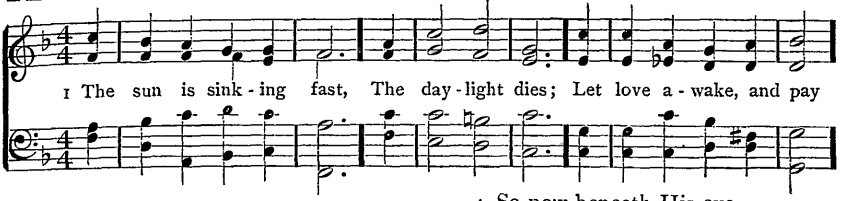
ST. GABRIEL 8. 8. 8. 4.

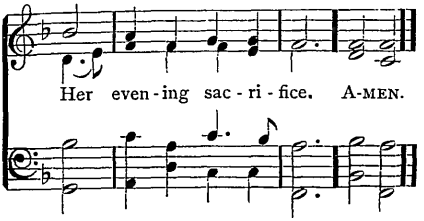
Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., 1868



12 ST. COLUMBA 6. 4. 6. 6.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861





2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live,

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

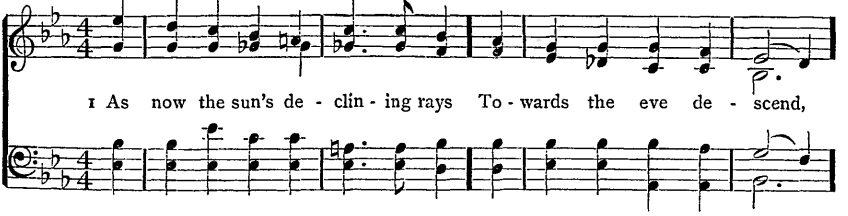
6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

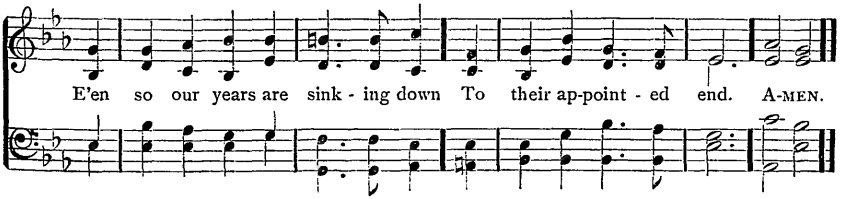
7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine!

Anon. (Latin) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858

13 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861





2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw us to the sky;
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

Charles Coffin, 1736. Tr Rev. John Chandler, 1837

14 NOW GOD BE WITH US 11. 11. 11. 5.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A - MEN.

Slower.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 As Thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

6 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Rev. Petrus Herbert, 1566. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

15 THROUGH THE DAY 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us; Let no foe our peace mo - lest:

Slower.

Je - sus, Thou our Guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who dost seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806. Doxology added

ALBERT 8.7.8.7.7.7.

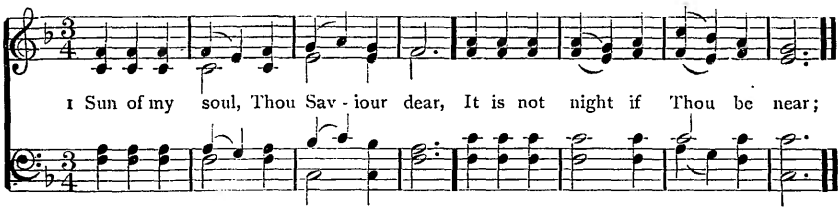
Heinrich Albert, 1643

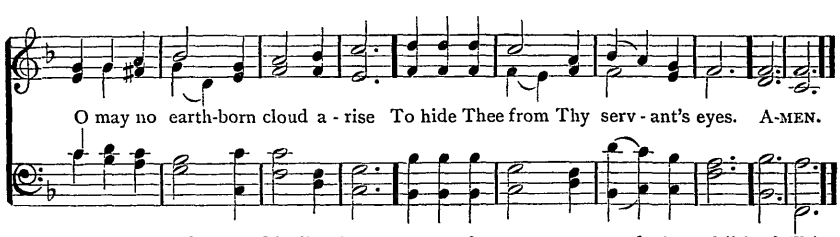
1 { Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us; Let no foe our peace mo - lest: }

Je - sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A - MEN.

16 HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861





2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

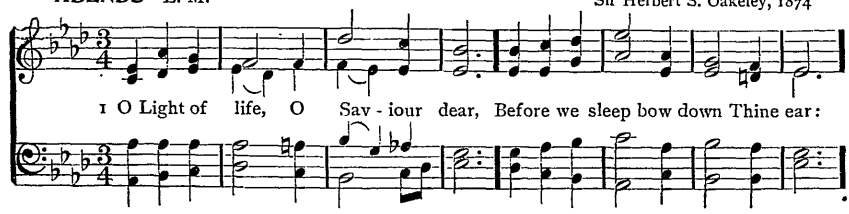
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

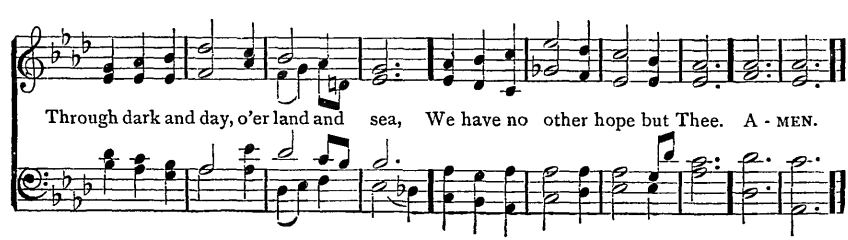
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1820

ABENDS L. M.

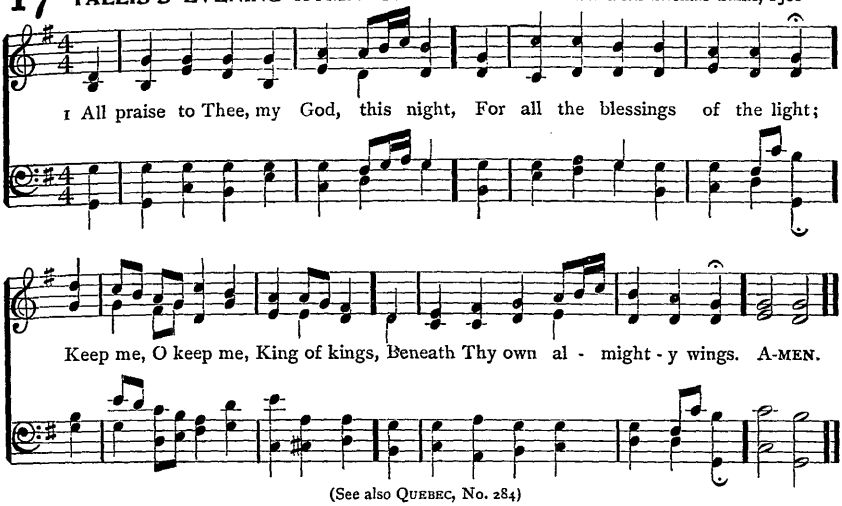
Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874





17 TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560



(See also QUEBEC, No. 284)

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693 (text of 1709)

18 (ABENDS) L. M.

1 O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear:
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1865

19 ST. ANATOLIUS (BARNBY) 7.6.7.6.8.8

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee; I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me through the com - ing night. A - MEN.

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Cento from early Greek Service Bk. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1853, 1862

Evening

ST. ANATOLIUS (BROWN) 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8 — Arthur H. Brown, 1862

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night. A-MEN.

ST. ANATOLIUS (DYKES) 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8 — Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A-MEN.

20 NACHTLIED 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Henry Smart, 1872

1 The day is gent - ly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the sun - light glows: O Bright - ness of Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where Thou art pre - sent darkness can - not be; Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

SUNDOWN 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. John H. Gower, 1890

Voices in unison

1 The day is gent - ly sink - ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the

Voices in harmony

sun - light glows: O Bright - ness of Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, Thou

Unison

E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres - ent

Harmony

dark - ness can - not be; Mid-night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright by JOHN H. GOWER

21 ANGELUS L. M.

Alt. from Georg Josephi, 1657

1 At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what di-vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way! A-MEN.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Rev. Henry Twells, 1868

ST. FIDELIS L. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
O in what di-vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way! A-MEN.

22 VESPERS L. M.

James W. Elliott (1816—)

1 A-gain, as even-ing's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;

And ves-per hymn and ves-per prayer Rise ming-ling on the ho-ly air. A-MEN.

(See also STAINCLIFFE, No. 201)

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1859

23 EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878

1 Sav-iour, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A-MEN.

Copyright by GEORGE C. STEBBINS

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

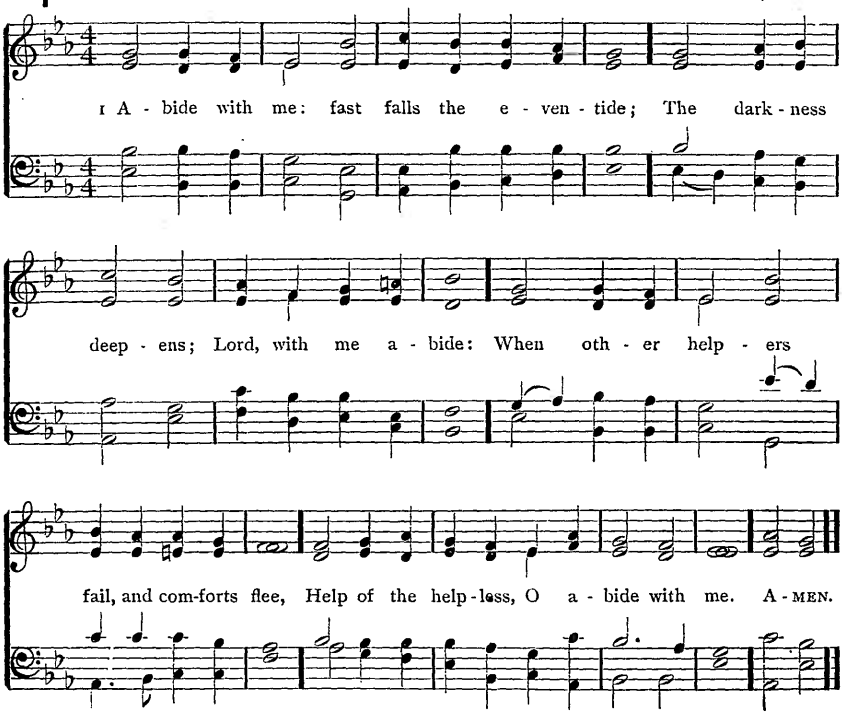
3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

24 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

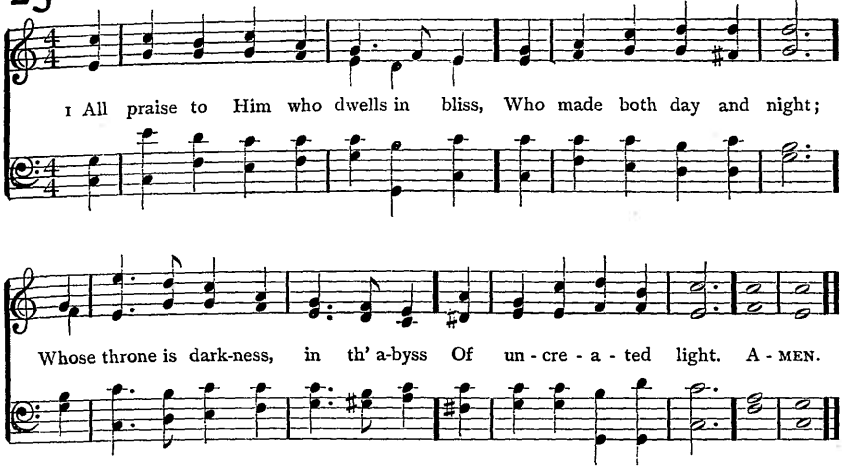
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

25 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

Frederick G. Baker, 1876



2 Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of Thy wings,
Shall they securely rest.

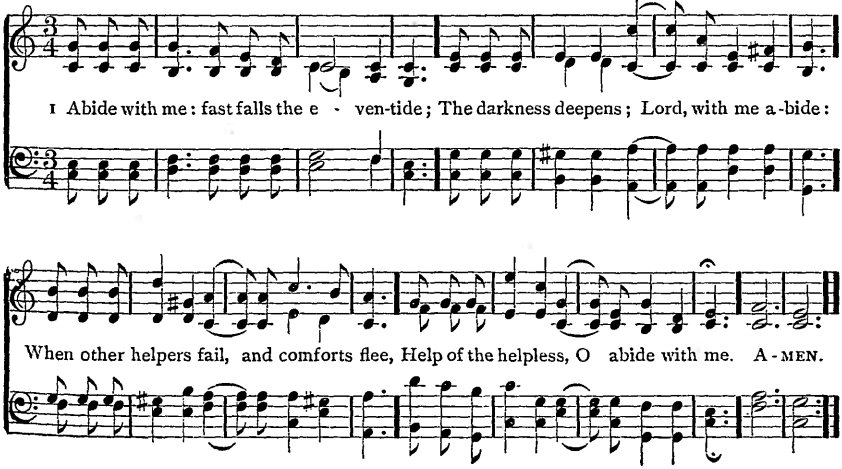
4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.

5 May we, with calm and sweet repose
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn's unclose,
And bless the Ever-bless'd.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1741

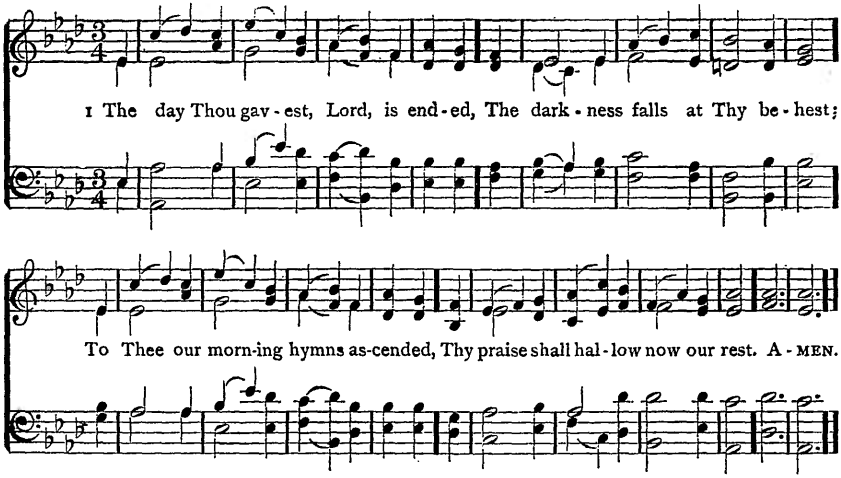
ABIDE WITH ME 10. 10. 10. 10.

Sir John Goss, 1871



26 ST. CLEMENT 9. 8. 9 8.

Rev. Clement C. Scholefield, 1874



2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

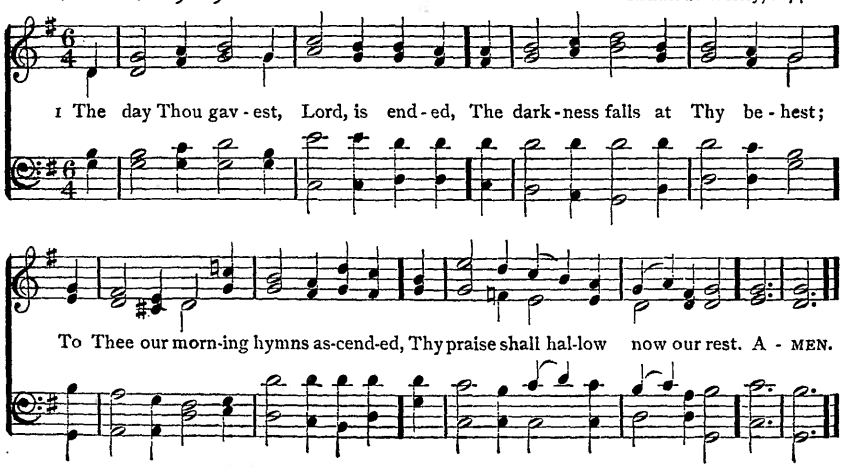
4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870

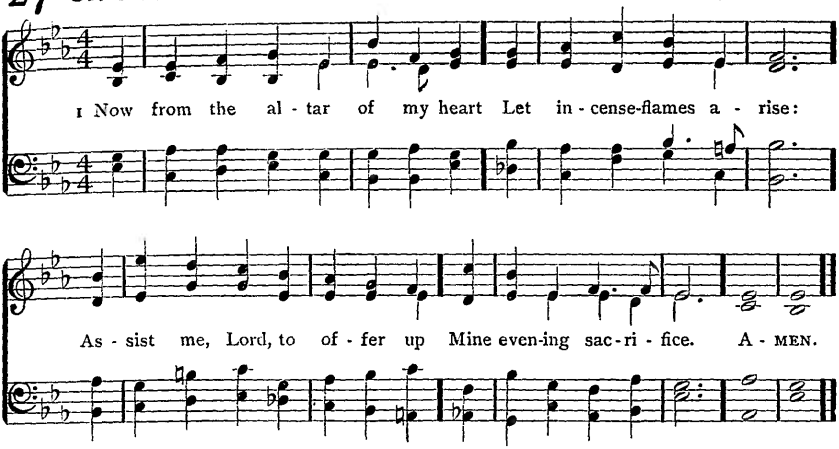
RADFORD 9. 8. 9. 8.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1874



27 ST. HUGH C. M.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862



2 Awake, my love ! awake, my joy !
Awake, my heart and tongue !
Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide ;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

4 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day :
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

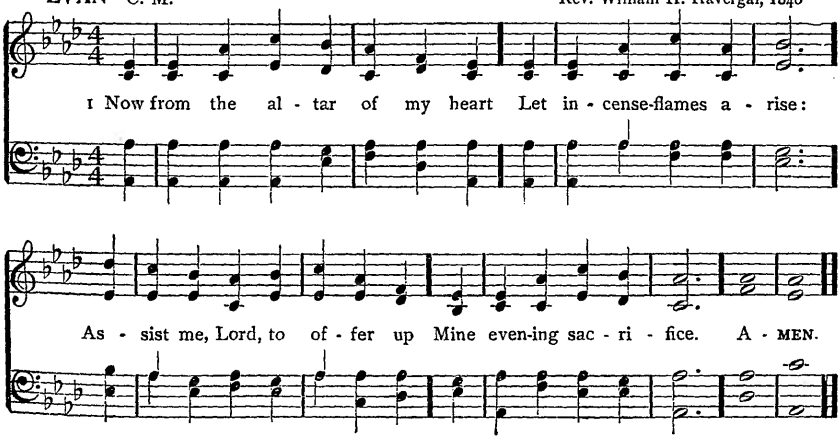
5 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require :
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

6 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

Rev. John Mason, 1683

EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846



28 ST. LEONARD (HILES) C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1868

1 The shad - ows of the even - ing hours Fall from the dark-ening sky;

Up - on the fra - grance of the flowers The dews of even - ing lie:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

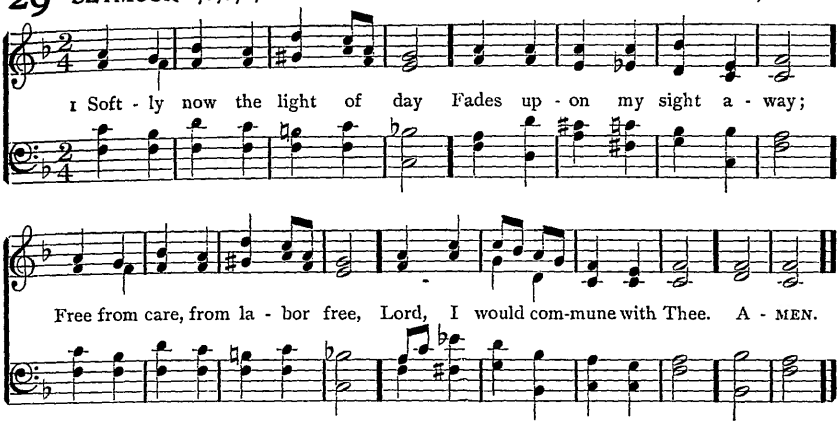
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord.
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1862: verse 4, l. 7, alt.

29 SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

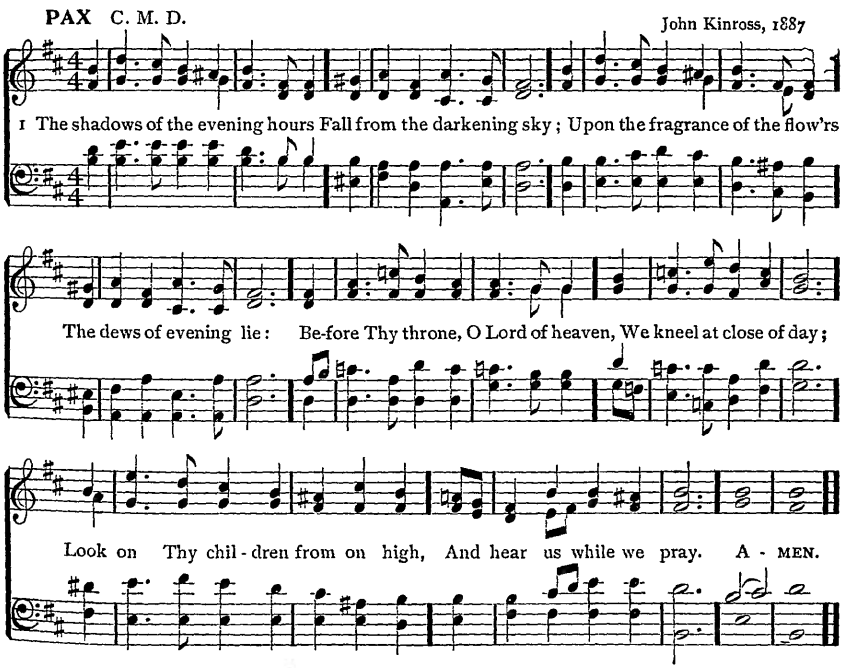
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

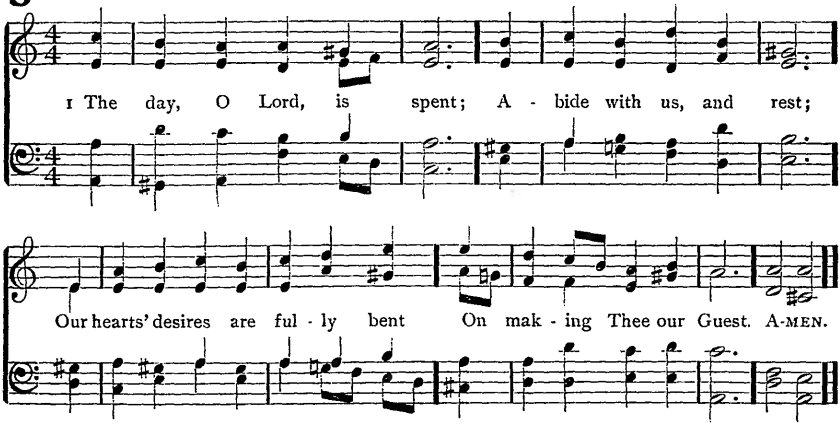
PAX C. M. D.

John Kinross, 1887



30 ST. IGNATIUS S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869



2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

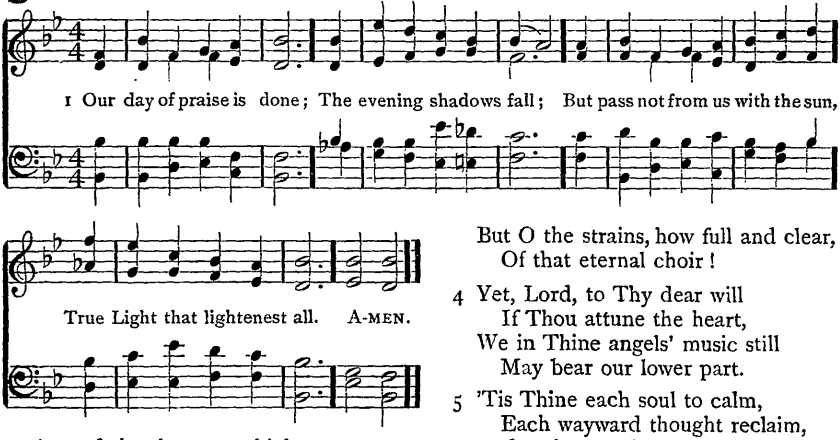
3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

4 From men below the skies,
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father praise arise,
The Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1842

31 SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810–1856)



2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

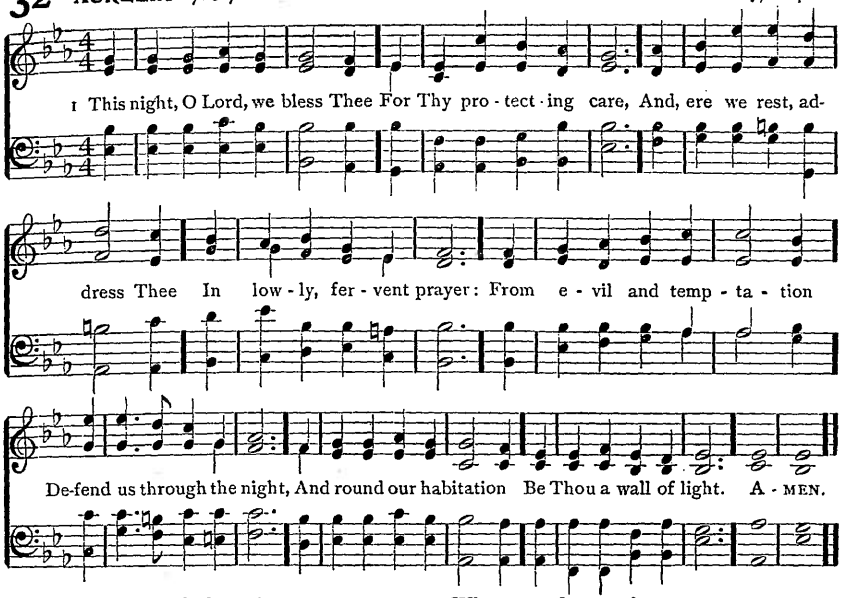
5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1869, 1871

32 AURELIA 7.6.7.6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864



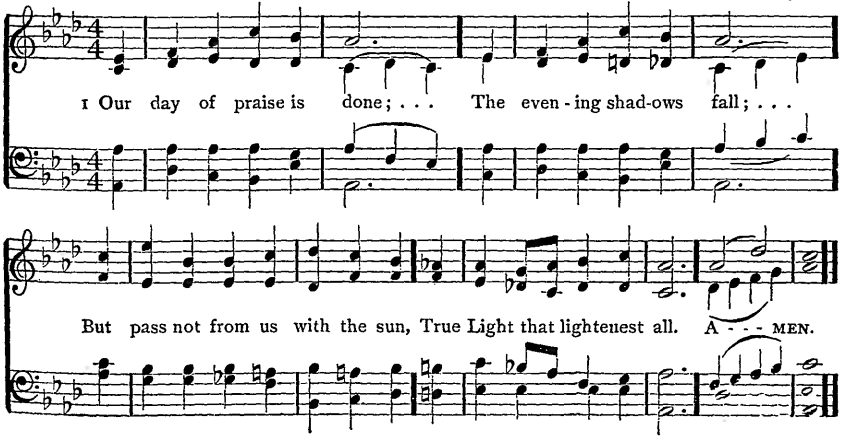
2 On Thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast,
To Thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last;
To Thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that Thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee.
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of Thy sure promise,
The shield of Thy true love.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1856

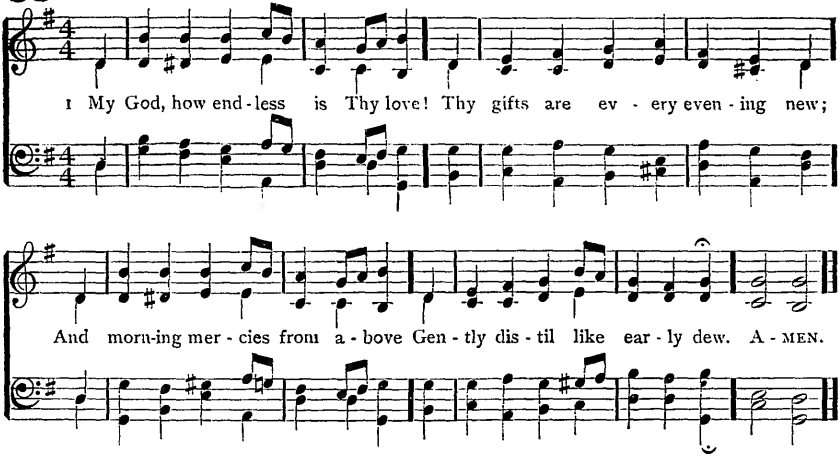
GARDEN CITY S. M.

Horatio W. Parker, 1890



33 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839



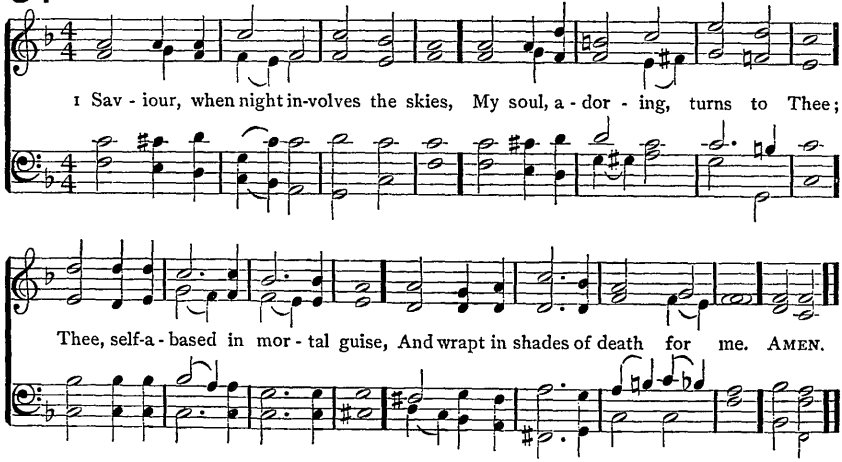
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

34 SWEDEN L. M.

Henry Hiles, 1868



2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

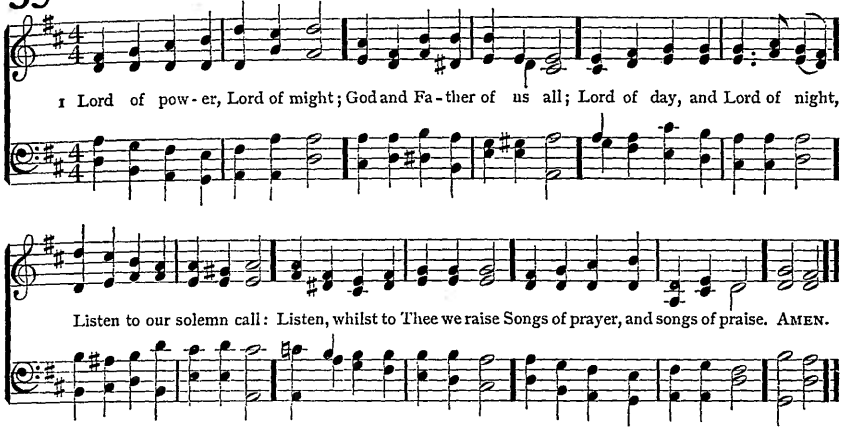
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon shall feel,
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

Rev. Thomas Gisborne, 1803; verse 2, l. 1, alt.

35 MOUNT ZION 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867



2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light Divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store
Blessings rich for evermore.

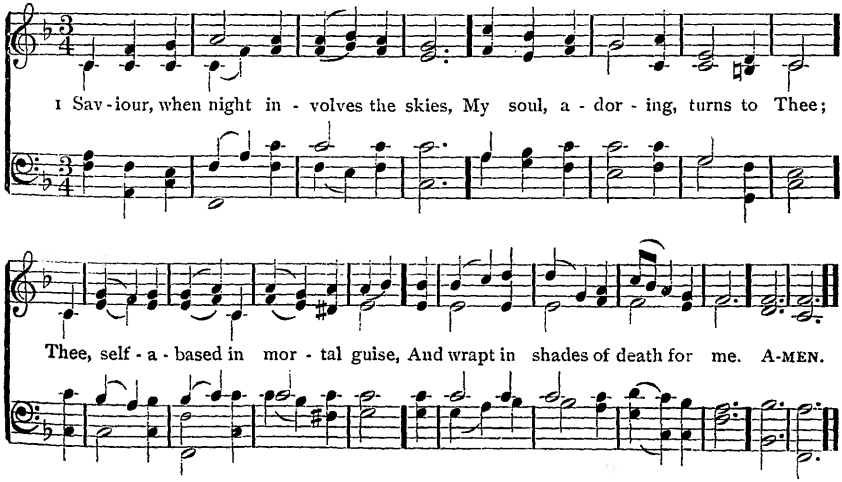
3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy Name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862

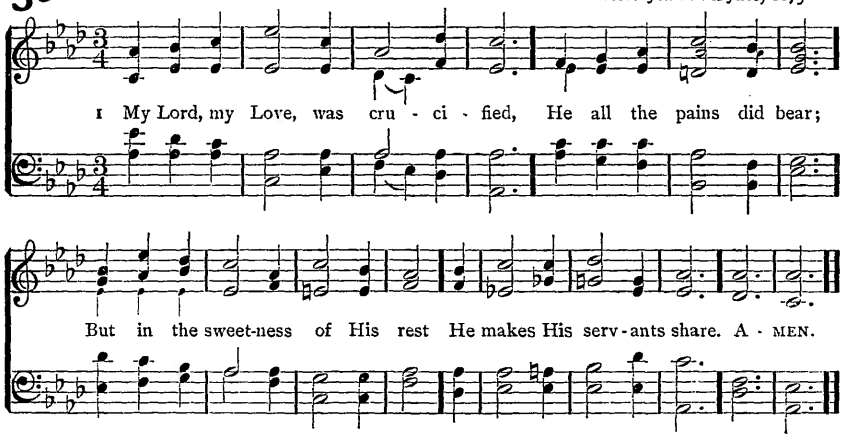
ALSACE L. M.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



36 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

4 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

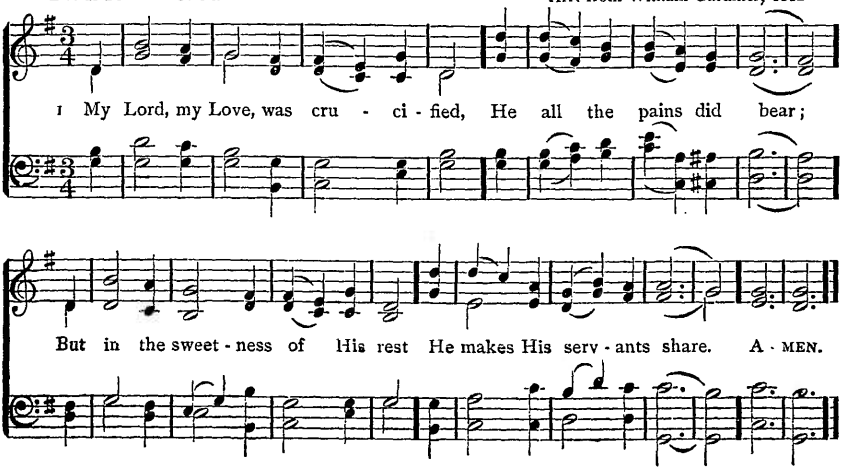
5 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

Rev. John Mason, 1683

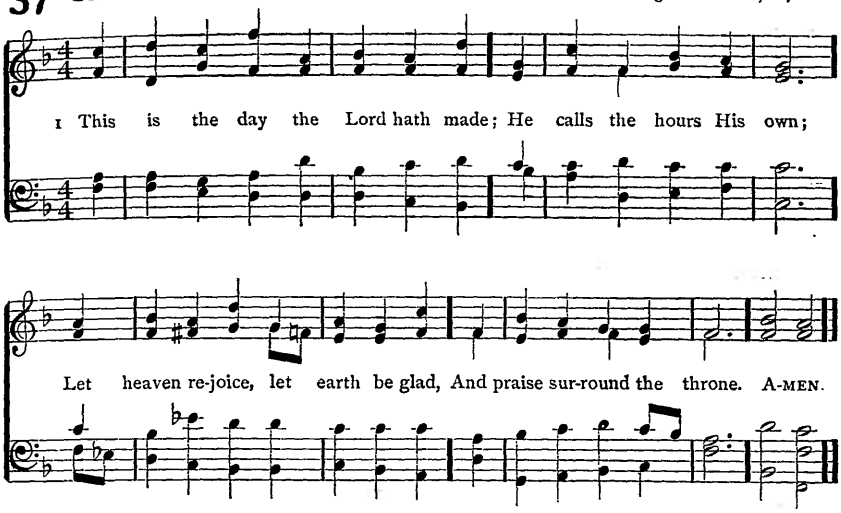
BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812



37 ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE C. M.

George M. Garrett, 1872



2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

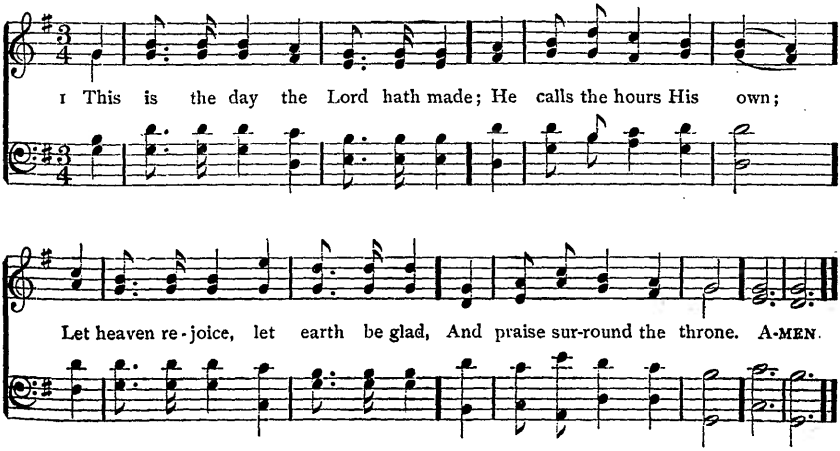
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762



38 ASPIRATION 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895

With spirit.

1 Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn;

Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mor - tal toys

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - MEN.

im - mor - tal joys.

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2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

"Hayward," in Dobell's Selection, 1806

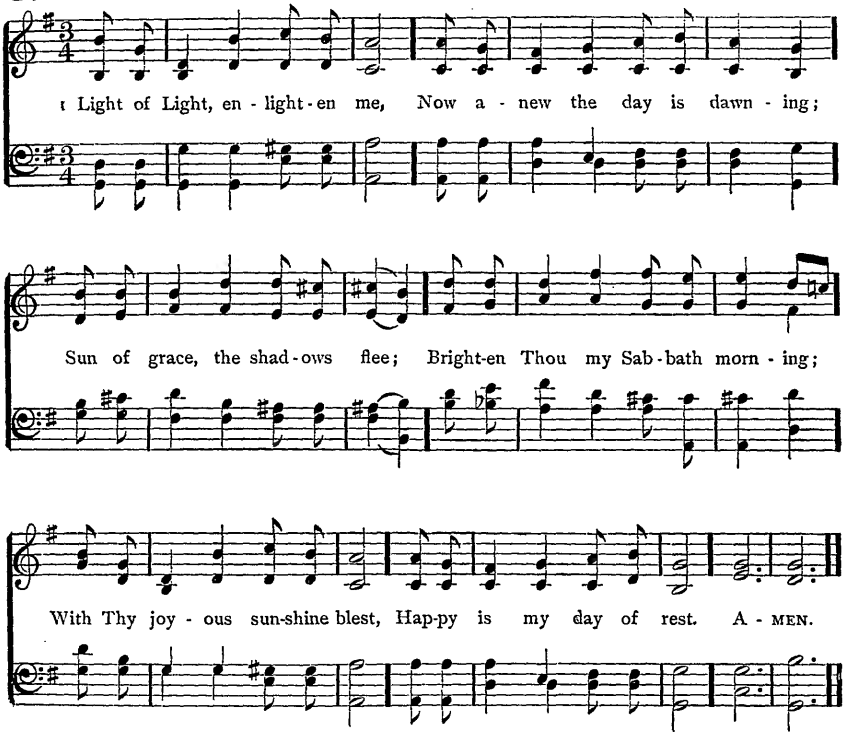
LISCHER 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arr. fr. F. J. C. Schneider, by Lowell Mason, 1841

A - MEN.

39 HINCHMAN 7.8.7.8.7.7.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1869



2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

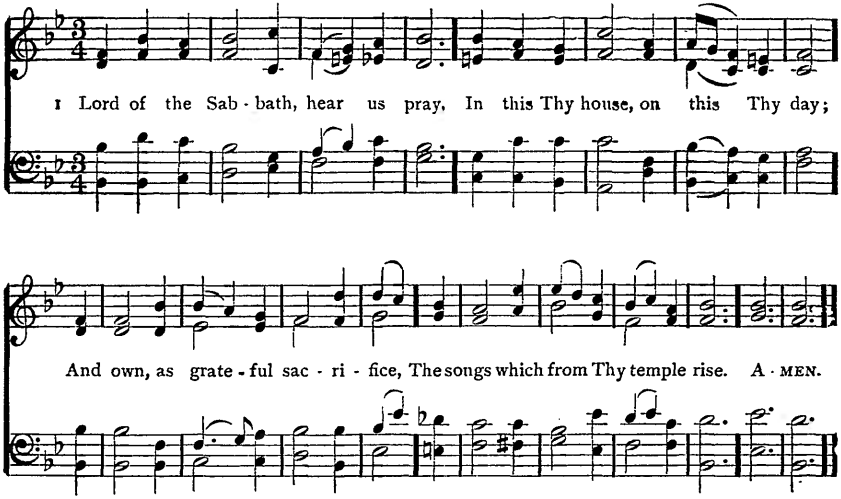
5 Rest in me, and I in Thee;
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessèd Love, who diedst to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, 1714. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

40 GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815



2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But look for truer rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;

5 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise!

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737: alt. Cotterill's Sel. 1819; and elsewhere

41 (GRACE CHURCH) L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how Divine!

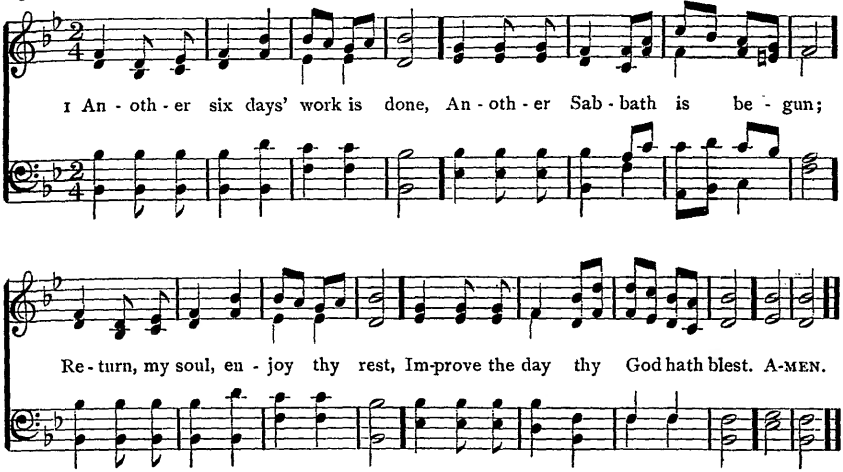
4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

42 ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850



2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

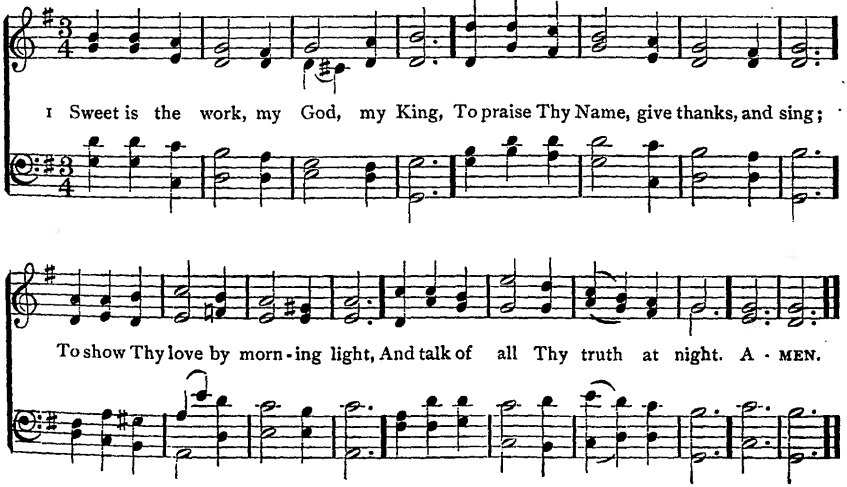
4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, publ. 1732: alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769

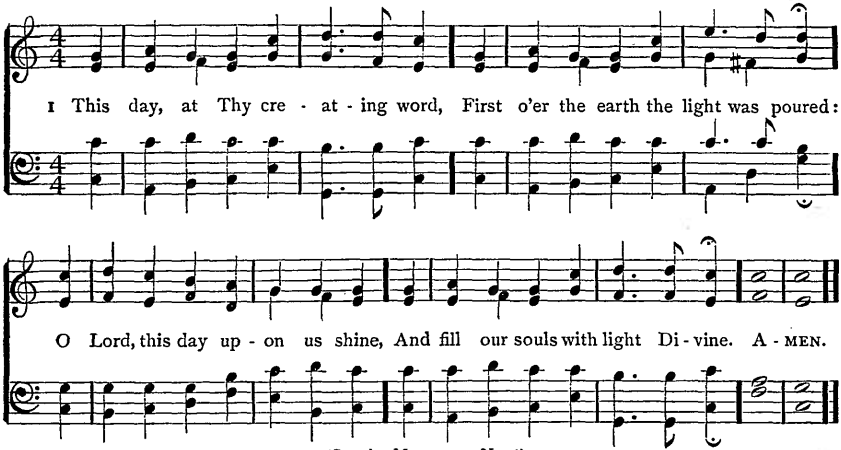
GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815



43 LAUDS L. M.

Old Latin Melody: arr. by R. Redhead, 1853



(See also MELCOMBE, No. 6)

2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

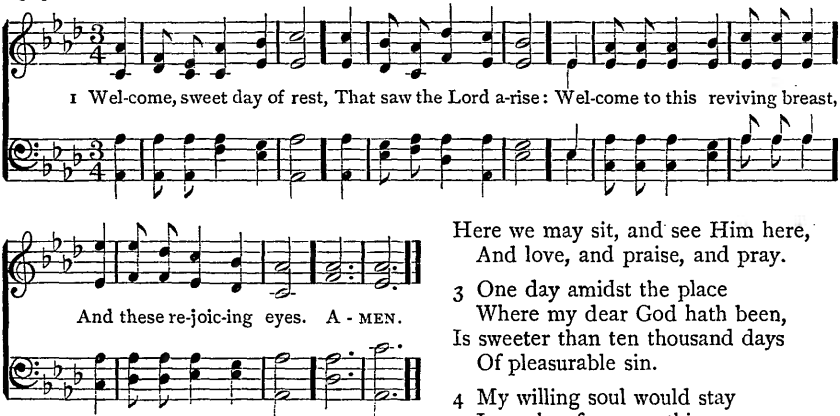
4 O day of light, and life, and grace;
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of Love,
Give we again to God above.

5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
For ever and for evermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1854, 1871

44 LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read, 1785



2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

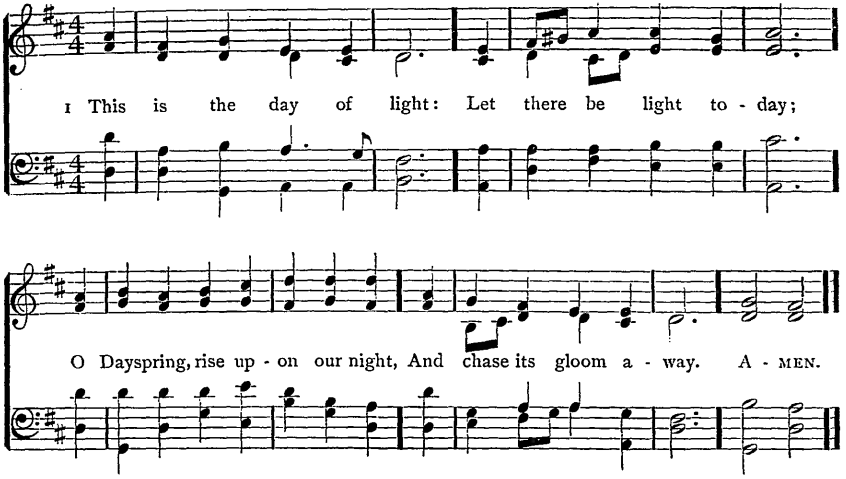
3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709: verse 4, ll. 3, 4, alt.

45 SWABIA S. M.

Old German Chorale: arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1847



2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

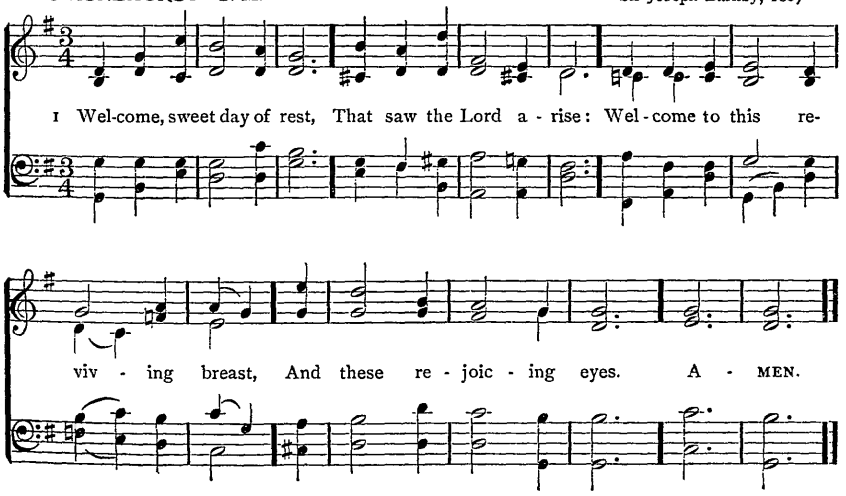
4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1867

CHISELHURST S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1887



46 ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

1 O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Through ages joined in tune, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Triune. A-MEN.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

The Lord's Day

ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and

O balm

sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee the high and low - ly,

Through ages joined in tune, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Triune. AMEN.

MENDEBRAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D. German Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

1 { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, / O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee the high and lowly,

Through a-ges joined in tune, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Triune. A-MEN.

47 SACRED MORN 7.7.7.7.7.7.

William H. Squires, 1895

1 Hail, thou bright and sa - cred morn, Risen with glad - ness in thy beams!

Light, which not of earth is born, From thy dawn in glo - ry streams:

Airs of heaven are breathed a - round, And each place is ho - ly ground. A-MEN.

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2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessèd day,
Resting-place on life's rough road:
Here flow forth the streams of grace;
Strengthened hence we run our race.

3 Great Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

4 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake;
Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

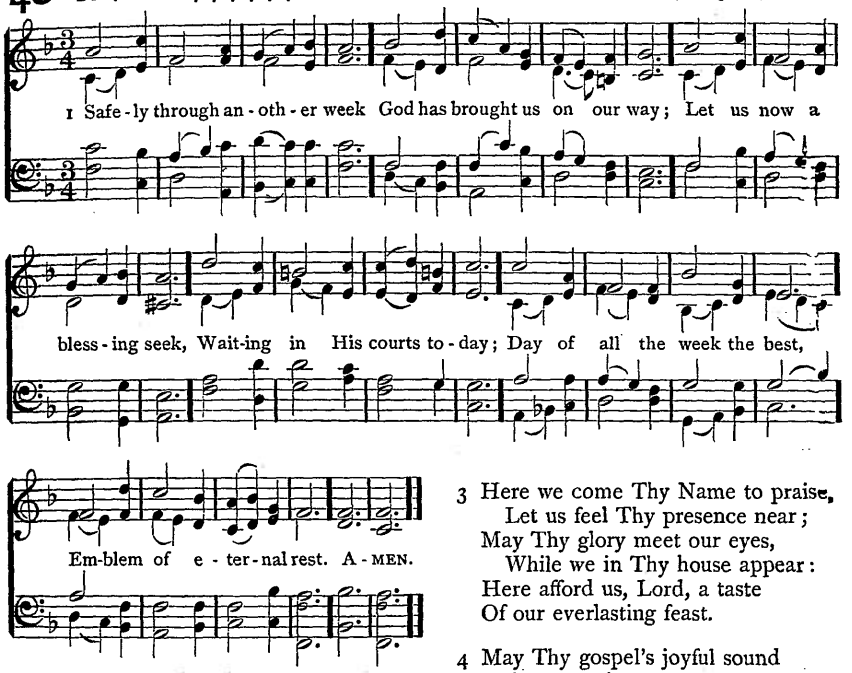
5 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify:
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.

Julia Anne Elliott, 1833

At the Opening of Service

48 TORONTO 7·7·7·7·7·7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1880



2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

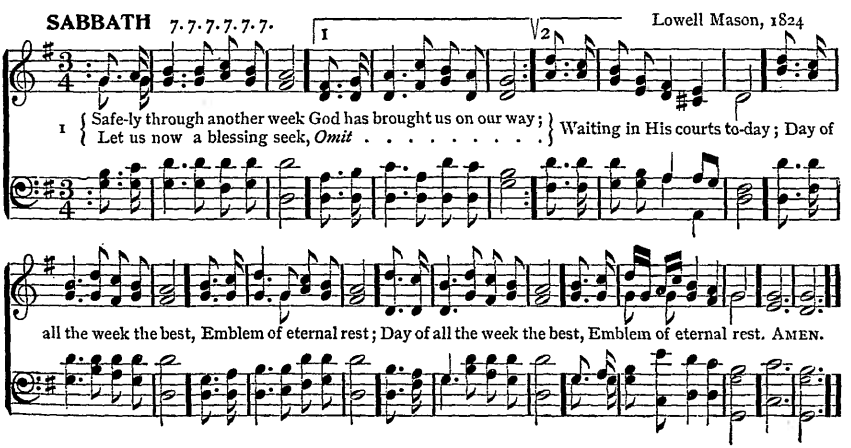
3 Here we come Thy Name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774: alt.

SABBATH 7·7·7·7·7·7.

Lowell Mason, 1824



49 MAIDSTONE 7.7.7.7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1862

1 Pleas-ant are Thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low, In this land of sin and woe.
O my spir-it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace. A-MEN.

(See also ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR, No. 335)

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

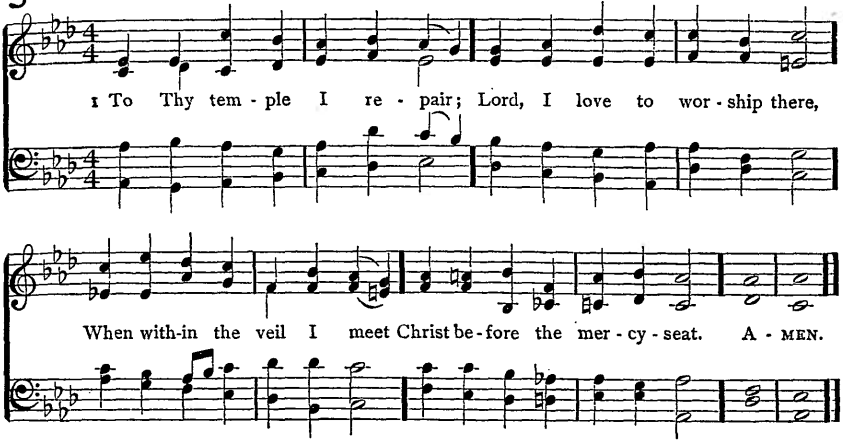
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

50 SPRINGFIELD 7.7.7.7.

Edward Minshall, 1887



2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

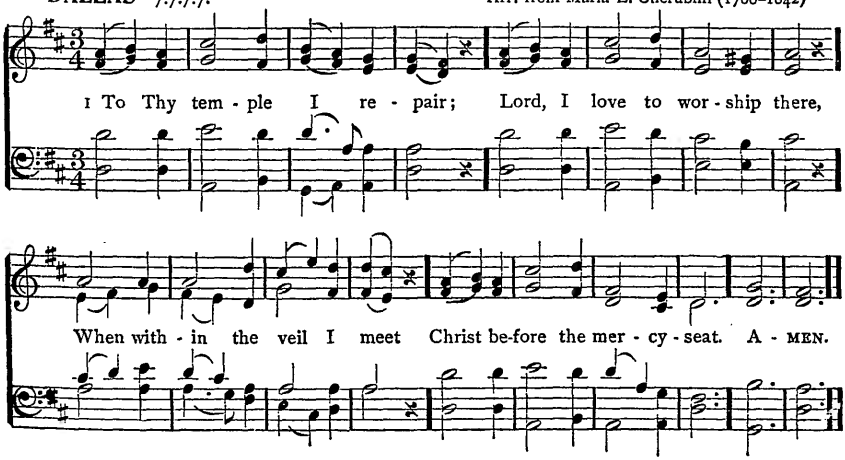
5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812

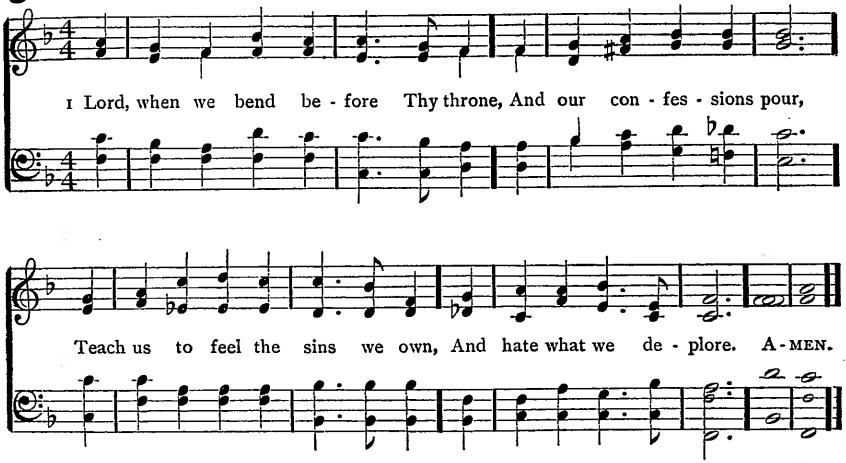
DALLAS 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini (1760–1842)



51 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

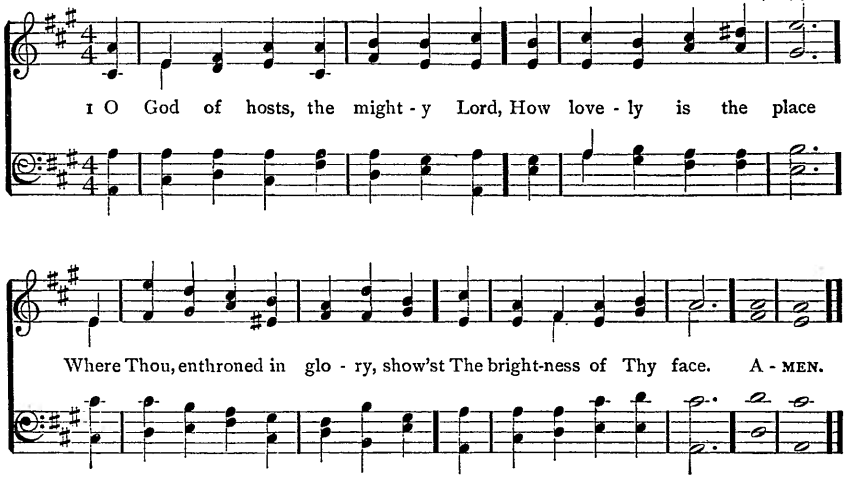
4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802

ST. NATHANIEL C. M.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



52 LAMBETH C. M.

Not too fast

1 Spir - it Di - vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers, O come, great Spir - it, come. A - MEN.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as Thy Church above.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1829

53 (ST. NATHANIEL) C. M.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face.

2 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.

3 Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

4 For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

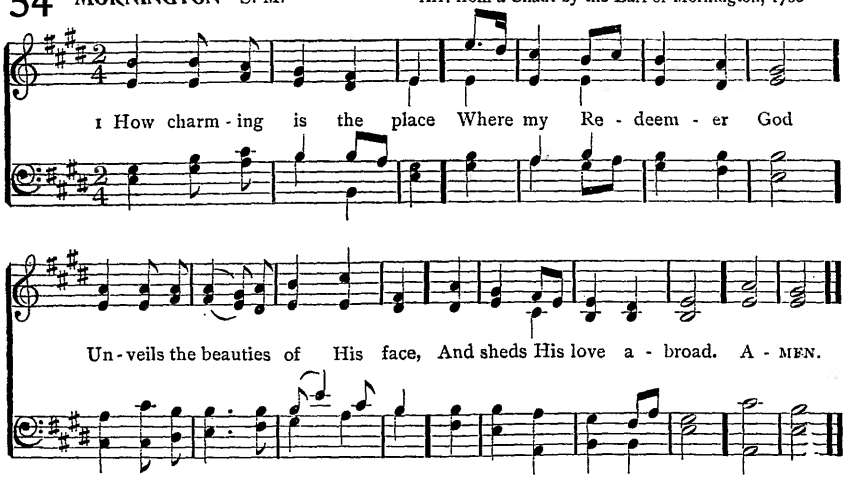
5 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on Thee.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

54 MORNINGTON S. M.

Arr. from a Chant by the Earl of Mornington, 1760



2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

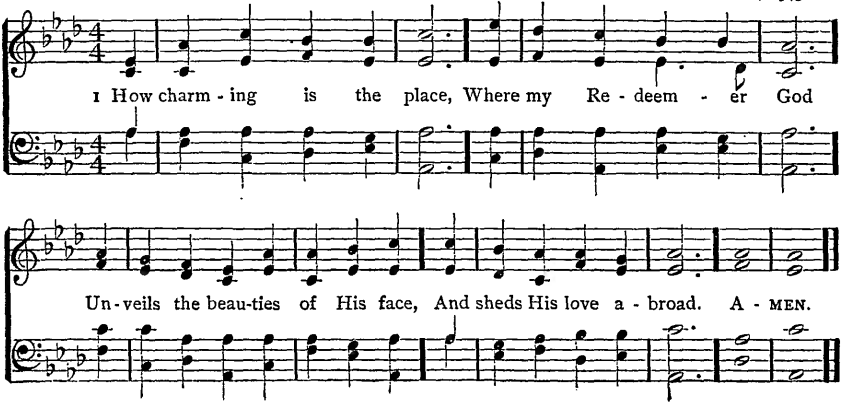
5 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

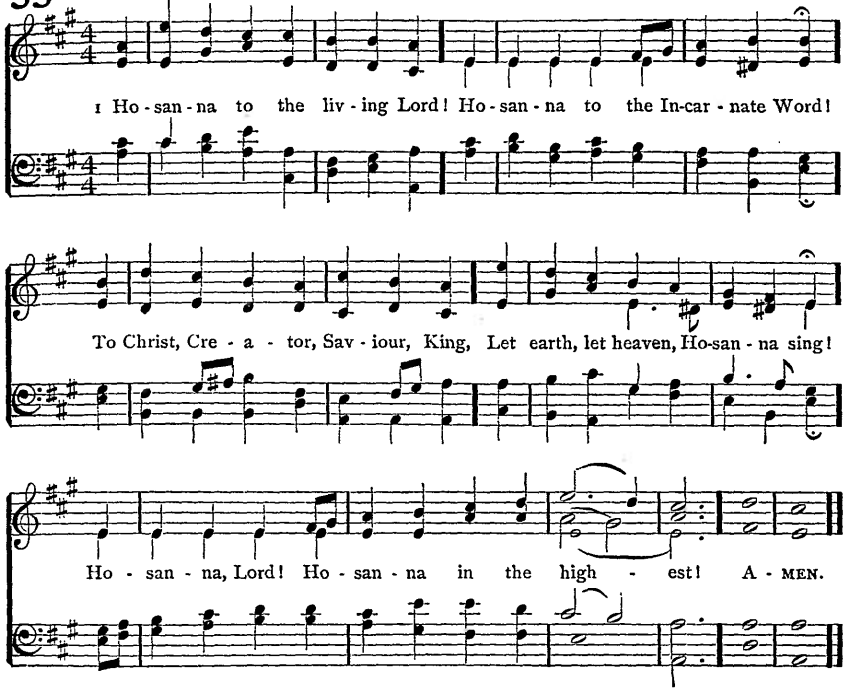
ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543



55 HOSANNA L. M. with Refrain

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865



2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811 [Text of 1827]

56 UNSER HERRSCHER 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. Joachim Neander, 1680

1 { O - pen now thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer: }

O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - MEN.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, 1732. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

TRINITY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

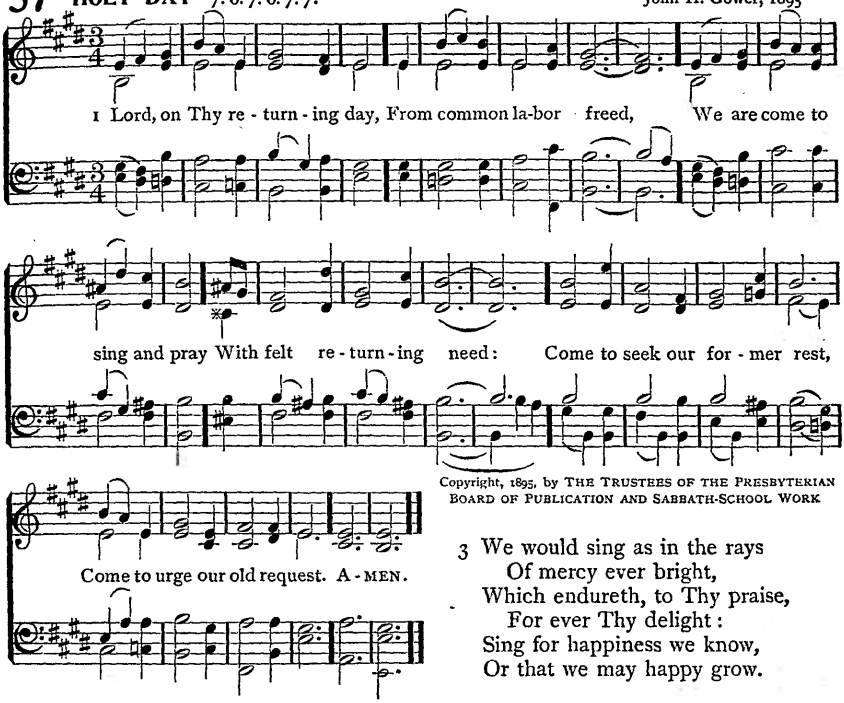
Felice de Giardini, 1769

1 Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days. A - MEN.

57 HOLY DAY 7.6.7.6.7.7.

John H. Gower, 1895



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2 Show us, Lord, the goal of life,
And give us heart to run;
Breathe the peace that follows strife,
Lest future work we shun:
Hearts that hasty time has grieved
Are by Sabbath calm relieved.

3 We would sing as in the rays
Of mercy ever bright,
Which endureth, to Thy praise,
For ever Thy delight:
Sing for happiness we know,
Or that we may happy grow.

4 We would pray as those who stand
Their truest Friend beside,
Whom He takes as by the hand,
Unto their God to guide;
By His power, and for His sake,
Fully us Thy children make.

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

58 (TRINITY) 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

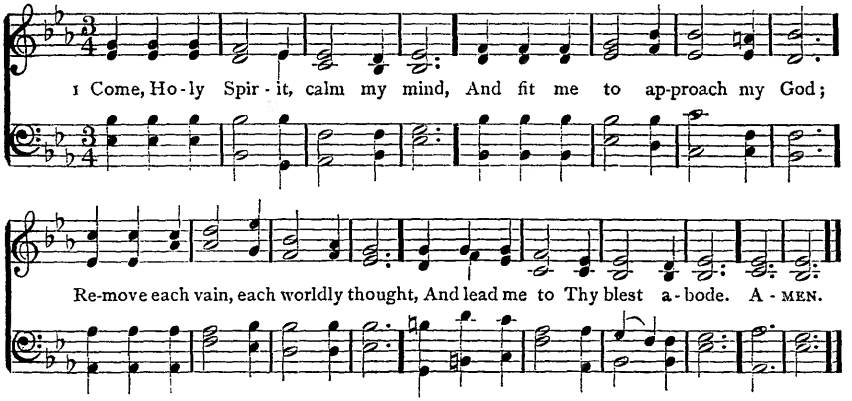
3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon. c. 1757

59 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)



2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach it to burn with pure desire.

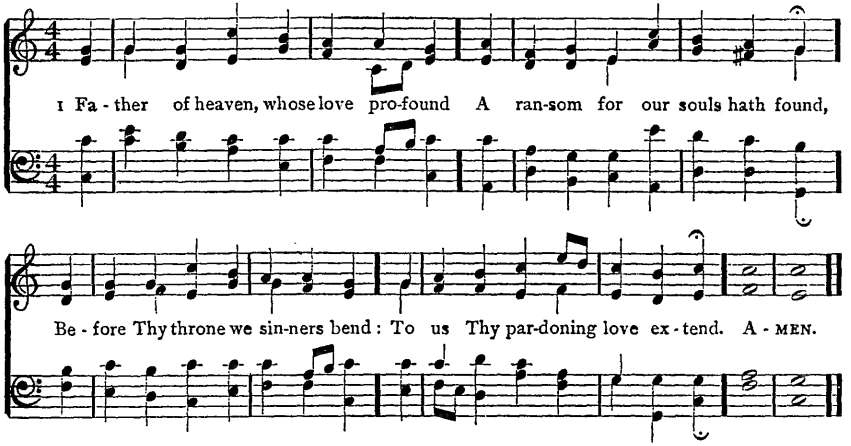
3 Impress upon my wandering mind
The love that Christ for sinners bore;
And give a new, a contrite heart,
A heart the Saviour to adore.

4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now the Saviour see:
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

Anon. Lock Chapel Coll. 1803: verse 3, added, 1833

60 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1845



2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

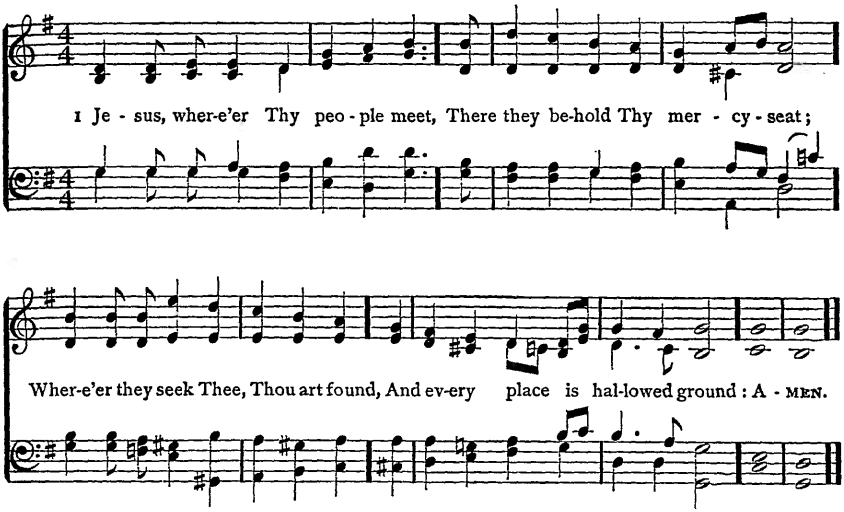
3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,— Father, Spirit, Son —
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Rev. Edward Cooper, 1805

61 KEBLE L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

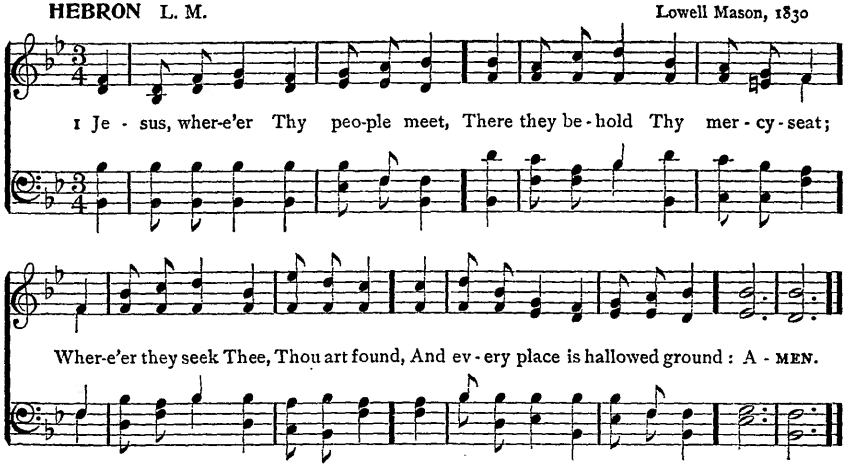
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper, 1769

HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



62 LAUS DEO 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

John H. Gower, 1895

With spirit

1 Ye ho - ly an-gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's com-mand, As - sist our song, or else the theme
Too high doth seem for mortal tongue. AMEN.

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2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Saviour's face,
God's praises sound, as in His light
With sweet delight ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives, and praiseHim still,
Through good and ill, who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days till life shall end,
Whate'er He send, be filled with praise.

Rev. Richard Baxter, 1681:
recast by Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1857

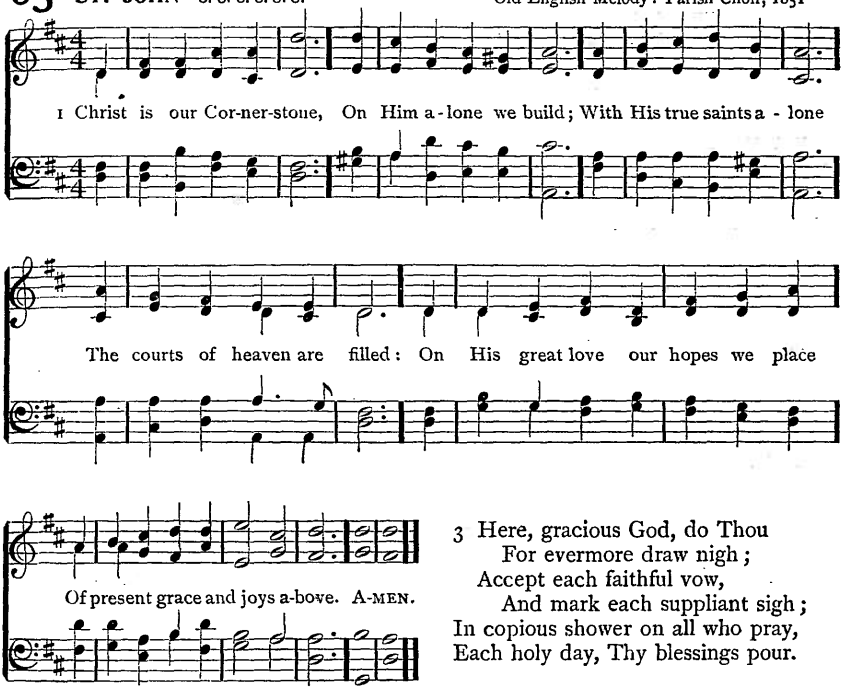
DARWALL'S 148th 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Rev. John Darwall, 1770

1 Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The dwell-ings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are: To Thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God. A-MEN.

63 ST. JOHN 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Old English Melody: Parish Choir, 1851



2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious
Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Century.)
Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837

64 (DARWALL'S 148th) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are:
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719: verse 4, arr.

65 WAY OF PEACE 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 Fa - ther of all, to Thee With lov - ing hearts we pray,

Through Him, in mer - cy given, The Life, the Truth, the Way;

From heaven, Thy throne, in mercy shed Thy blessings on each bend - ed head. A - MEN.

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2 Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

3 Father of all, to Thee
We breathe unuttered fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trembling child.

4 Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallowed joy;
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace, which leads to Thee.

Rev. John Julian, 1874

66 (ST. BEES) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

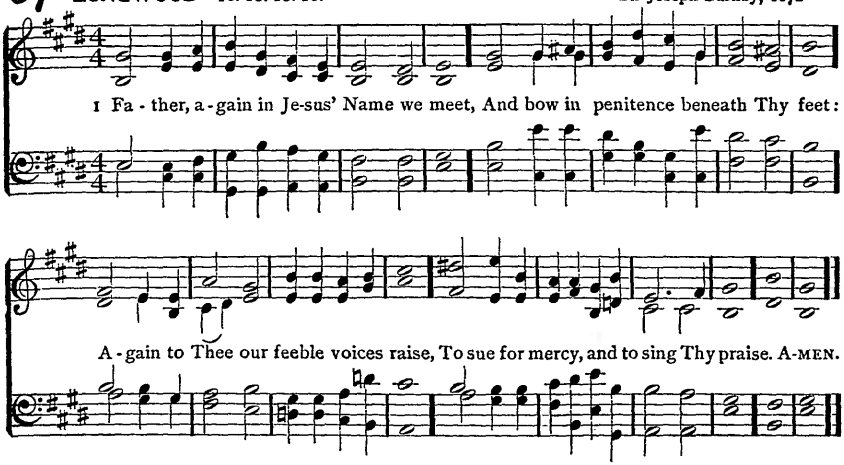
4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond, 1745

67 LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872



2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

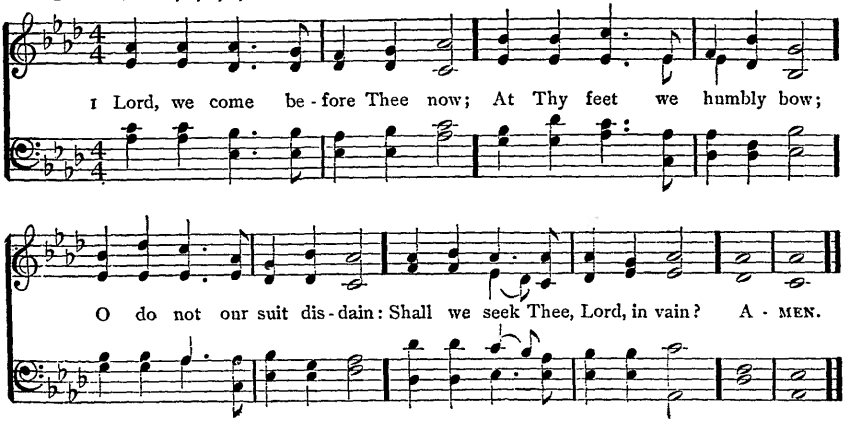
3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 O by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824: verse 3, l. 2, verse 4, l. 4, alt.

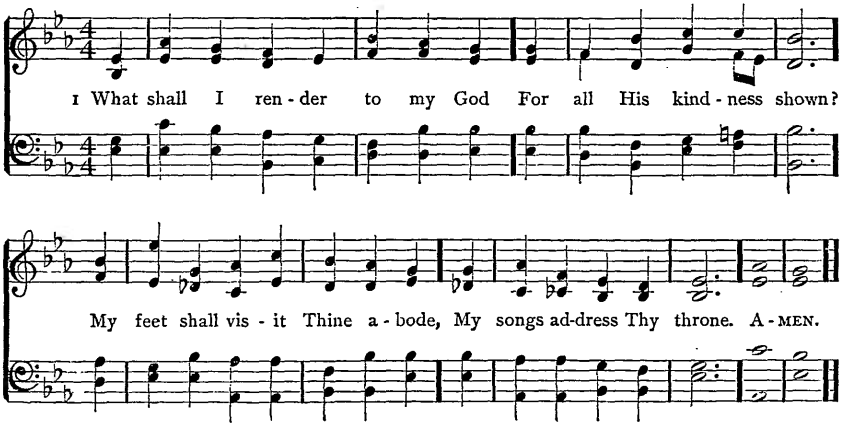
ST. BEES 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



68 ST. FRANCES C. M.

George A. Löhr, 1861



2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

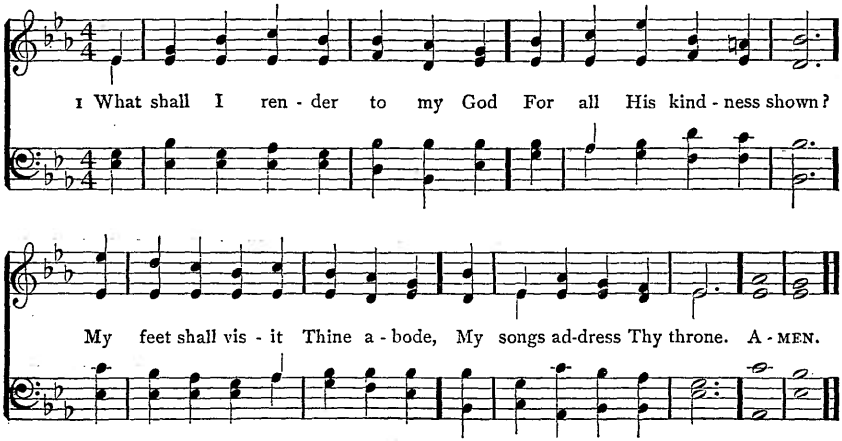
5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine;
Nor shall my purpose move:
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



69 STAR OF MORN AND EVEN 6. 6. 5. 5. 5. 5.

James Tilleard, 1867

1 Star of morn and e - ven, Sun of heav-en's heav - en, Sav-iour high and dear,

Toward us turn Thine ear; Through whate'er may come, Thou canst lead us home. A-MEN.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

3 Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home.

4 Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven;
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own:
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1862

70 SARDIS 8, 7, 8. 7.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)

1 May the grace of Christ our Sa - viour, And the Fa - ther's bound-less love,
2 Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos - sess, in sweet com-mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford. A - MEN.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

At the Close of Service

71 ST. MATTHIAS 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William H. Monk, 1861

1 Sweet Sa-viour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A-MEN.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

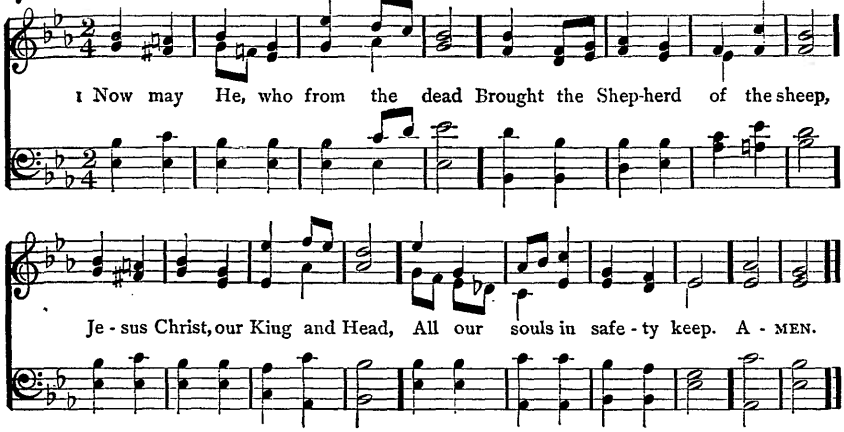
4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849

72 SOLITUDE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Lewis T. Downes, 1851



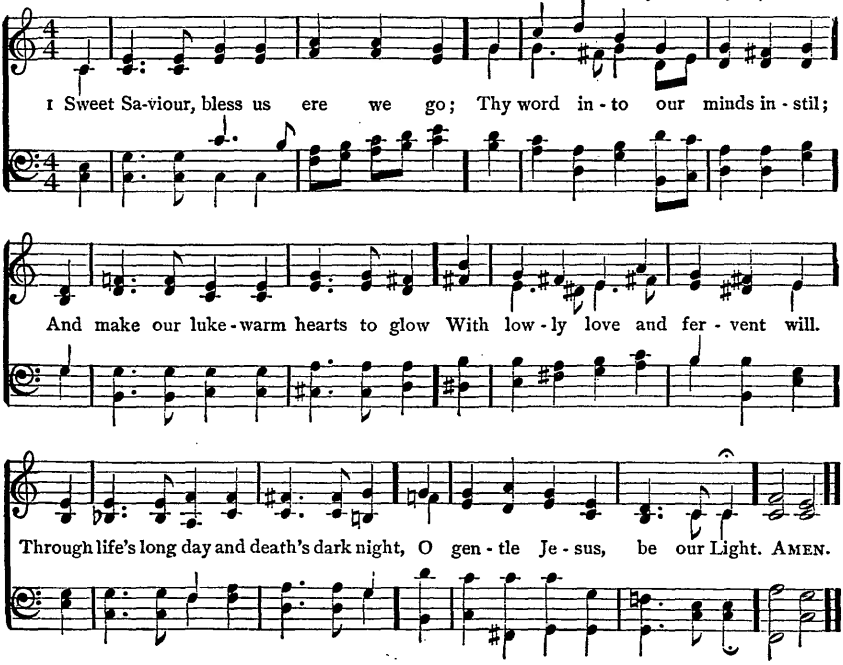
2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861



73 ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868

1 Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - MEN.

(See also PAX DEI, No. 325)

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866 [Text of 1868]

74 (TIVERTON) C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground;
O may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

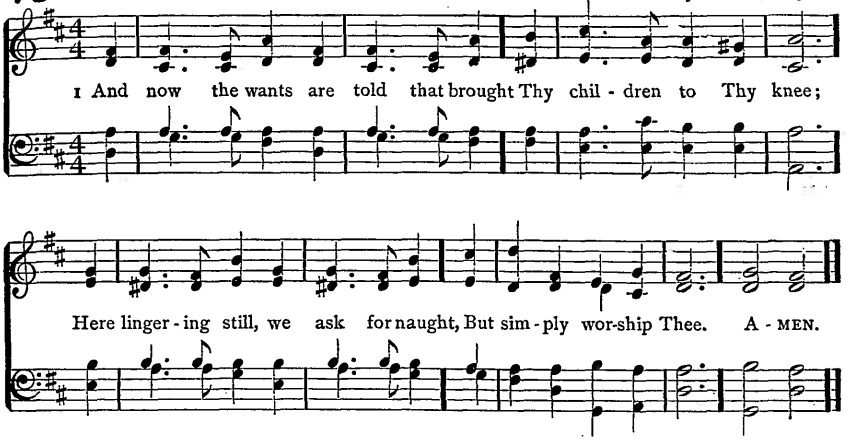
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Rev. John Cawood, 1816

75 **ELM** C. M. J. Varley Roberts, 1889



2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

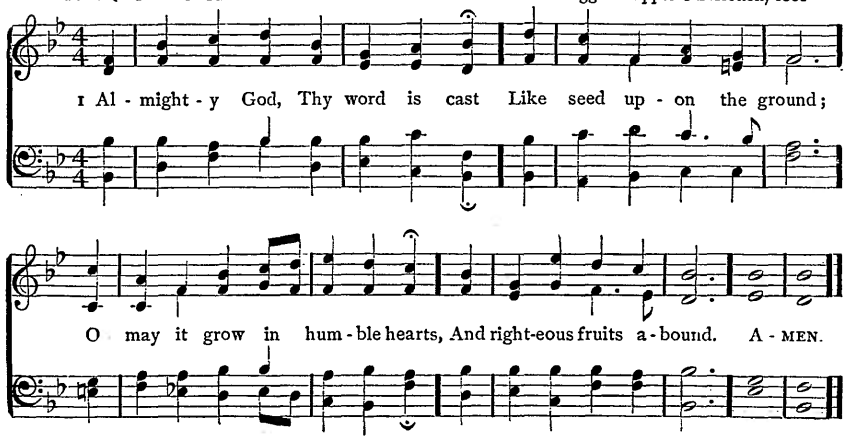
4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence Divine;
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

Rev. William Bright, 1865

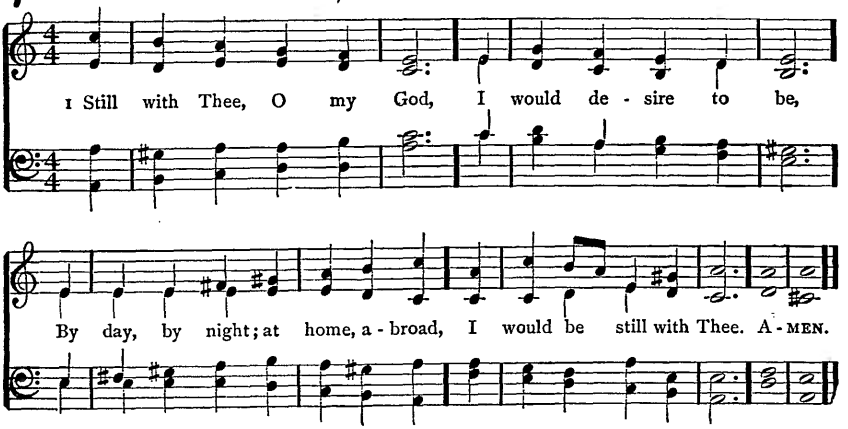
TIVERTON C. M. "Grigg": Rippon's Selection, 1806



At the Close of Service

76 ABER S. M.

William H. Monk, 1875



2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

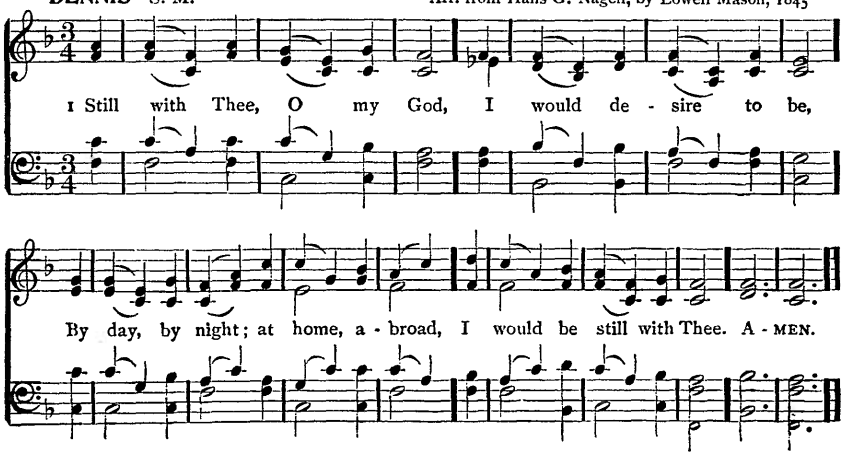
5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857

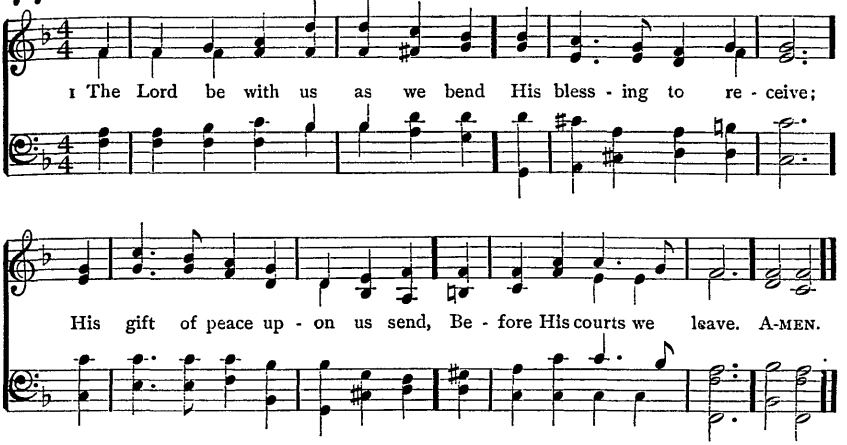
DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



77 NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887



2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

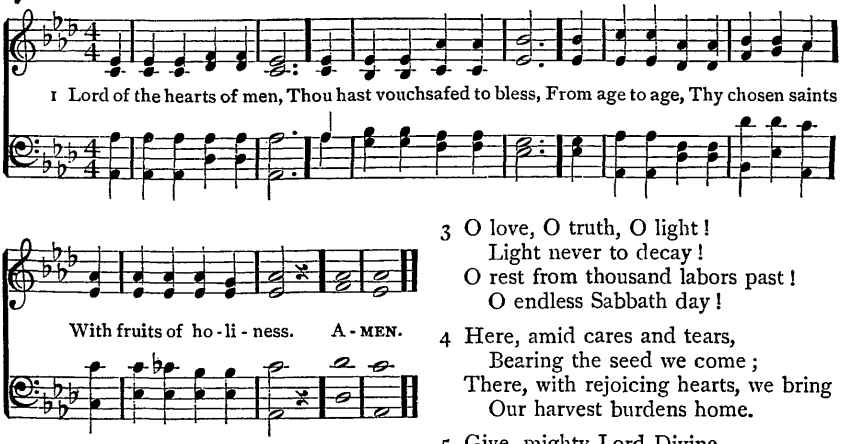
3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870

78 GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



2 Here faith, and hope, and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

3 O love, O truth, O light!
Light never to decay!
O rest from thousand labors past!
O endless Sabbath day!

4 Here, amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
Our harvest burdens home.

5 Give, mighty Lord Divine,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou, from Thy judgment-seat,
Crown Thine own gifts above.

Charles Coffin, 1736. Tr. Bishop James R. Woodford, 1863

79 SICILIAN MARINERS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Sicilian Melody

1 { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace: }

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness. A-MEN.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Anon. 1773 (ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett):
verse 1, l. 6, alt.; verse 3, recast by Rev. G. Thring

ETON 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1886

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing,

Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace: O re-fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST

The Holy Trinity

80 **NICÆA** 11. 12. 12. 10. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

The Holy Trinity

81 MANT 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895

1 Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each the al - ter - nate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord!" A - MEN.

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2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High."

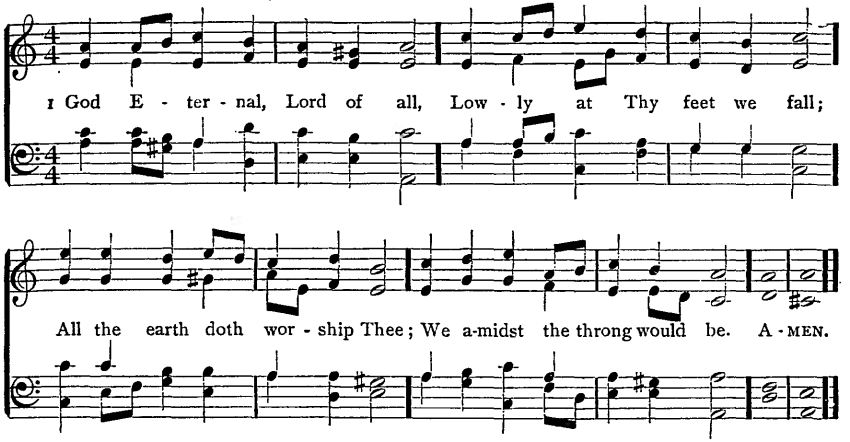
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thine angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837

82 ROSEBANK 7.7.7.7.



2 All the holy angels cry,
"Hail, thrice Holy, God Most High!"
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

4 With Thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of Thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
Early we Thy cross would bear.

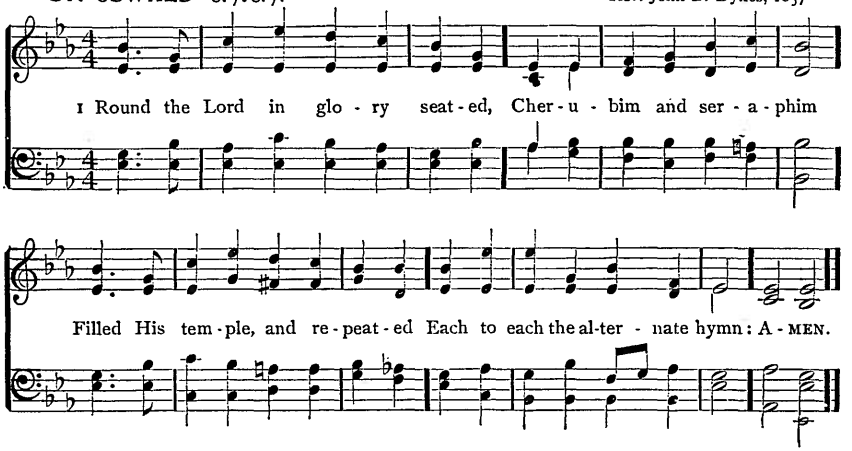
6 All Thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail Thy spotless birth,
Own the God who all has made,
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

7 Offspring of a Virgin's womb,
Slain, and Victor o'er the tomb,
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among Thine own.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Century.) Tr. Rev. James E. Millard, 1848

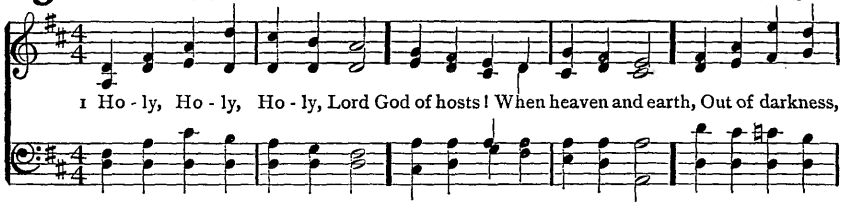
ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

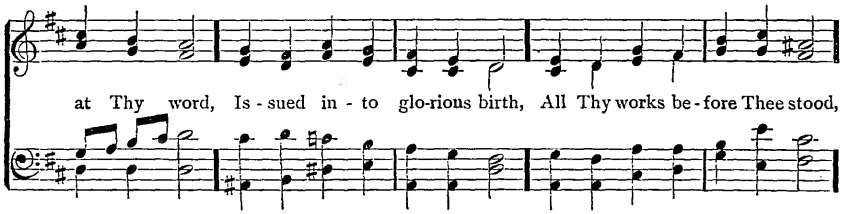
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1857

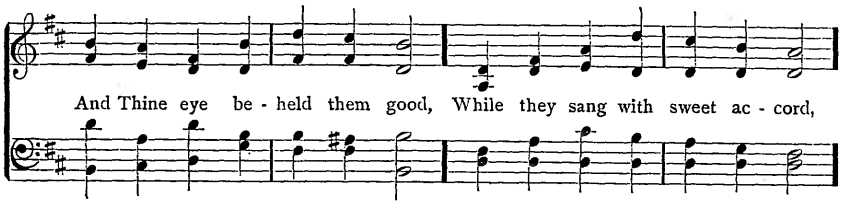


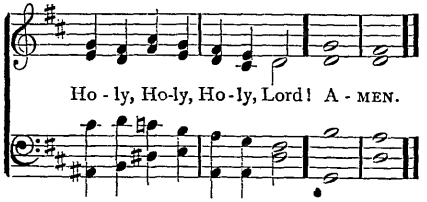
83 HONITON 7.7.7.7. D.

Edwin Flood, 1845









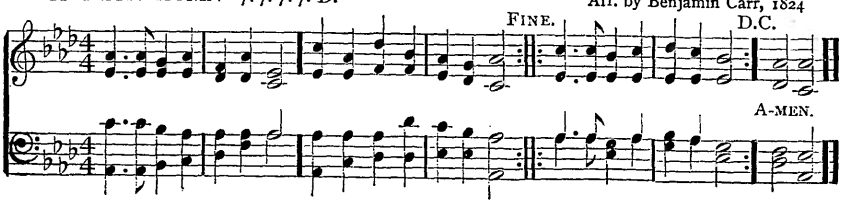
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

James Montgomery, 1832

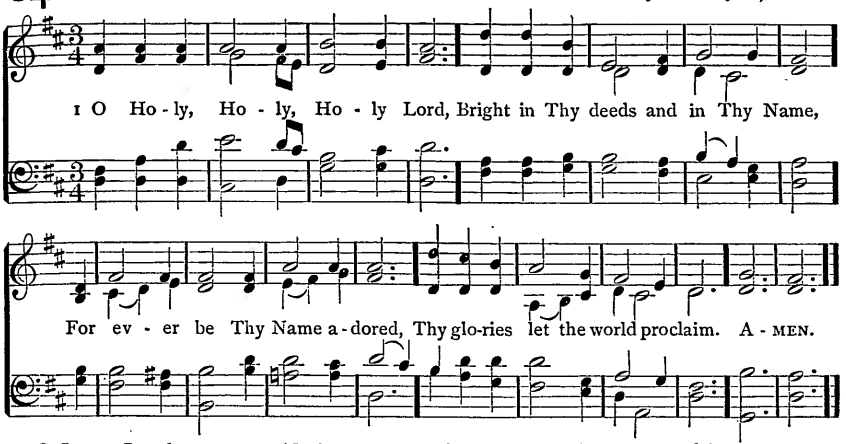
SPANISH HYMN 7.7.7.7. D.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1824



84 RIVAULX L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

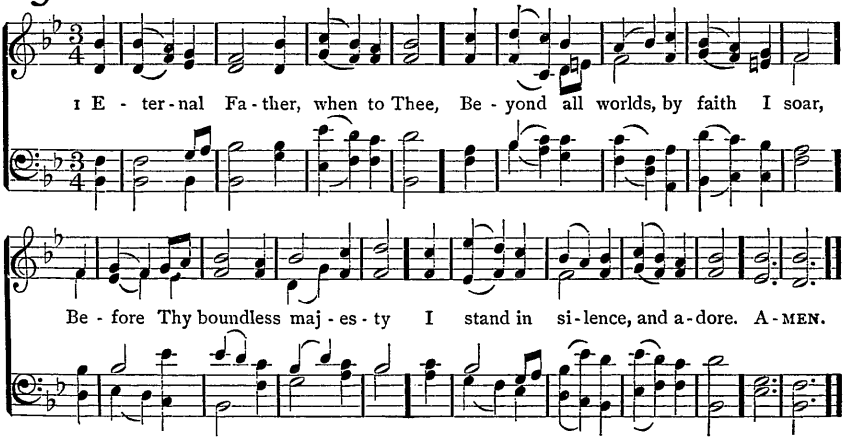
3 O Holy Spirit, from above
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou Source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

Rev. James W. Eastburn, 1815

85 WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see:
Thou art my Friend, my daily Guide;
God over all, yet God with me.

3 And Thou, great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day;
The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens Thou hast Thy throne;
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

Rev. Hervey D. Ganse, 1872

86 ST. ATHANASIUS 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King,

By the heavens and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

(See also HALLETT, No. 124)

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

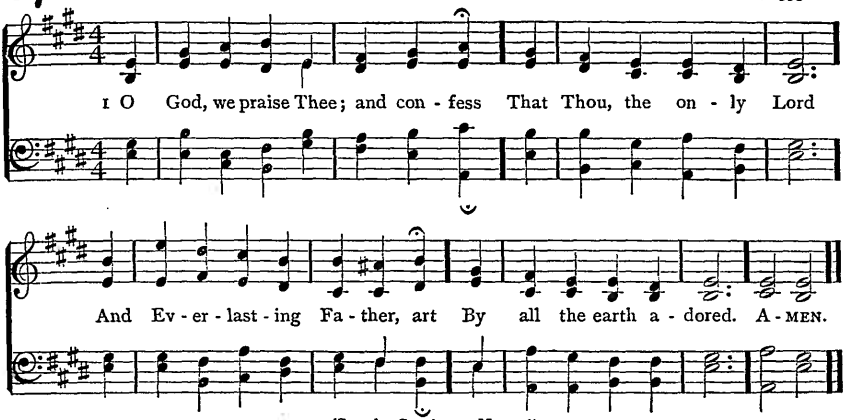
5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

87 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



(See also ST. ANNE, No. 116)

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry: —

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic ray.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

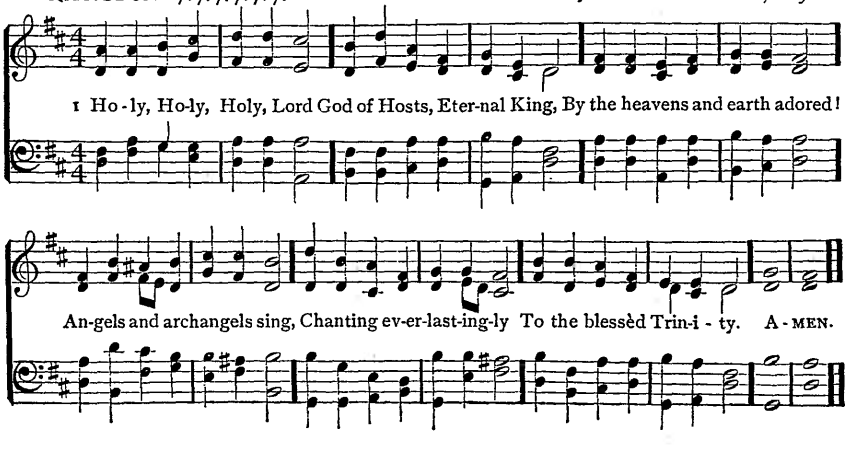
5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty;

6 Thy honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Century.) Tr. Tate and Brady's Supplement, c. 1700

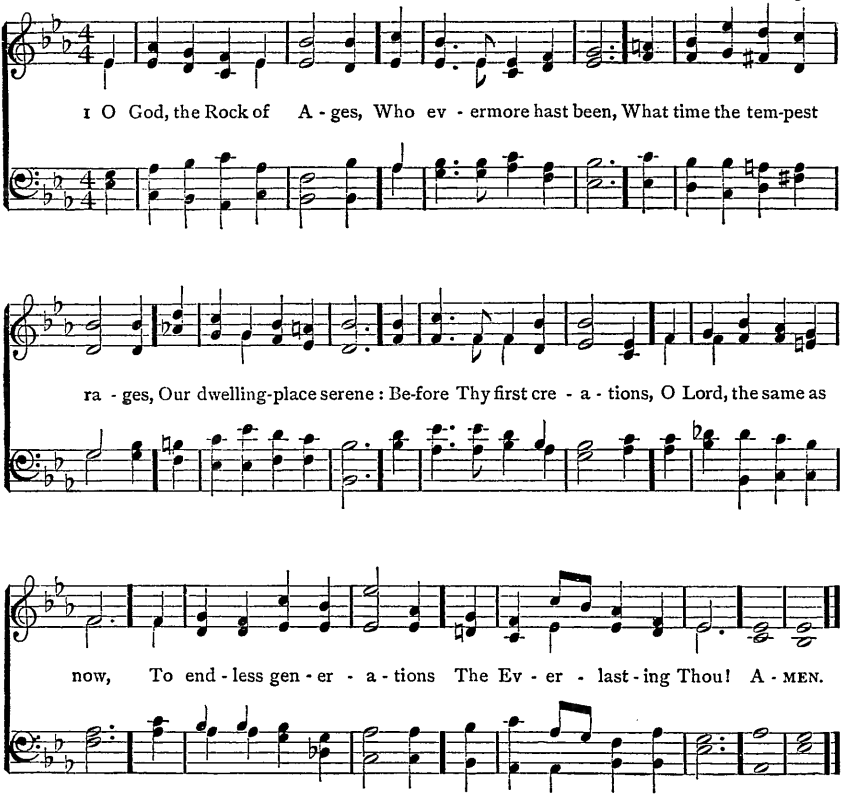
RATISBON 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Old German Melody: Werner's Choralbuch, 1815



God the Father Almighty

88 MAGDALENA 7.6.7.6.D. Sir John Stainer, 1875



(See also SCHUBERT, No. 397)

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860

89 REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 God, the Lord, a King re-main - eth, Robed in His own glo - rious light;

God hath robed Him, and He reign - eth; He hath gird - ed Him with might.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height. A-MEN.

(See also CORONÆ, No. 165)

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Alleluia!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity:
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

Rev. John Keble, 1839

God the Father Almighty

90 **ST. JOHN** 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. Old English Melody: Parish Choir, 1851

1 A - round the throne of God The host an - gel - ic throngs;

They spread their palms a - broad, And shout per - pet - ual songs:

Him first they own, Him last and best; God ev - er blest, and God a - lone. A-MEN.

(See also WITHERSPOON, No. 668)

2 Their golden crowns they fling
Before His throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night:
"Earth, heaven, and sea,
Thy praise declare;
For Thine they are,
And Thine shall be.

3 "O Holy, Holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart.

4 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light:
Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love.

5 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy Name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

6 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own,
First, last, and best;
God ever blest,
And God alone.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1823

His Majesty and Greatness

91 **LEONI** 6. 6. 8. 4. D. Jewish Melody

1 The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; An-cient of ev-er-
last-ing days, And God of love: Je-ho-vah! Great I AM! By earth and heaven con-
fessed; I bow and bless the sa-cred Name, For ev-er blest. A-MEN.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Rev. Thomas Olivers, c. 1770

God the Father Almighty

92 **FABEN** 8. 7. 8. 7. D. John H. Willcox, 1849

1 Praise the Lord: ye heavens a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed:

Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid-ance hath He made. A - MEN.

(See also ST. ASAPH, No. 246)

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

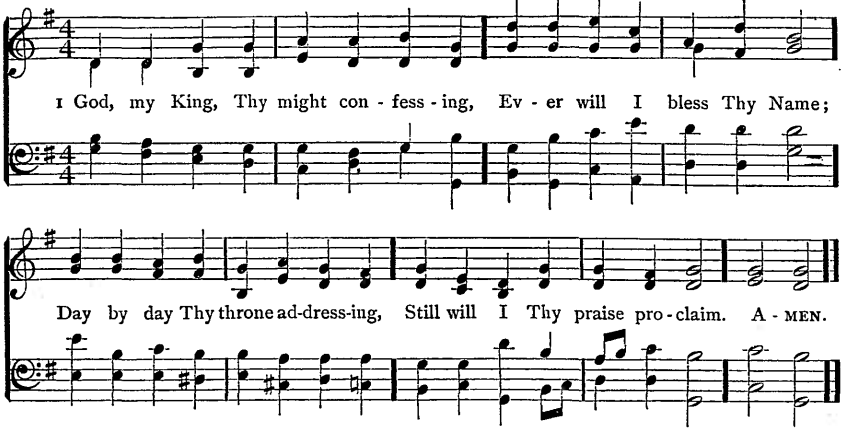
3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.

All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1, 2, Anon. c. 1801; verse 3, Edward Osler, 1836

His Majesty and Greatness

93 **STUTTGART** 8.7.8.7. Gotha Cantional, 1715



2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

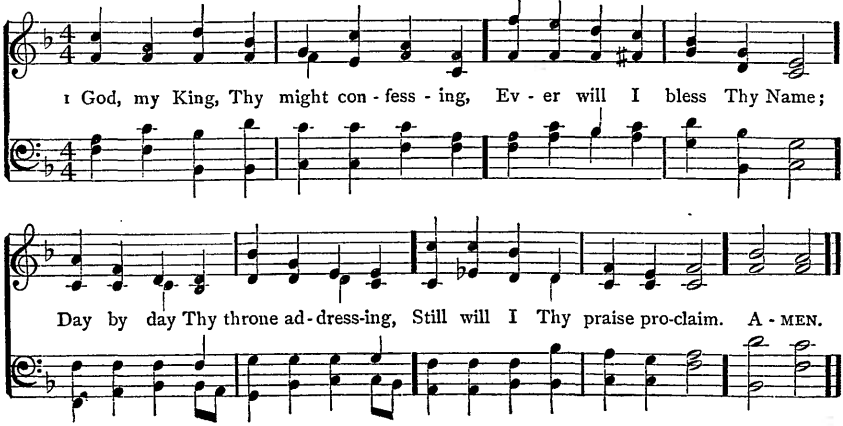
4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1824

NEWTON FERNS 8.7.8.7. Samuel Smith, 1865



God the Father Almighty

94 BELFIELD C. M.

With spirit

William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud Ad - dress the Lord on high;

O - ver the heavens He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky. A-MEN.

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2 He sends His showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends His word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

WESTMINSTER C. M.

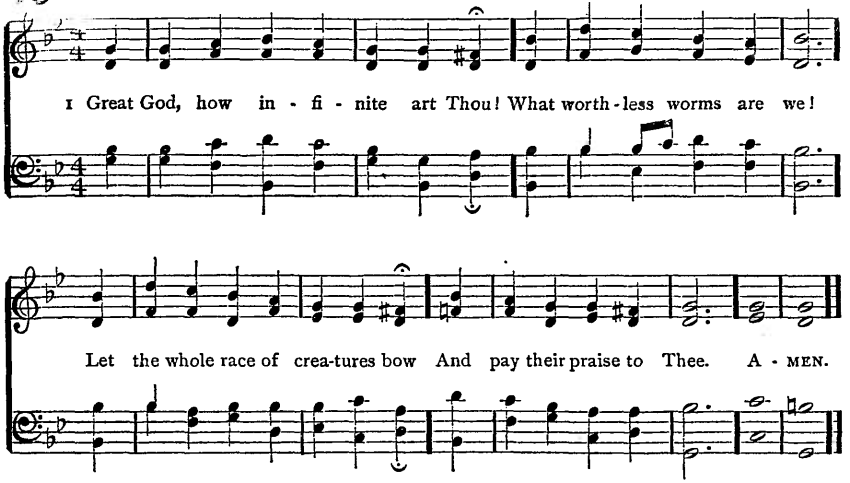
James Turle, 1843

1 My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy maj - es - ty how bright!

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light! A - MEN.

95 WINDSOR C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there 's nothing old appears;
Great God, there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

96 (WESTMINSTER) C. M.

1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored!

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1848

God the Father Almighty

97 WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784

1 Give to our God im - mor - tal praise; Mercy and truth are all His ways: Wonders of grace to God be - long; Re - peat His mer - cies in your song. A - MEN.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

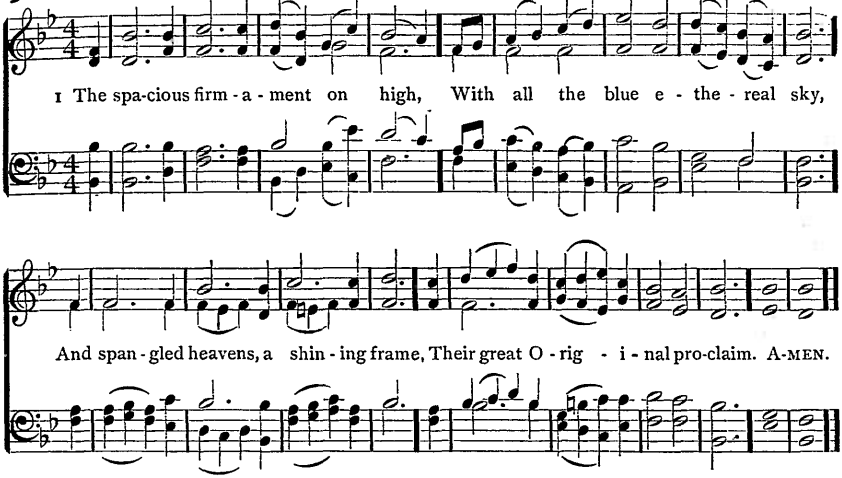
CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

James W. Elliott (1816–)

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice: From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord Om-nip - o - tent is King!" A - MEN.

98 CREATION L. M.

Arr. from Joseph Haydn, 1798



2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

99 (CHURCH TRIUMPHANT) L. M.

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

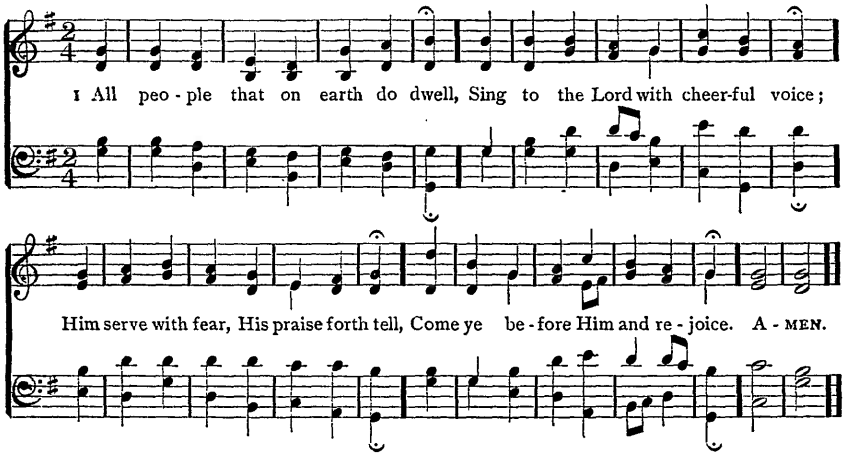
5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder, 1824

100 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551



2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

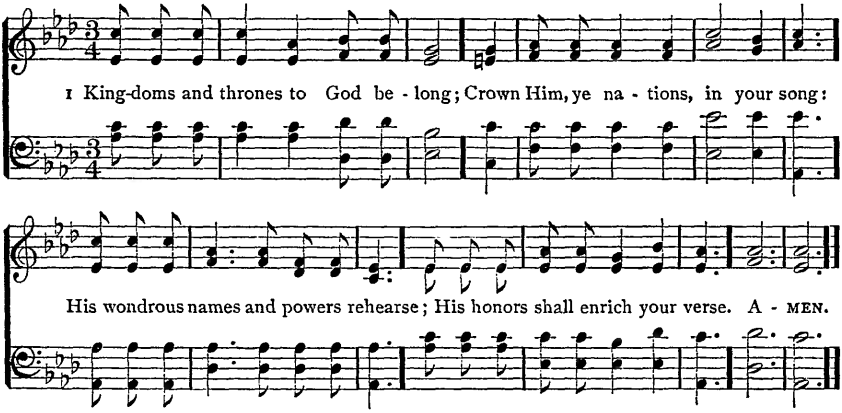
3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe, 1561

101 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832



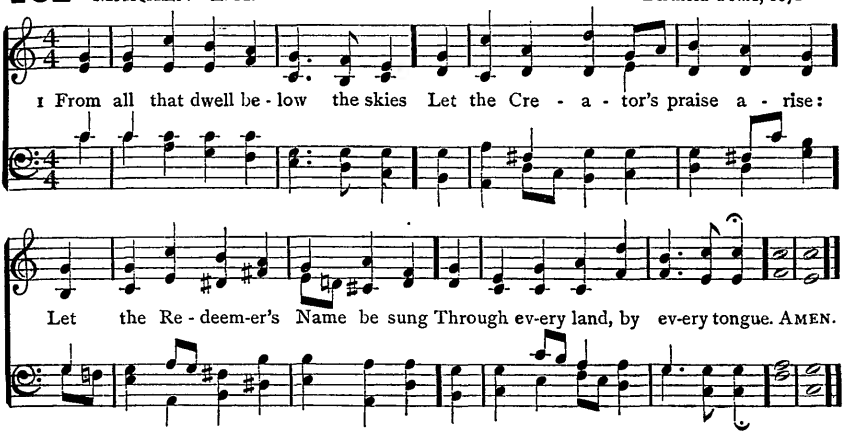
2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known;
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the Strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

102 MARKEN L. M.

Berthold Tours, 1872

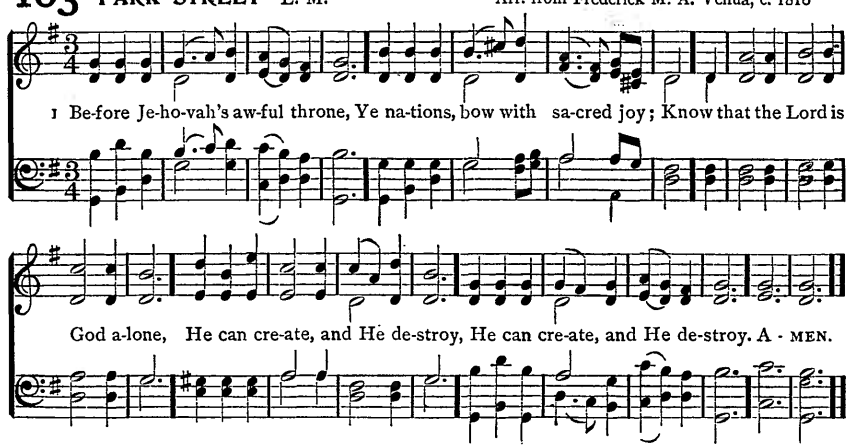


2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

103 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1706, 1719: verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt. Rev. John Wesley

God the Father Almighty

104 WAITH 7.7.7.7.7.7. Original Key F♯

William S. Waith, 1895

1 All things praise Thee, Lord Most High, Heaven and earth and sea and sky;
All were for Thy glo - ry made, That Thy great - ness, thus dis - played,
Should all wor - ship bring to Thee. All things praise Thee, All things praise Thee:
— Lord, may we! A - MEN.

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2 All things praise Thee; night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light:
All things praise Thee; day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray:
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee: — Lord, may we!

3 All things praise Thee; heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody Divine:
Lowly bending at Thy feet
Seraph and archangel meet;
This their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising: — Lord, may we!

4 All things praise Thee; gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow:
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee: — Lord, may we!

Rev. George W. Conder, 1874

105 (SILVER STREET) S. M.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

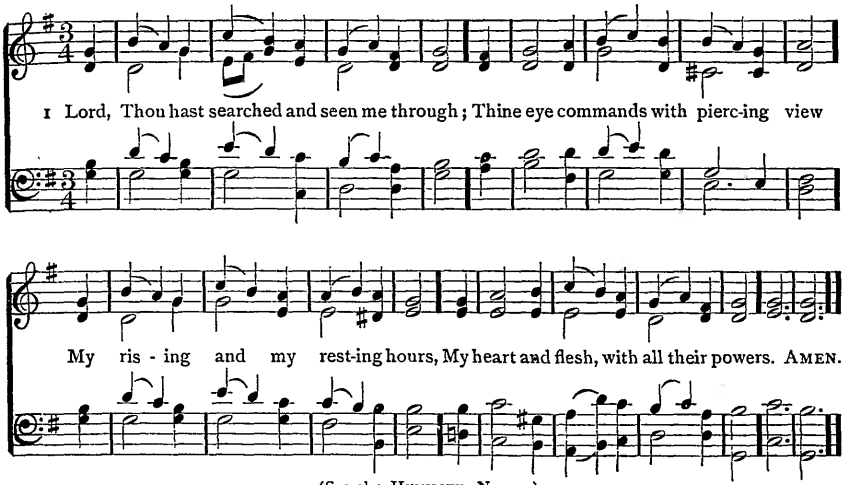
3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His Word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

106 INTERCESSION OLD L. M.

Old Latin Melody



(See also HUMILITY, No. 530)

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

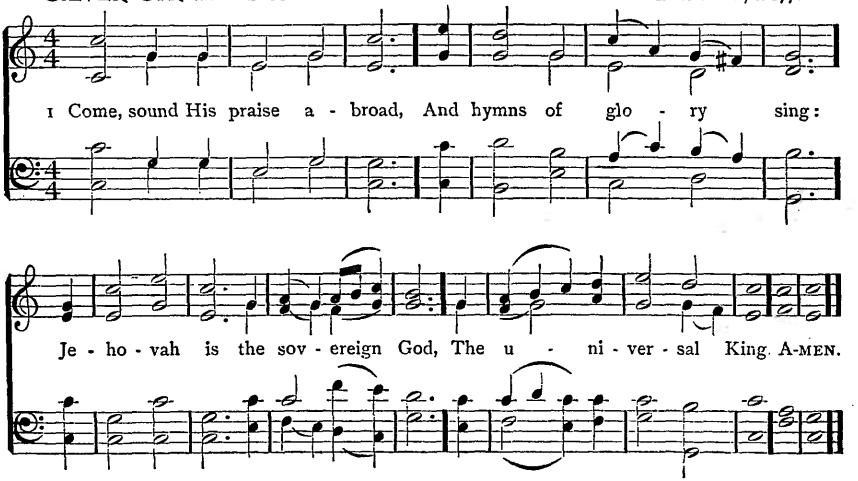
4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Rev Isaac Watts, 1719

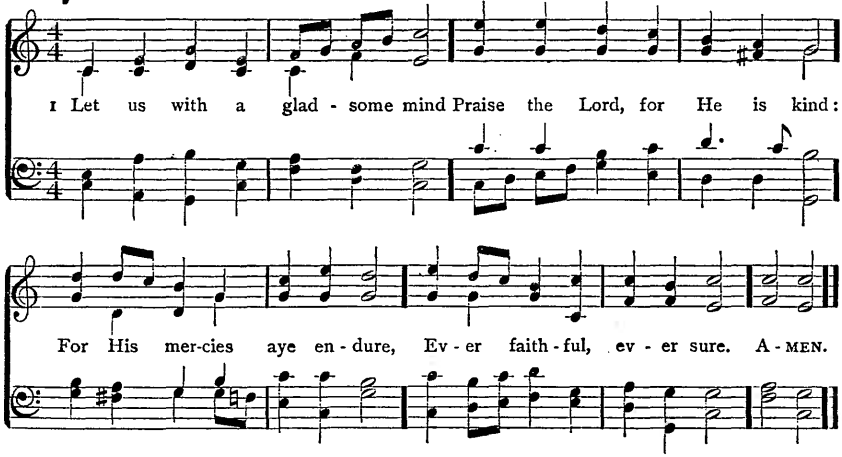
SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770



God the Father Almighty

107 **MONKLAND** 7.7.7.7. Arr. by John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

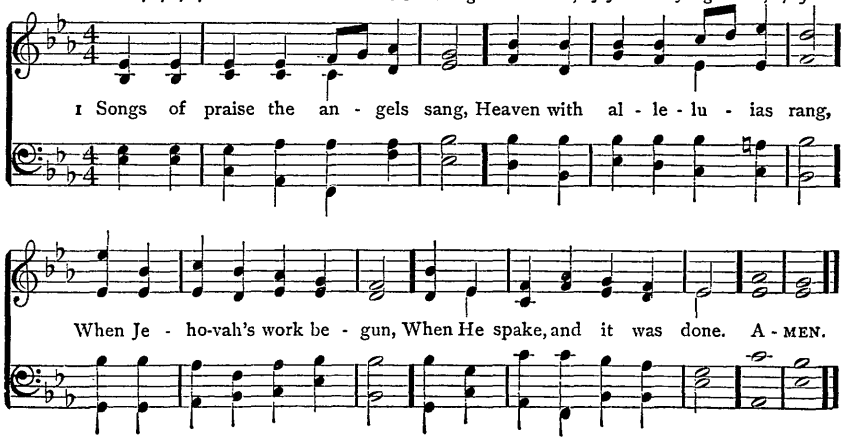
5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1624: alt.

POSEN 7.7.7.7. Arr. from Georg C. Strattner, by J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705



108 THANKSGIVING 7.7.7.7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1862

1 Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints within His courts be - low, An-gels round His throne a-bove, All that see and share His love: Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, Tell His wonders, sing His worth; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, evermore. A-MEN.

2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

109 (POSEN) 7.7.7.7.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819

God the Father Almighty

110 **ANGEL VOICES** 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3. Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might. A-MEN.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. Francis Pott, 1861

111 MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824

1 With glo - ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord, that o'er all na - ture reigns,
The world's foundations strong - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains. A - MEN.

2 How sure established is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

112 ELLESMERE L. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1868

1 Lo! God is here: let us a - dore, And own how dread - ful is this place;
Let all with - in us feel His power, And hum-bly bow be - fore His face. A - MEN.

2 Lo! God is here, whom day and night
United choirs of angels praise;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
The host of heaven their anthems raise.

3 Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729. Tr Rev. John Wesley, 1739: alt. and arr.

God the Father Almighty

113 HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11. Supplement to the New Version, 1708

1 O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
sing His power and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - MEN.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

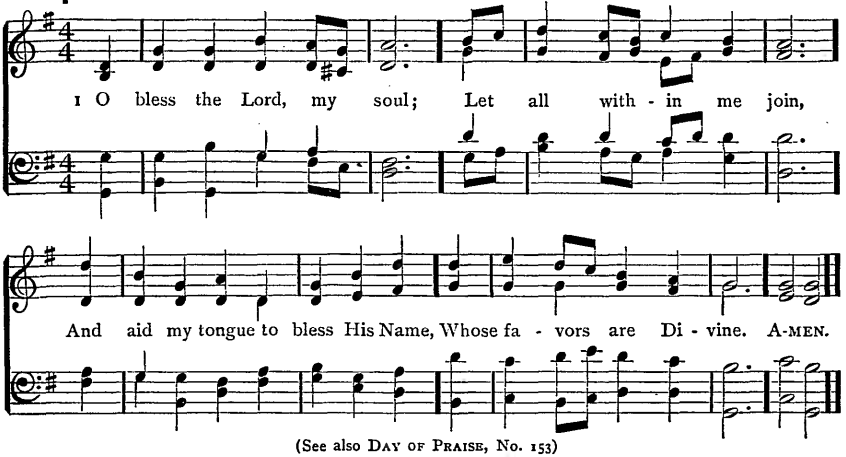
5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833

114 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1763



(See also DAY OF PRAISE, No. 153)

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

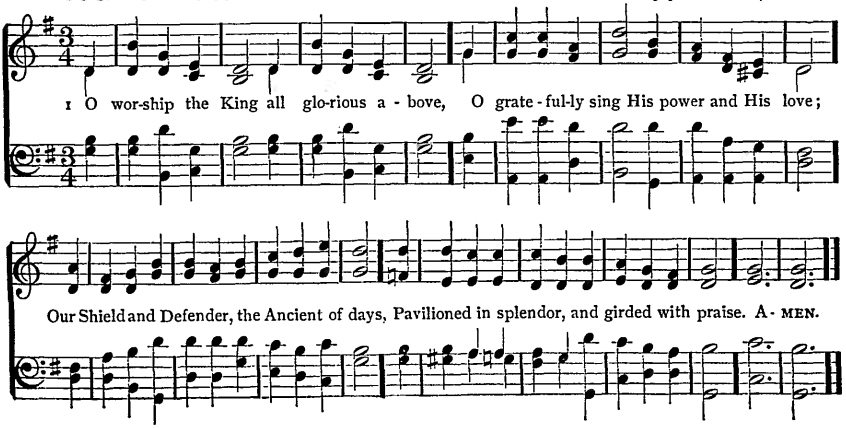
5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

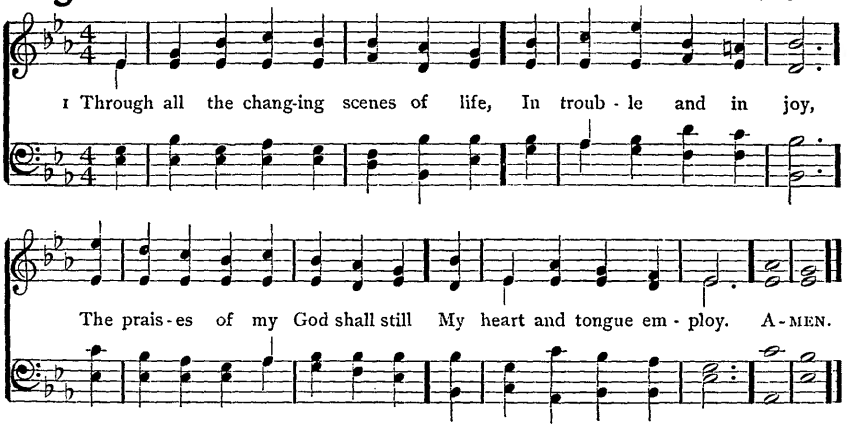
HOUGHTON 10. 10. 11. 11.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1861



God the Father Almighty

115 **DOWNS** C. M. Lowell Mason, 1832



2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

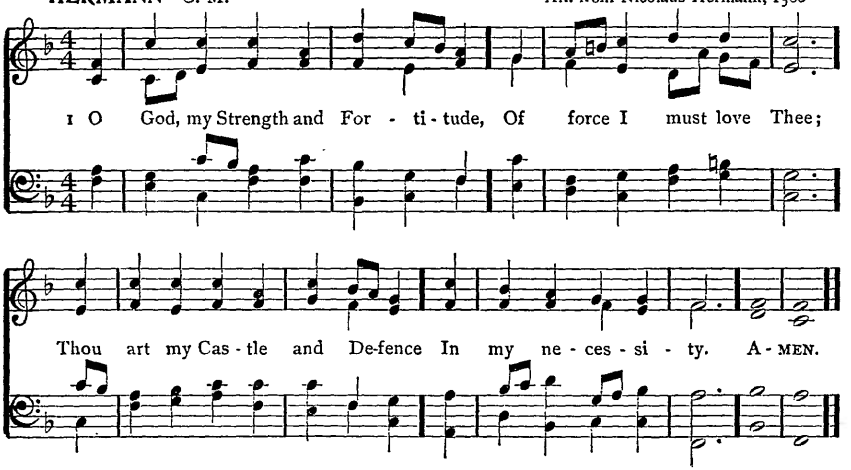
4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succor trust.

5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight,
He 'll make your wants His care.

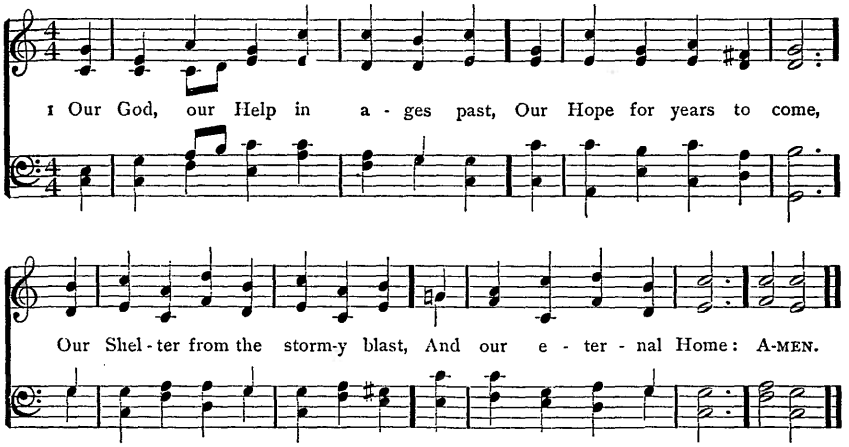
Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

HERMANN C. M. Alt. from Nicolaus Hermann, 1560



116 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 Our God, our Help in ages past;
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

117 (HERMANN) C. M.

1 O GOD, my Strength and Fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my Castle and Defence
In my necessity.

2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My Rock, my Strength, my Wealth;
My strong Deliverer, and my Trust,
My spirit's only Health.

3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face:
My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

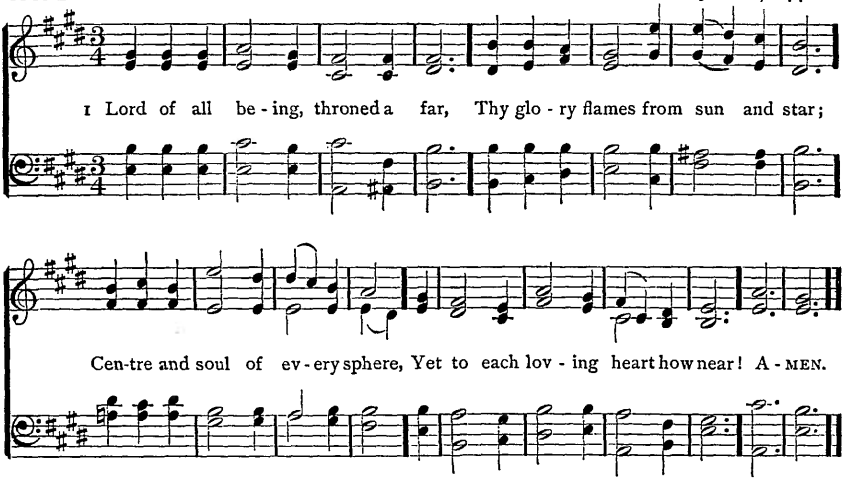
6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

7 And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
He liveth — blessèd be my Rock;
My God exalted be.

Thomas Sternhold, 1561: recast by George Rawson (1807–1889)

118 SUN OF MY SOUL L. M.

Rev. H. Percy Smith, 1874



2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

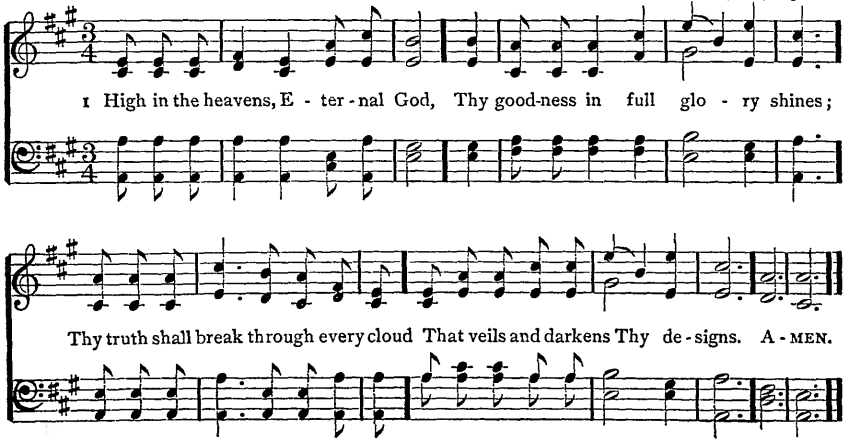
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

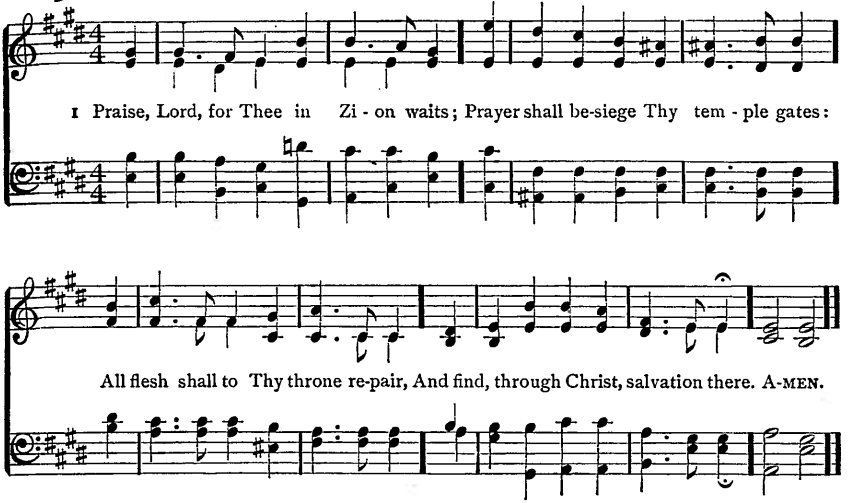
WARE L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838



119 SEFTON L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

6 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore:
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834: verse 1, l. 1, alt.

120 (WARE) L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

God the Father Almighty

121 EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. Martin Luther, 1529

1 { A might - y For-tress is our God, A Bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; }
{ Our Help-er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: }

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and

power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A-MEN.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, 1529. Tr. Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

His Fatherhood and Love

122 SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871

1 Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
For the pardon - ing grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-MEN.

(See also FALFIELD, No. 399)

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

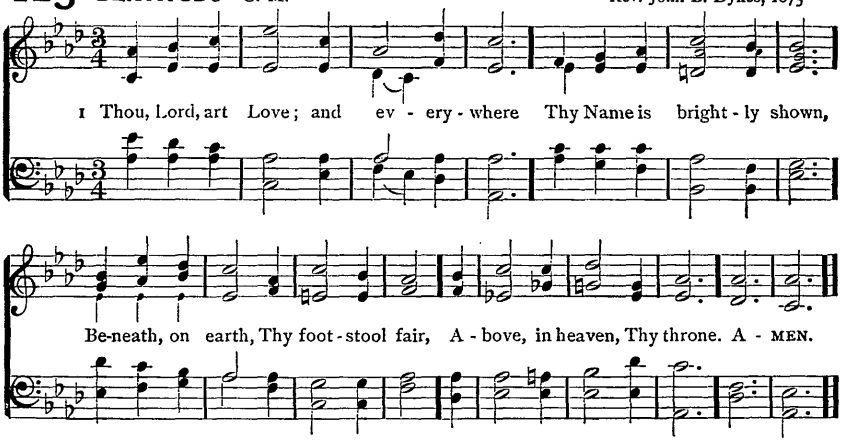
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis S. Key, 1823

God the Father Almighty

123 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

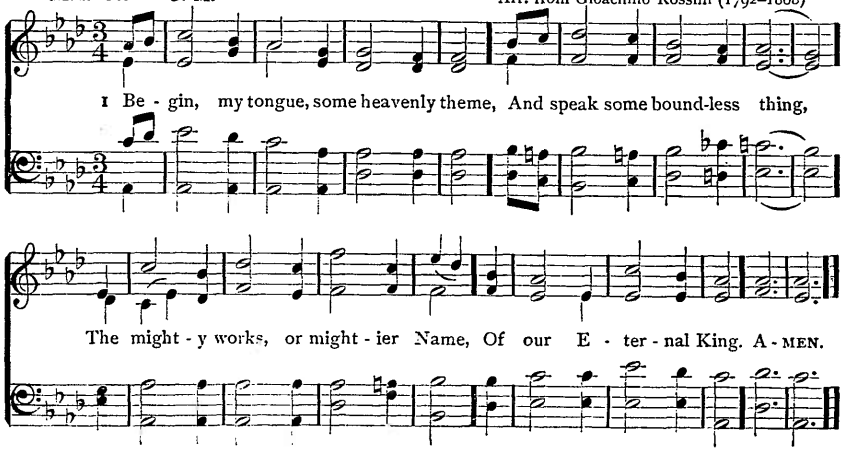
6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love:
O blessèd Lord, that we [move,
May there, when time's deep shades re-
Be gathered home to Thee:

7 There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

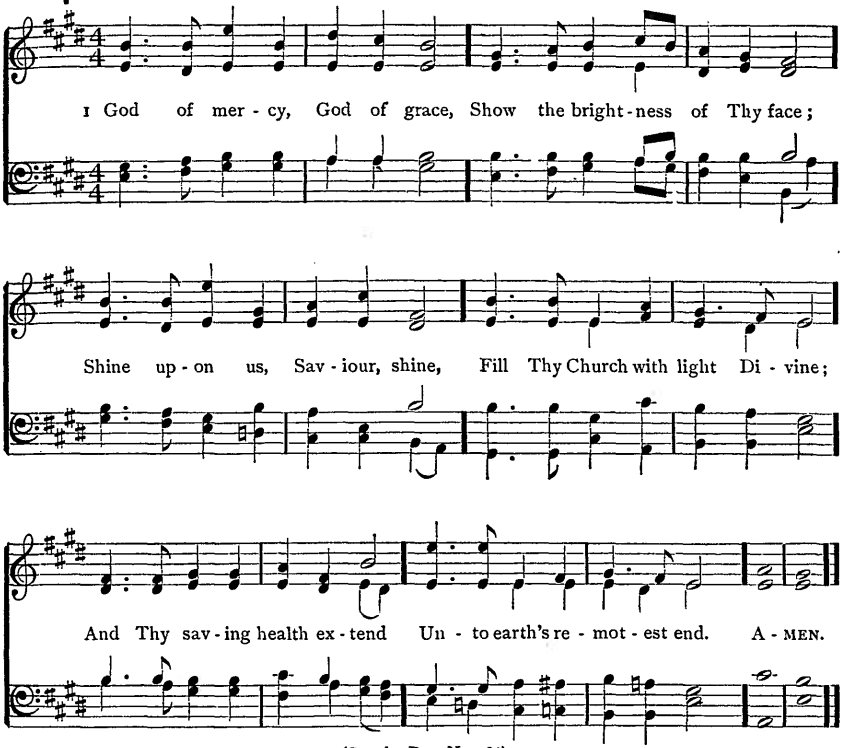
Rev. James D. Burns, 1858

MANOAH C. M.

Arr. from Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)



124 HALLETT 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. Hallett Sheppard



(See also DIX, No. 186)

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

125 (MANOAH) C. M.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

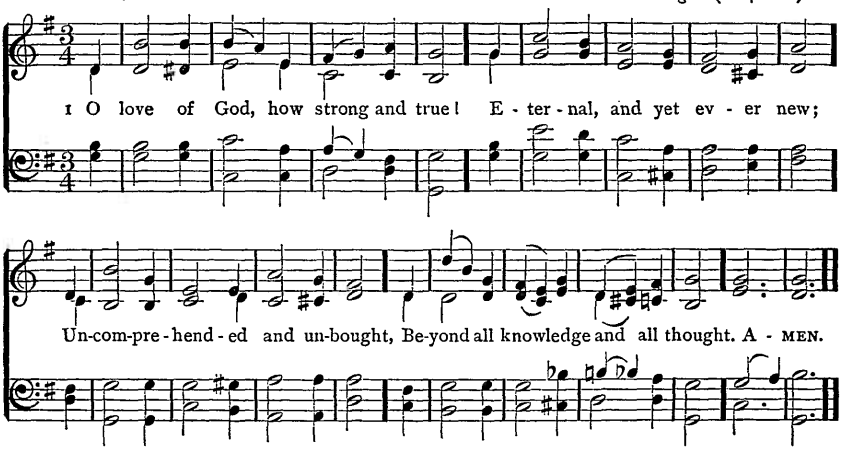
3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost Divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

126 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate (1814–1868)



2 O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

4 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.

5 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

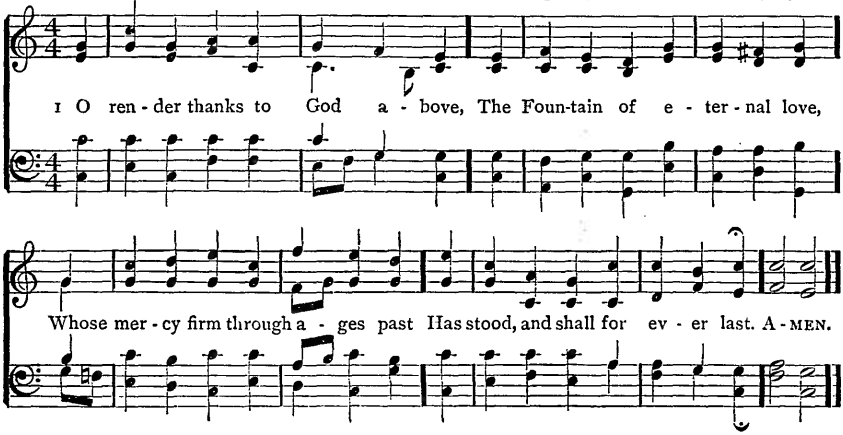
6 We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

7 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1861

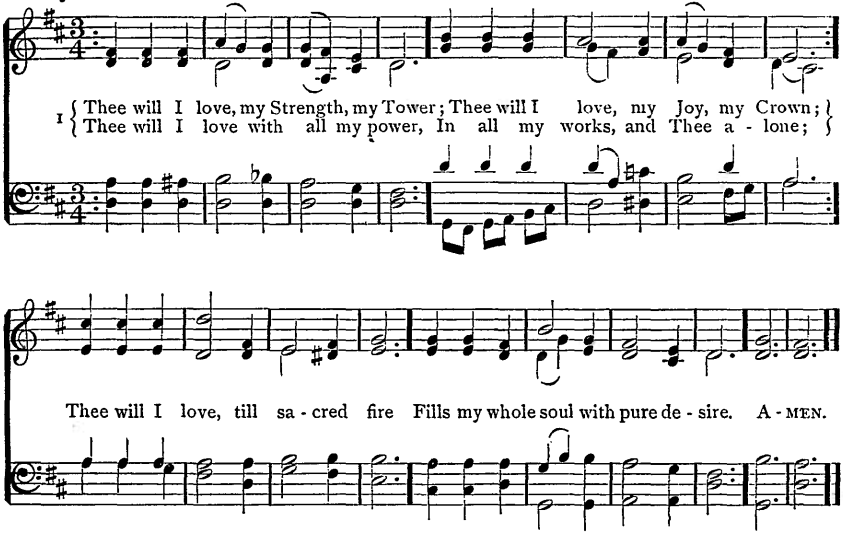
WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Alt. from Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690



127 WAVERTREE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. (or L. M.)

William Shore, 1840:
Har. by William W. Gilchrist, 1895



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2 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Johann Scheffler, 1657. Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739: verse 1, ll. 5, 6, alt.

128 (WINCHESTER NEW) L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

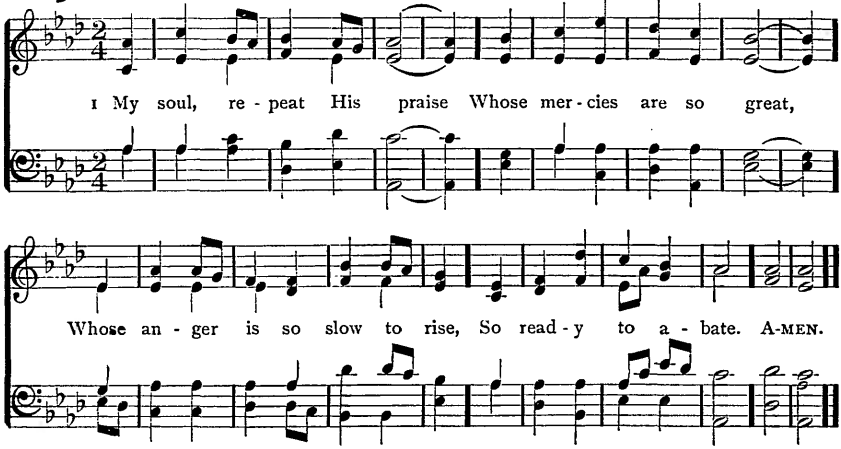
5 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His Name eternally confessed:
Let all His saints, with one accord,
Sing loud Amens; praise ye the Lord.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

God the Father Almighty

129 CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784



2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

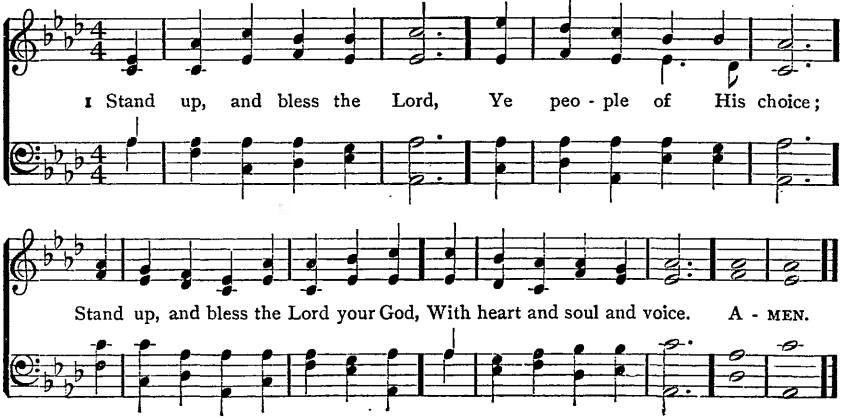
5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

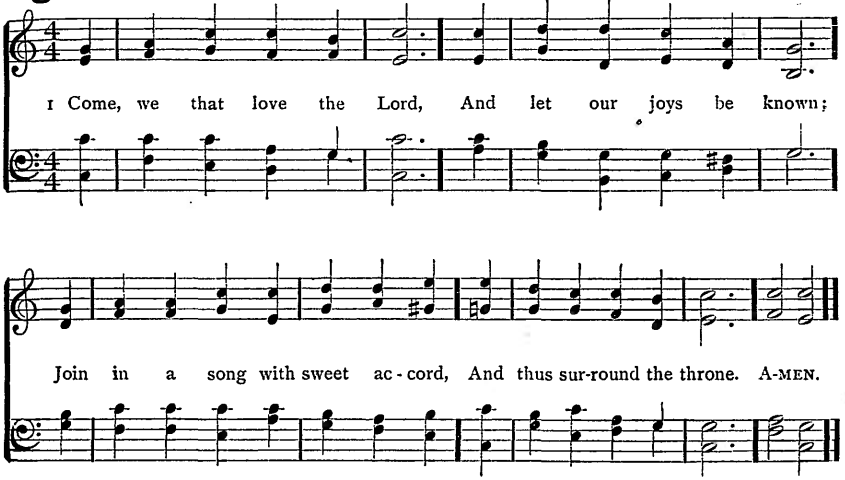
ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543



130 PETERBOROUGH (MONK) S. M.

William H. Monk, 1863



2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 2, l. 3, alt.

131 (ST. MICHAEL) S. M.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1824

God the Father Almighty

132 **THEODORA** 7.7.7.7. Arr. from George F. Handel, 1749

1 Thank and praise Je - ho-vah's Name; For His mer - cies firm and sure,

From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure. AMEN.

(See also VIENNA, No. 138)

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

James Montgomery, 1822

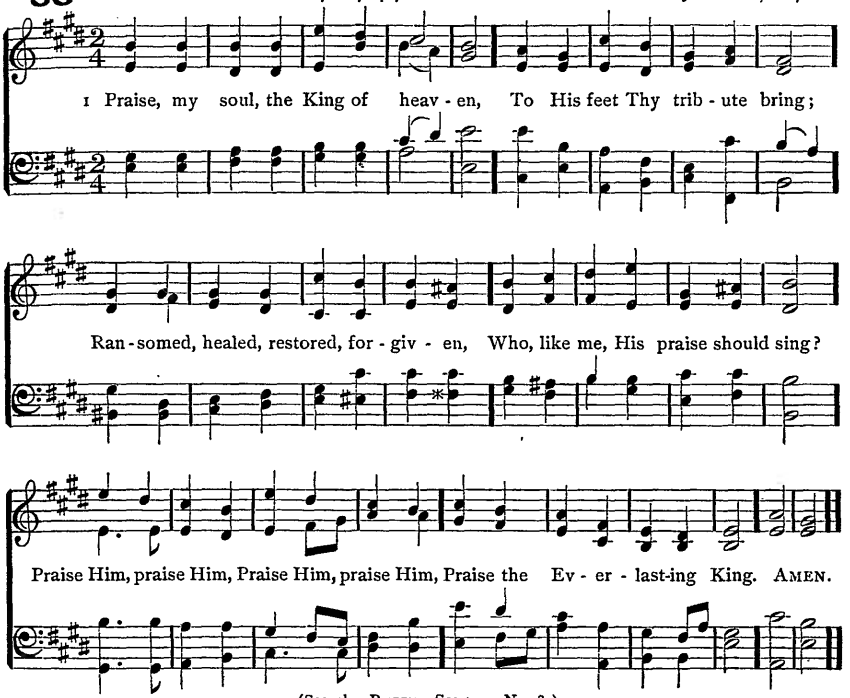
LUCERNE 8.7.8.7. T. A. Willis, 1876

1 God is Love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is Wis - dom, God is Love. A - MEN.

133 BENEDIC ANIMA 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Sir John Goss, 1867



(See also REGENT SQUARE, No. 89)

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

134 (LUCERNE) 8.7.8.7.

1 GOD is Love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

God the Father Almighty

135 **ST. PETER** C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826

1 When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712

GENEVA C. M.

John Cole, 1800

1 When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,

When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

Transported with the view, I'm lost

136 THE GOLDEN CHAIN 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1887

1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place In ev-ery gen-er-a-tion; Thy peo-ple still have known Thy grace, And blessed Thy con-so-la-tion: Through every age Thou heard'st our cry; Through ev-ery age we found Thee nigh, Our Strength and our Sal-va-tion. A-MEN.

(See also LUTHER'S HYMN, No. 266)

2 Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provèd;
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy Name we still have lovèd;
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovèd.

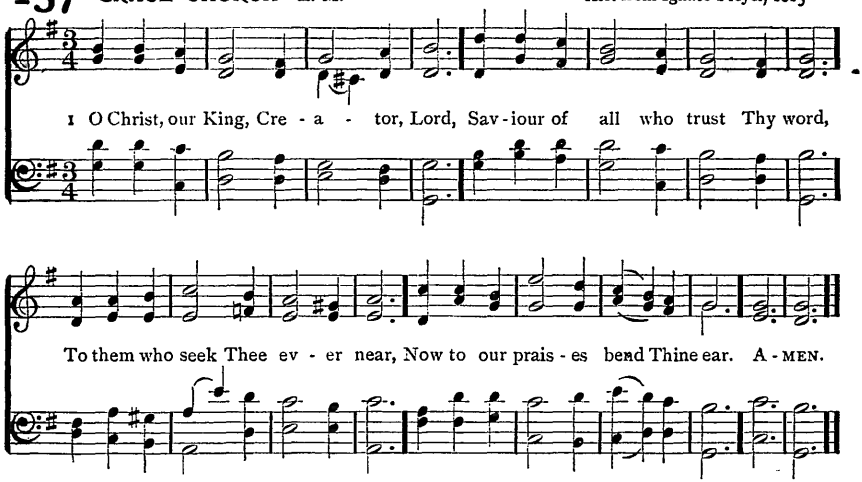
3 No, nothing from those arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever;
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee,
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

Thomas H. Gill, 1864

Jesus Christ our Lord

137 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815



2 In Thy dear cross a grace is found —
It flows from every streaming wound —
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

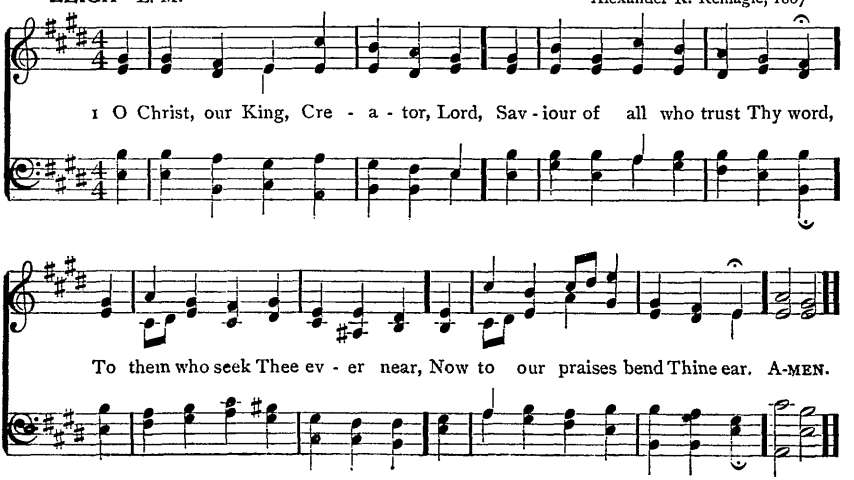
4 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory the Great (c. 540–604). Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

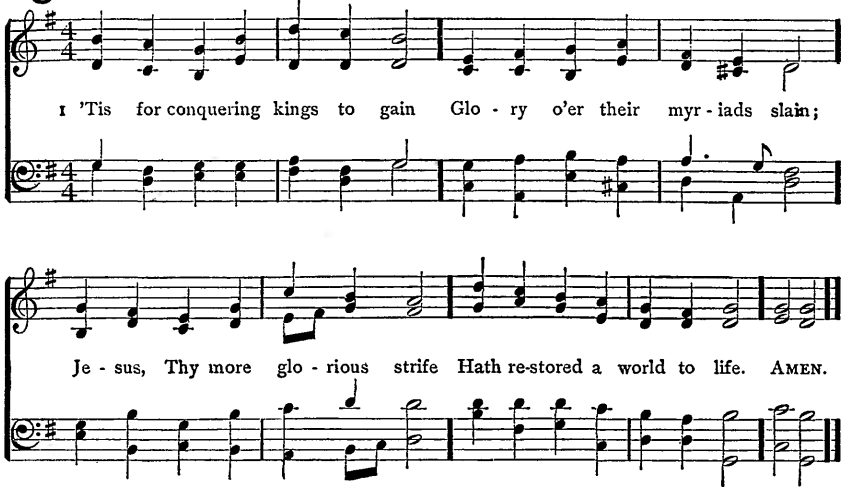
LEIGH L. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1867



Praise to Christ Exalted

138 VIENNA 7.7.7.7. Justin H. Knecht, 1797



2 So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

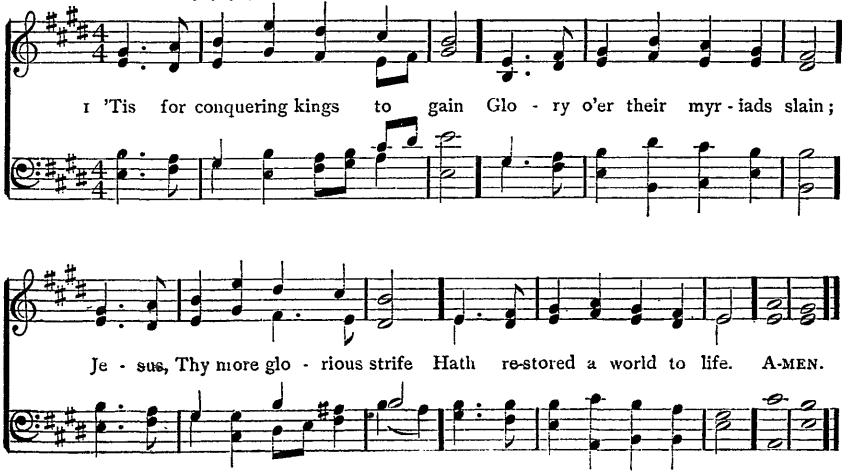
3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will you madly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death, but victory.

5 Dost Thou, Jesus, condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend?
Ours, then, it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

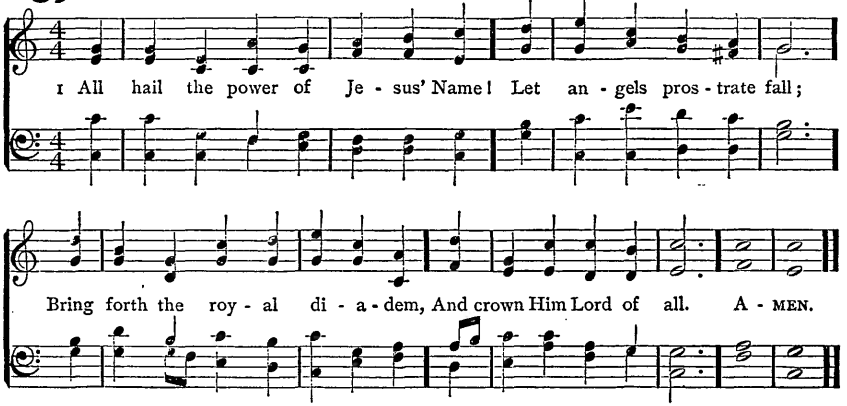
Anon. Paris Breviary, 1736. Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837

INNOCENTS 7.7.7.7. Old French Melody



Jesus Christ our Lord

139 **ST. LEONARD** (SMART) C. M. Henry Smart, 1867



2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

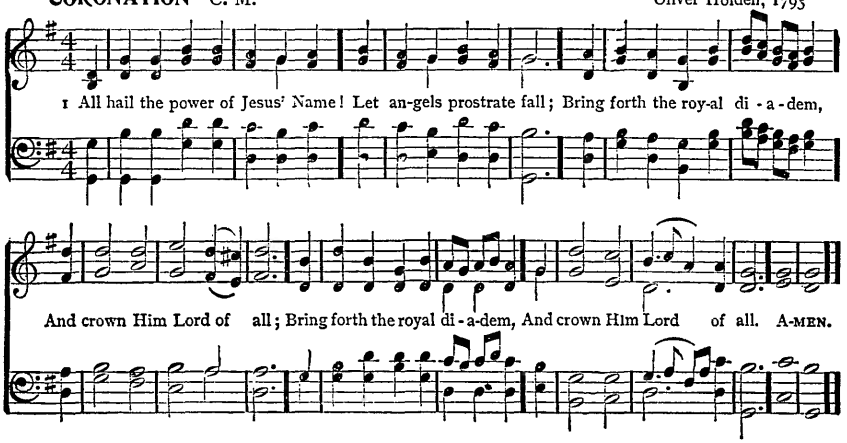
5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779-80;
Verse 1, l. 4, alt., verse 6, recast, verse 7, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M. Oliver Holden, 1795



140 ALLELUIA (LOWE) 8. 7. 8. 7. with Alleluias

Albert Lowe, c. 1860

Voices in Unison

1 Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy Name?

Organ

Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ery crea - ture's theme.

Voices and Organ

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men. A - MEN.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Alleluia! Amen.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Alleluia! Amen.

4 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along, —
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?
Alleluia! Amen.

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Alleluia! Amen.

6 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives, —
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Alleluia! Amen.

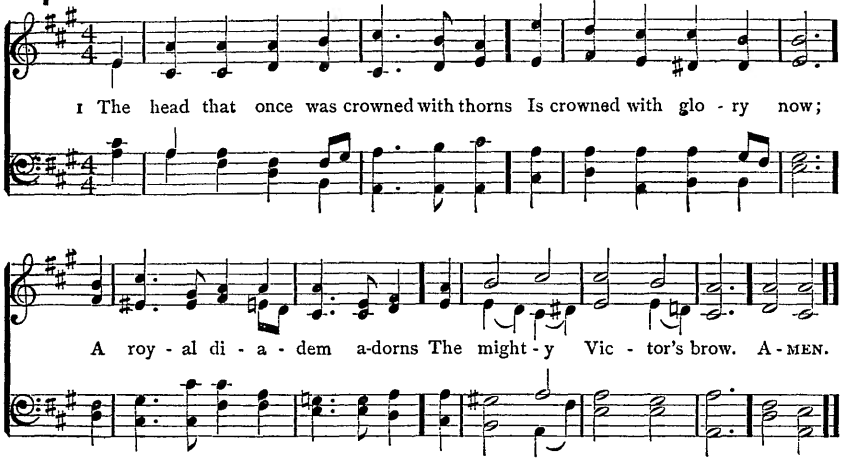
7 Go, return, Immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
Alleluia! Amen.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1774: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

Jesus Christ our Lord

141 **LAUD** C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

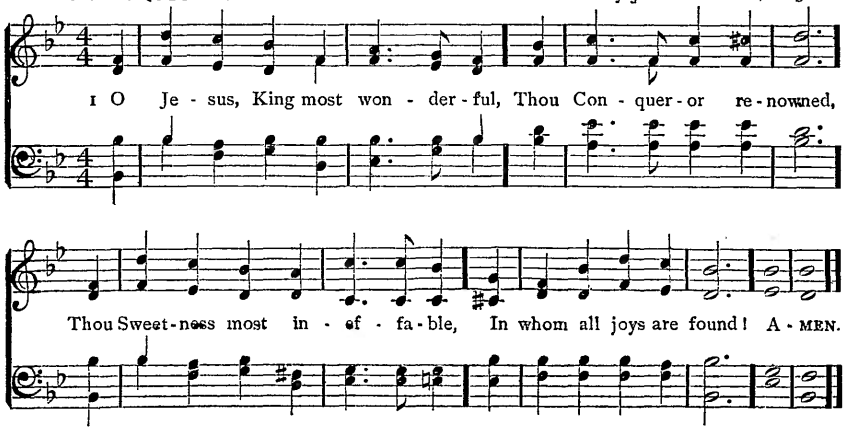
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1820.

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865



142 ARTHUR'S SEAT 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arr. from Sir John Goss, by U. C. Burnap, 1874

1 Re - joice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a - dore:
Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice: Re-joice; a - gain I say, re - joice. A-MEN.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

143 (HOLY CROSS) C. M.

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

Jesus Christ our Lord

144 **MORAVIA** 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Albert A. Stanley

1 To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him, for all His dy - ing pain,
Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
To Him the Lamb, our Sac - ri - fice, Who gave His soul our ran - som-price,
Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

(See also ST. BOTOLF, No. 274)

2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live to Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing ye Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

Rev. Arthur T. Russell, 1851

145 LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868

1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

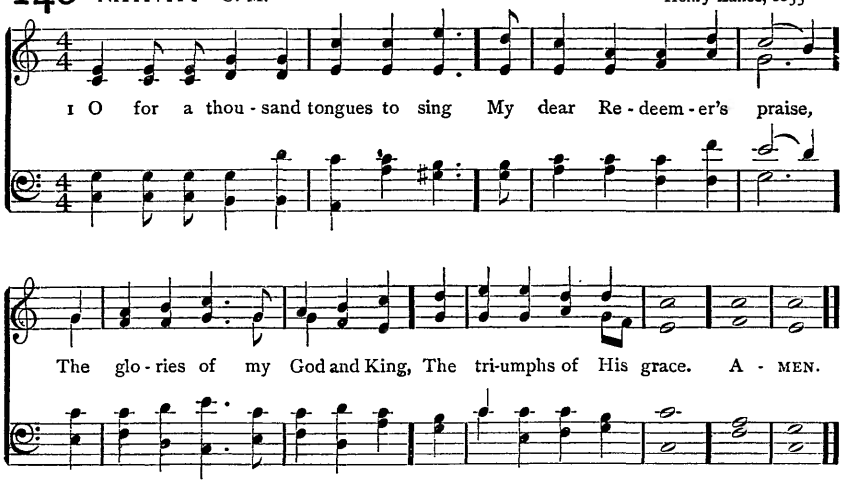
5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Anon. (German.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1853, 1858

146 NATIVITY C. M.

Henry Lahee, 1855



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

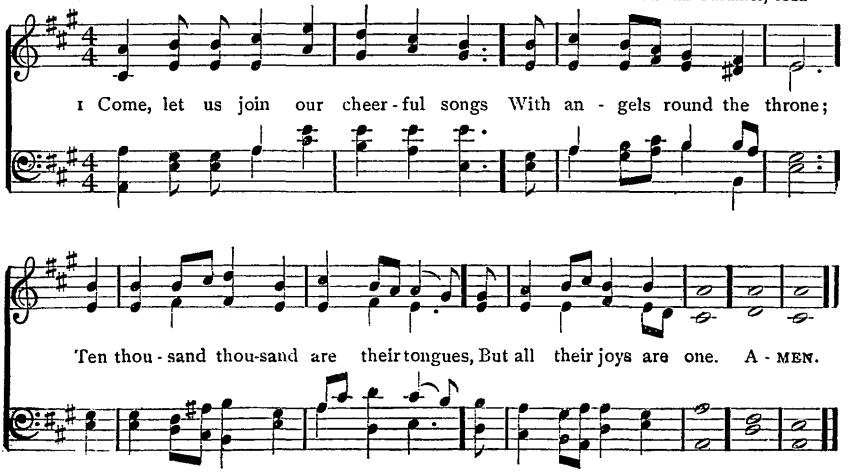
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739; verse 4, l. 1, alt.

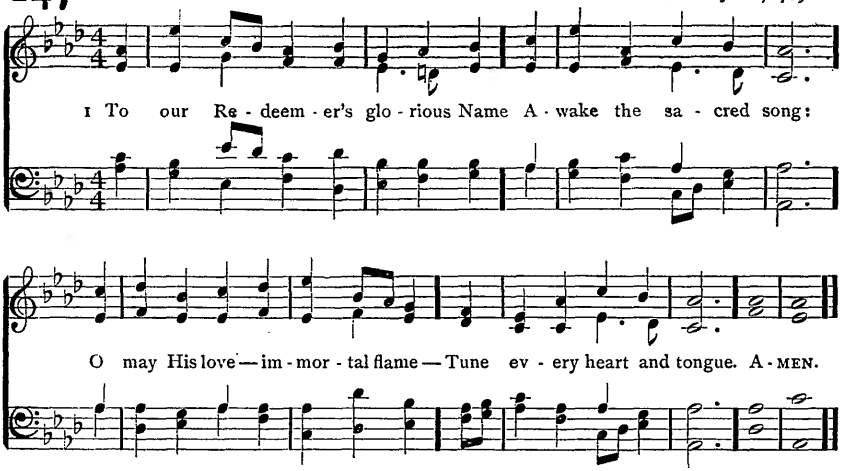
DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



147 ST. STEPHEN C. M.

Rev. William Jones, 1789



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

4 Jesus, who left His throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760

148 (DEDHAM) C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

Jesus Christ our Lord

149 ALLELUIA (WESLEY) 8.7.8.7.D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1868

1 Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;

Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;

Je - sus, out of ev - ery na - tion, Hath re-deemed us by His blood. A-MEN.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans,
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

William C. Dix, 1866

Praise to Christ Exalted

150 **ST. HILDA** 8.7.8.7.D. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861

1 Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us: Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.

Hail, Thou ag - on - iz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor: Life is giv - en through Thy Name. A-MEN.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell, 1757, enlarged in M. Madan's Coll. 1760: alt. Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776

Jesus Christ our Lord

151 **ST. CEPHAS** 6. 5. 6. 5. D. Rev. Howard A. Crosbie, 1875

1 At the Name of Je - sus Ev - ery knee shall bow, Ev - ery tongue con - fess Him

King of glo - ry now. 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,

Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word. A - MEN.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline M. Noel, 1870: verse 3, l. 4, alt.

152 EDINA 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868

1 Sav - iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing

Prais-es to our King: All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - MEN.

(See also COLYTON, No. 368)

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done:
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862

153 DAY OF PRAISE S. M.

Charles Steggall, 1867

1 A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue To praise the Saviour's Name. A - MEN.

(See also ST. THOMAS, No. 114)

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the Eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

William Hammond, 1745: alt. Rev. Geo. Whitefield, 1753, and Rev. Martin Madan, 1760

CRUSADER'S HYMN 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

Old German Melody, arr. by Richard S. Willis, 1850

1 Fair-est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's Glory, Joy, and Crown. A-MEN.

154 LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737–1806)

1 Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful Name; The Name, all-vic-to-rious, of Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all. A-MEN.

(See also HANOVER, No. 113)

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh — His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744: verse 3, line 3, alt.

155 (CRUSADER'S HYMN) 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

1 FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's Glory, Joy, and Crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German.) Tr. Anon. 1850

Jesus Christ our Lord

156 BRAUN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Johann G. Braun, 1675

1 Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth
Through de - vious ways: Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy
Name to sing; Hith - er our chil - dren bring, To shout Thy praise. A-MEN.

(See also FIAT LUX, No. 401)

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the Great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

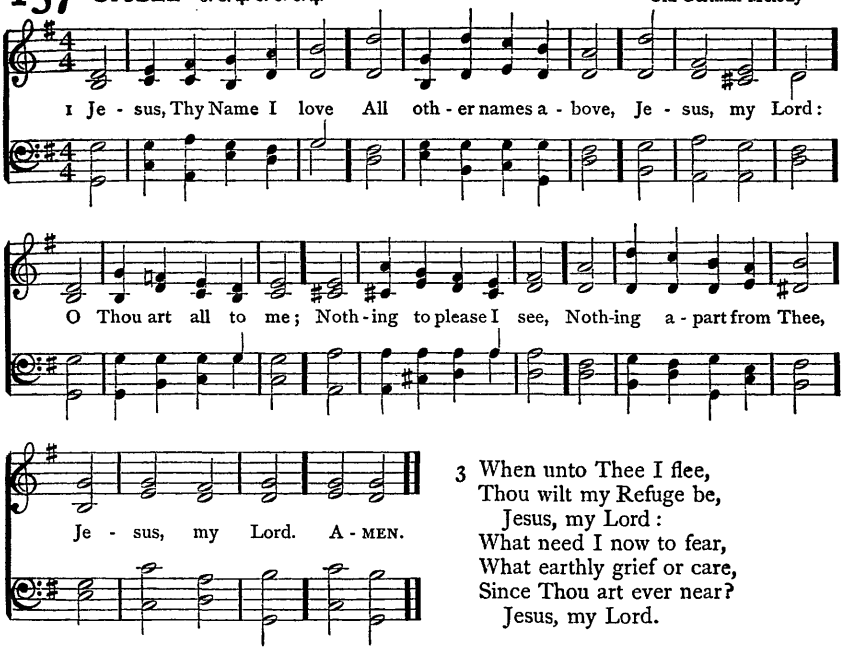
4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

5 So now and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Ascribed to Clement of Alexandria (– c. 220), Tr. Rev. Henry M. Dexter, 1846

157 STOBEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Old German Melody



2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord:
O how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord:
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

4 Soon Thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord:
Then Thine own face I 'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842

158 (STOBEL) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye His Name:
Angels His Name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name:
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear Name abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join all the human race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye His Name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising His Name:
To Him we 'll tribute bring,
Laud Him, our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Rev. James Allen, 1761

Jesus Christ our Lord

159 **ARIEL** 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Arr. from Mozart, by Lowell Mason, 1836

1 O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth

Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heaven-ly strings,

And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most Di-vine,

In notes al-most Di-vine. A-MEN.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath Divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

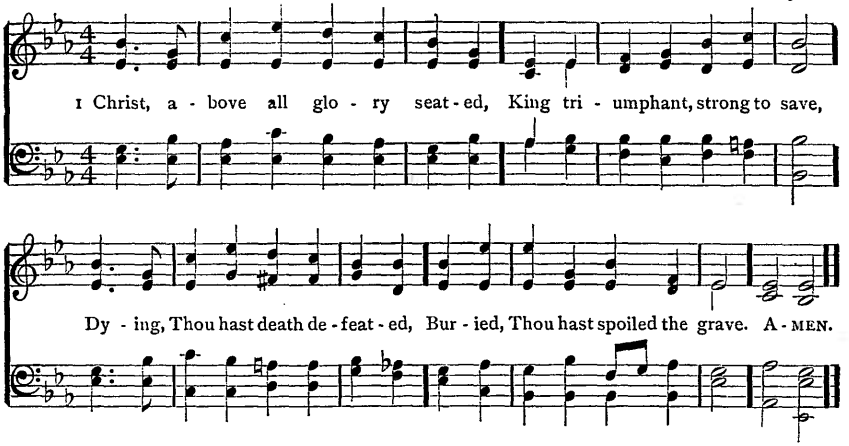
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1789

160 ST. OSWALD 8.7.8.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1857



2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and amazèd bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee beyond the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

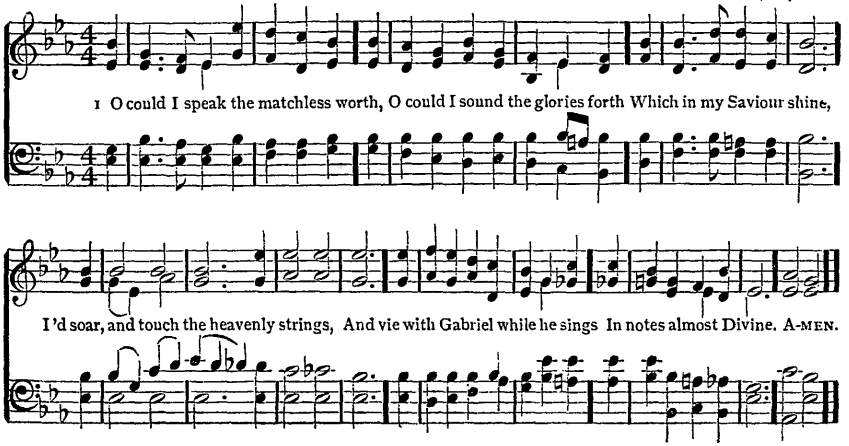
5 So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th cent.) Tr. Bishop James R. Woodford, 1852

RAVENDALE 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Walter Stokes, 1876



Jesus Christ our Lord

161 ZOAN 7.6.7.6. D. Rev. William H. Havergal, 1845

1 O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove;

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - MEN.

(See also LANCASHIRE, No. 232)

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances R. Havergal, 1870

Praise to Christ Exalted

162 **DIADEMATA** S. M. D. Sir George J. Elvey, 1868

1 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark, how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end;
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1851

Jesus Christ our Lord

163 **PRESCOTT** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1868

1 Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone. A-MEN.

2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

HARWELL 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain Lowell Mason, 1840

1 { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love: } See, He sits on yonder throne;
See, He sits
Je-sus rules the world a-lone. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.
Je - sus rules

Praise to Christ Exalted

164 **EDOM** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. Albert L. Peace, 1885

1 Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His rai - ment stained with blood;

To the slave pro - claim - ing free - dom; Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good:

Glo-rious in the garb He wears, Glo-rious in the spoils He bears? A - MEN.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected;
'Tis an everlasting throne:
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809

Jesus Christ our Lord

165 CORONÆ 8.7.8.7.4.7. William H. Monk, 1871

1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious: See the Man of Sor-rows, now;

From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-ery knee to Him shall bow:

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow. A-MEN.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

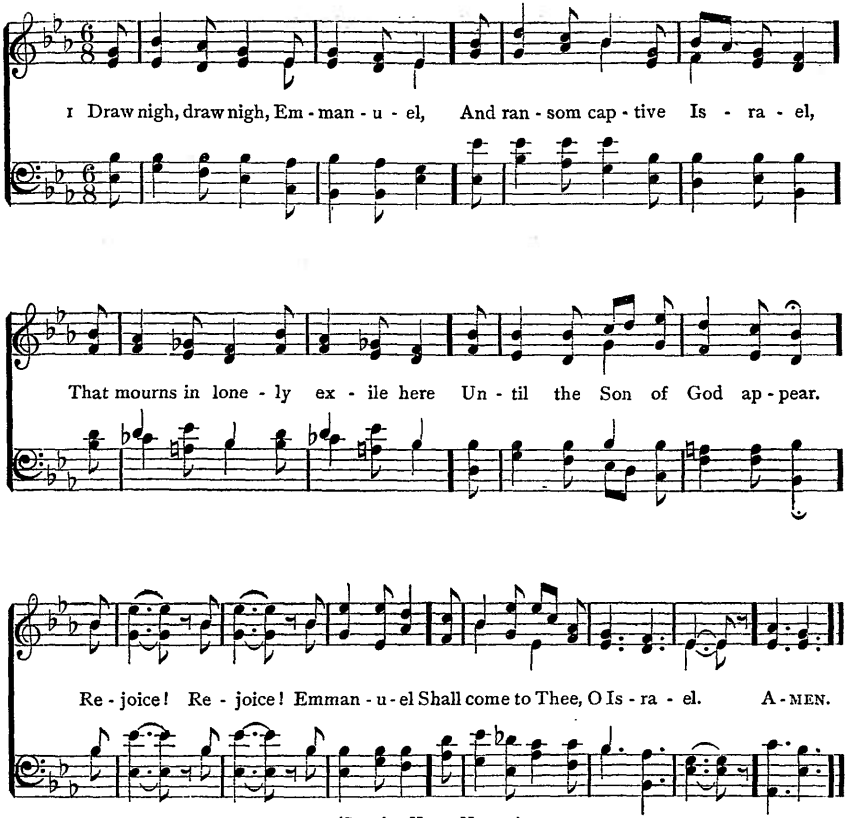
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809

166 VENI EMMANUEL 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872



(See also HOPE, No. 490)

2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's abyss Thy people save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

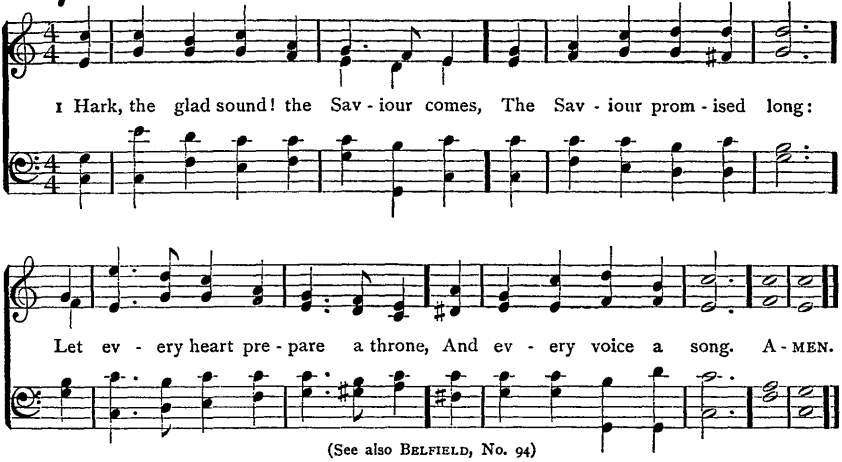
4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height,
In ancient time, didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th century.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851: alt.

167 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

Frederick G. Baker, 1876



(See also BELFIELD, No. 94)

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from the thick films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735

168 (STUTTGART) 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

169 ANGEL CHOIR 8.7.8.7.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly warb-ling in the skies?

Sure the an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Loud - est al - le - lu - ias rise. A - MEN.

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(See also AUSTRIAN HYMN, No. 298)

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God Most High!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God Most High!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood, 1819

STUTTGART 8.7.8.7.

Gotha Cantional, 1715

1 Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A - MEN.

Jesus Christ our Lord

170 ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant,
2 God of . . . God, ... Light . . of . . Light; . .
3 Sing, choirs of an - gels; Sing in ex - ult - a - tion,
4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing:

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
Lo, He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove;
Je - sus, to Thee . . . . be glo - ry given;

Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him,
Ver - y . . God, Be - got - ten, not cre - at - ed;
Glo - ry to God . . In . . the . high-est;
Word of the Fa - ther, Late in flesh ap - pear-ing;

O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - MEN.

Anon. (Latin, 17th or 18th cent.) Tr. Rev. Frederick Oakeley, 1841: verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt.

171 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel · 1742

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;
Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing, And
And heaven and na-ture
heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing. A-MEN.
sing
And heaven and na-ture sing

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

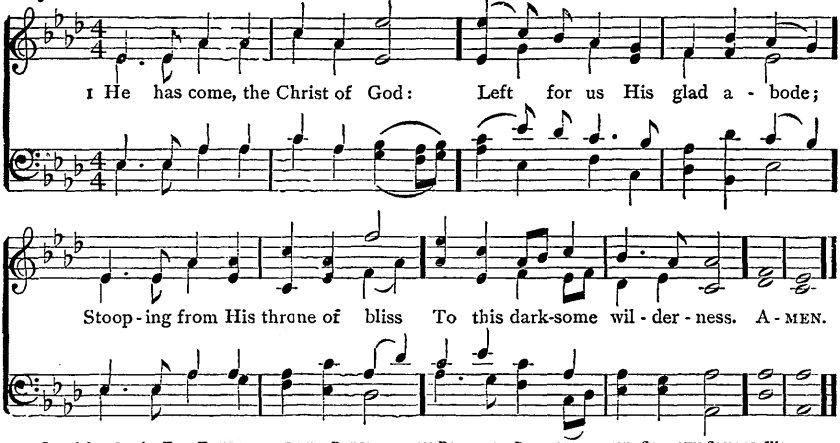
NATIVITY C. M.

Henry Lahee, 1855

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;
Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing. A-MEN.

172 GLAD DAY 7.7.7.7.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895



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2 He has come, the Prince of Peace:
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

3 He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home:
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.

4 He has come, whose Name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race:
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.

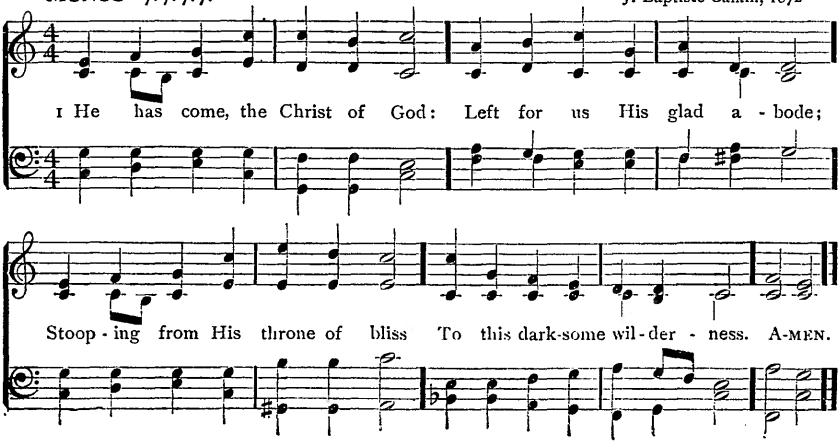
5 Unto us a Child is born:
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

6 Unto us a Son is given:
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

MUNUS 7.7.7.7.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



173 MENDELSSOHN 7.7.7.7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1850

1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A-MEN.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739: alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760,
Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kempthorne, 1810

Jesus Christ our Lord

174 CAROL C. M. D. Richard S. Willis, 1850

1 It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King:"

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1850

175 NOEL C. M. D.

Traditional Air, arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1 A thou-sand years have come and gone, And near a thou-sand more,
Since hap-pier light from heav-en shone Than ev-er shone be-fore:
And in the hearts of old and young A joy most joy-ful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue As ears had nev-er heard. A-MEN.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news that men should be as they,
To darkened earth they bore;
So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.

3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

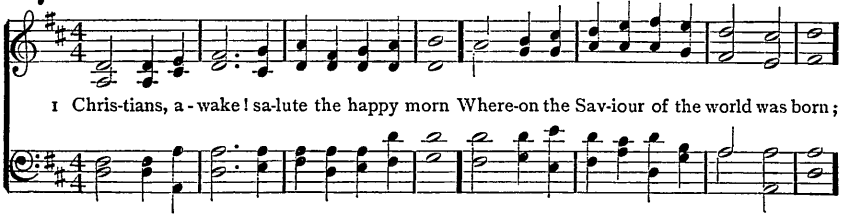
4 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest sheaf
His patient love shall win.

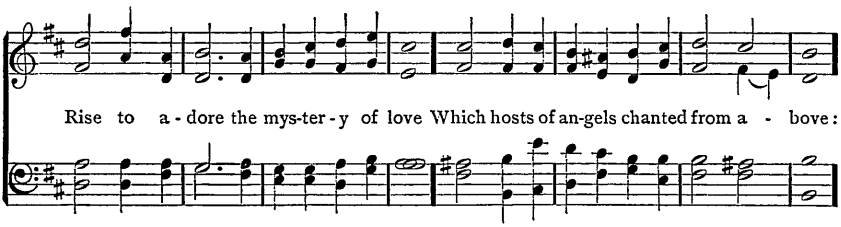
Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1868

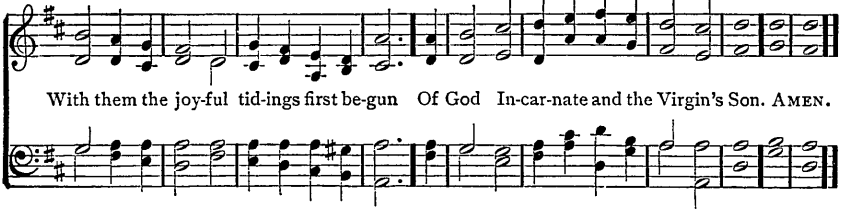
Jesus Christ our Lord

176 YORKSHIRE 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

John Wainwright, 1760







2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you, and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then, employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

John Byrom, publ. 1773

177 WILDERSMOUTH 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879

1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes-si - ah's birth:
Come and wor - ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new - born King. A - - - MEN.

(See also REGENT SQUARE, No. 89)

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son;
Evermore your voices raising
To the Eternal Three in One:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1816: doxology added

Jesus Christ our Lord

178 **EPHRATAH** 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by:

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - MEN.

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2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

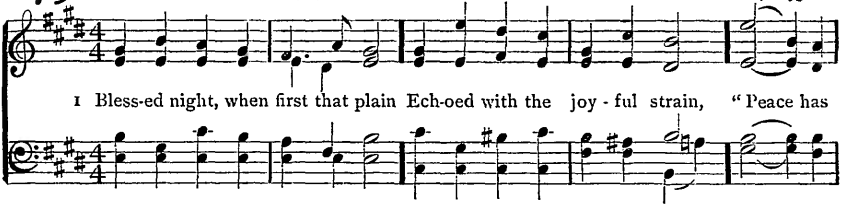
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

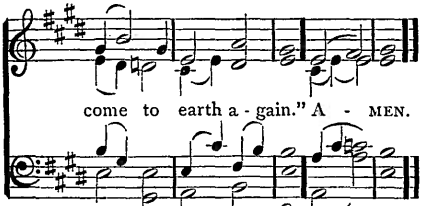
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1868

179 BLESSED NIGHT 7.7.7.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895





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2 Blessèd hills, that heard the song
Of the glorious angel throng
Swelling all your slopes along.

3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."

4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise —

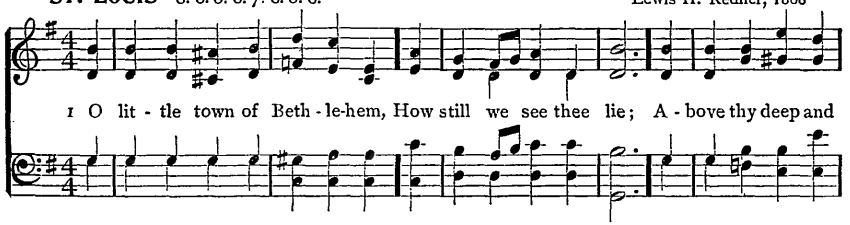
5 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring.

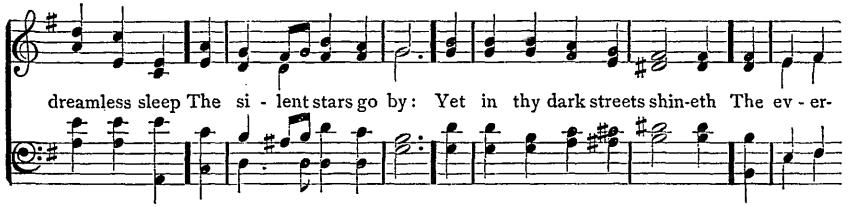
6 Blessèd Babe of Bethlehem,
Owner of earth's diadem,
Claim and wear the radiant gem.

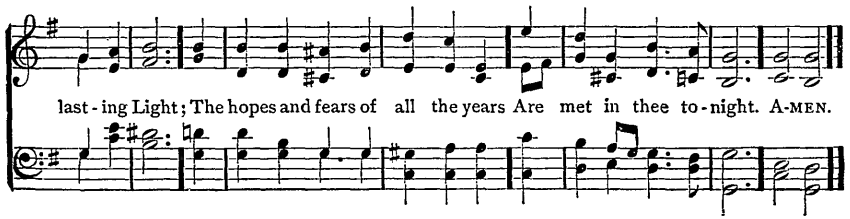
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

ST. LOUIS 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Lewis H. Redner, 1868







Jesus Christ our Lord

180 BETHLEHEM C. M. D.

Old Carol

1 Calm on the listen - ing ear of night Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es forth Her sil - ver - man - tled plains;
Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
And an - gels, with their spark - ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air. A-MEN.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled;
When burst upon that listening night
The high and solemn lay,
"Glory to God; on earth be peace:"
Salvation comes to-day.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1834 (Text of 1875)

181 SHACKELFORD C. M. D.

Frederick H. Cheeswright, c. 1889

1 While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for might - y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind,—

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind. A - MEN.

(See also CHRISTMAS, No. 496)

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

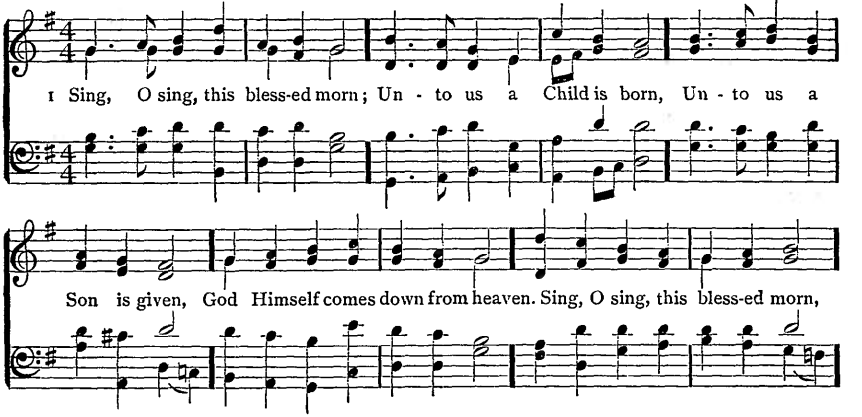
5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

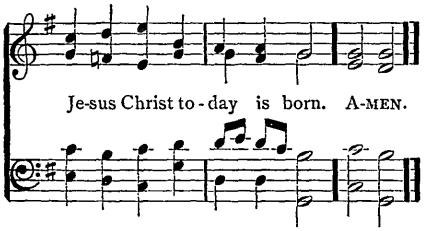
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men.
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1702

182 LAUDES CHRISTI 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Rev. R. Riach Thom, 1893





2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
And on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, etc.

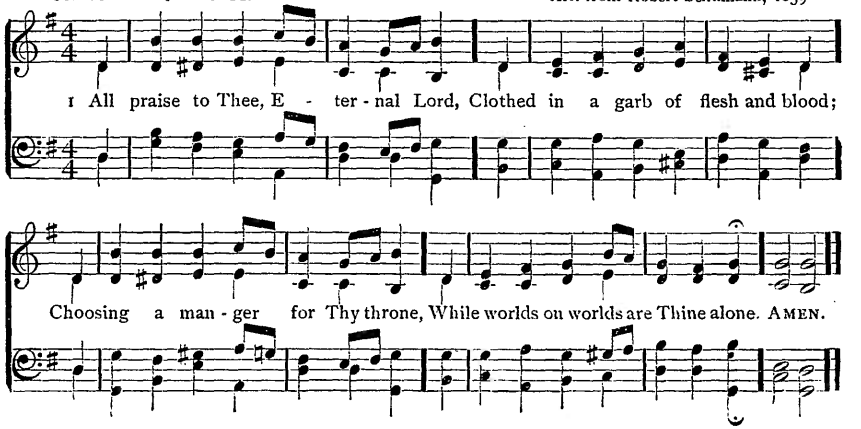
4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
He is Son of Man that we
By Him sons of God may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, etc.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839



183 NATIVITY NEW 8. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air ev - ery-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - MEN.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all doth grieve you
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee:
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

184 (CANONBURY) L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, Eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now:
Angels who did in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little Child, Thou art our Guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms Divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther, 1524. Tr. Anon. Sabbath Hy. Bk. 1858

Jesus Christ our Lord

185 **ROSMORE** 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l. Henry G. Trembath, 1893

1 From the east-ern mountains, Press-ing on, they come, Wise men in their wis - dom,

To His hum-ble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,

Ev-er journeying on - ward, Guid-ed by a star. Light of life that shin-eth

Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Ev-ery heart of man. A-MEN.

2 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of life, etc.

3 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way:
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of life, etc.

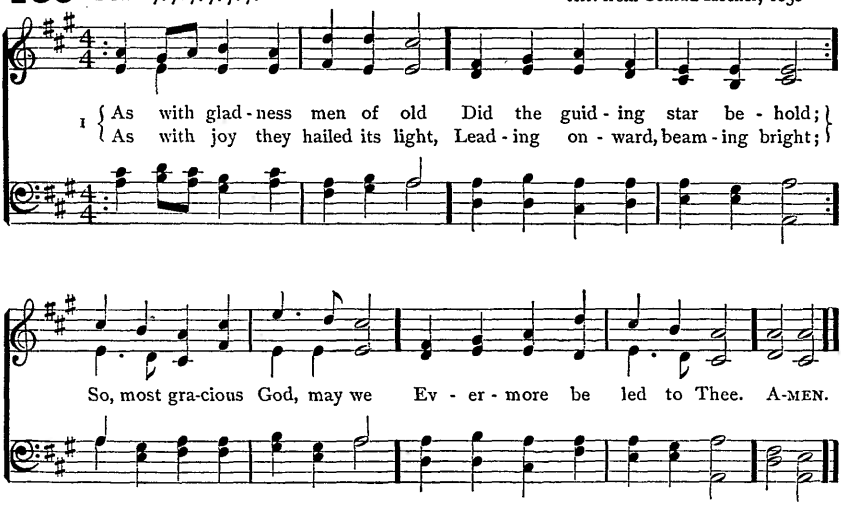
4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.
Light of life, etc.

5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of life, etc.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873

186 DIX 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838



2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William C. Dix, 1861

Jesus Christ our Lord

187 ST. NINIAN 11. 10. 11. 10. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-
dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings Divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

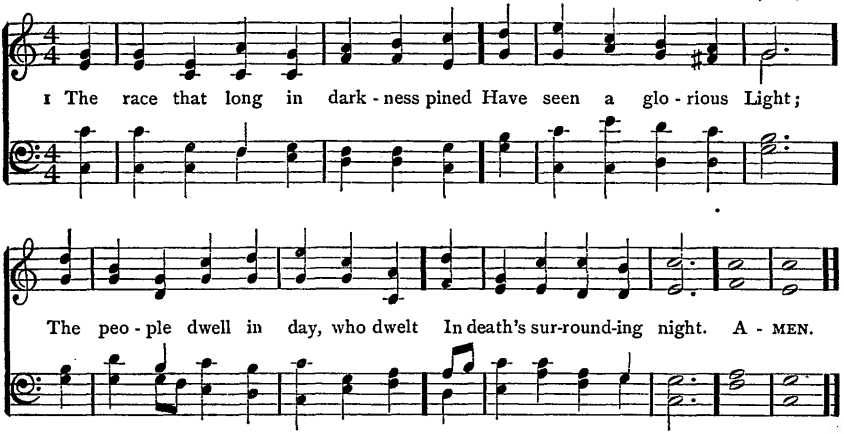
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811

188 ST. LEONARD (SMART) C. M.

Henry Smart, 1867



2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

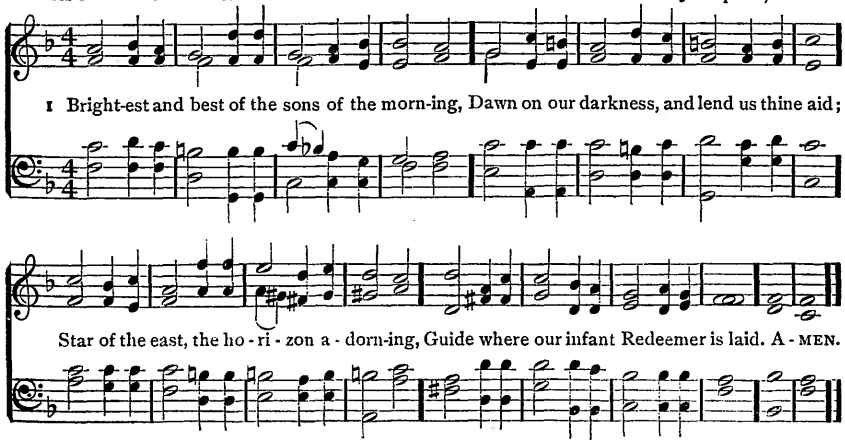
5 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

Rev. John Morison, 1781

EPIPHANY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868



Jesus Christ our Lord

189 DAY BY DAY 8.7.8.7.

Rev. Edmund S. Carter, 1874

1 Hail, Thou Source of ev - ery bless-ing, Sov-ereign Fa - ther of man - kind!

Gen - tiles now, Thy grace pos - sess - ing, In Thy courts ad-mis-sion find. A - MEN.

(See also STUTTGART, No. 168)

2 Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

3 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to Eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine:
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love Divine.

5 Hail, Thou manifested Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

6 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

Rev. Basil Woodd, c. 1810-1820: verse 5, l. 1, alt.

The Temptation

190 (HEINLEIN) 7.7.7.7.

1 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

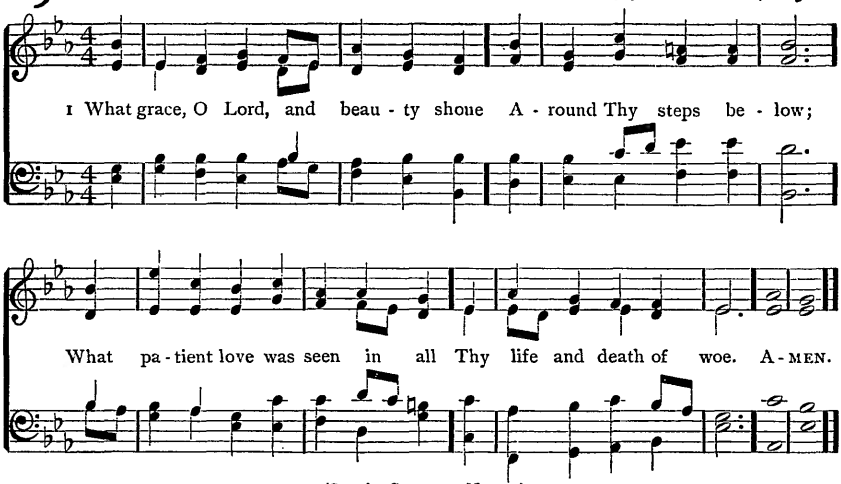
4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace Divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Rev. George H. Smyttan, 1856: alt. Rev. Francis Pott, 1861

191 ST. BERNARD C. M.

Arr. by John Richardson, 1863



(See also SABBATA, No. 311)

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

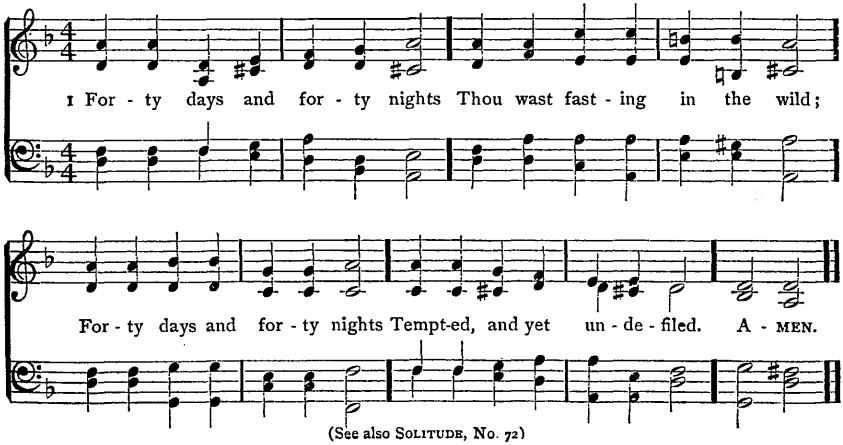
4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1839

HEINLEIN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Nürnberger Gebetbuch, 1677



(See also SOLITUDE, No. 72)

192 CHRIST CHURCH 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Charles Steggall, 1865

1 O ye im - mor - tal throng Of an - gels round the throne,
Join with our fee - ble song, To make the Sav-iour known: On earth ye knew
His won - drous grace; His glo - rious face In heaven ye view. A - MEN.

(See also LAUS DEO, No. 62)

2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid:
And "Praise to God,
And peace on earth,"
For such a birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

3 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire:
And could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there
In sad surprise.

4 Around His sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep
Till the blest moment come
To rouse Him from His sleep:
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord
With joy unknown.

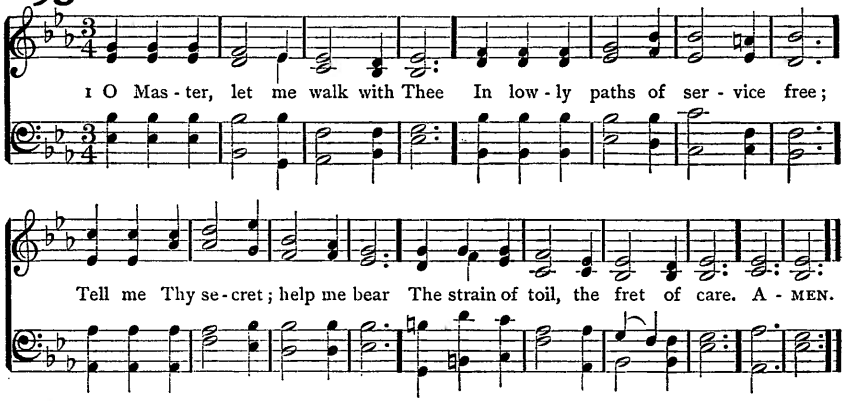
5 When, all arrayed in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God,
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

6 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737

193 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)



2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

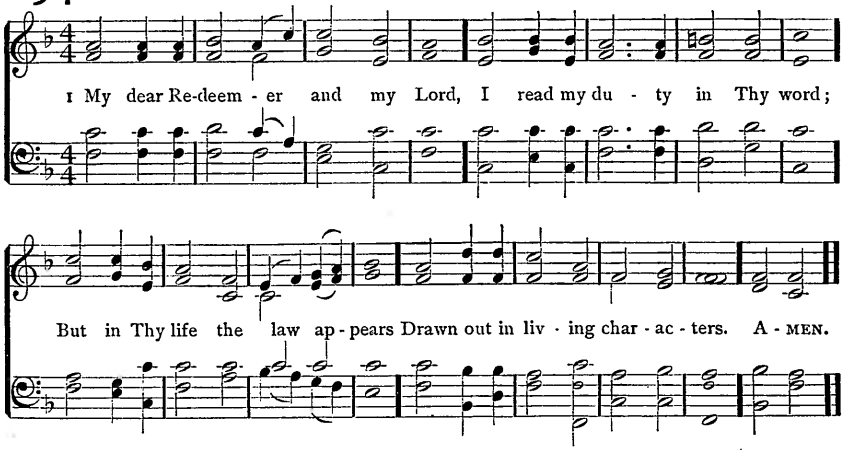
3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden, 1879

194 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

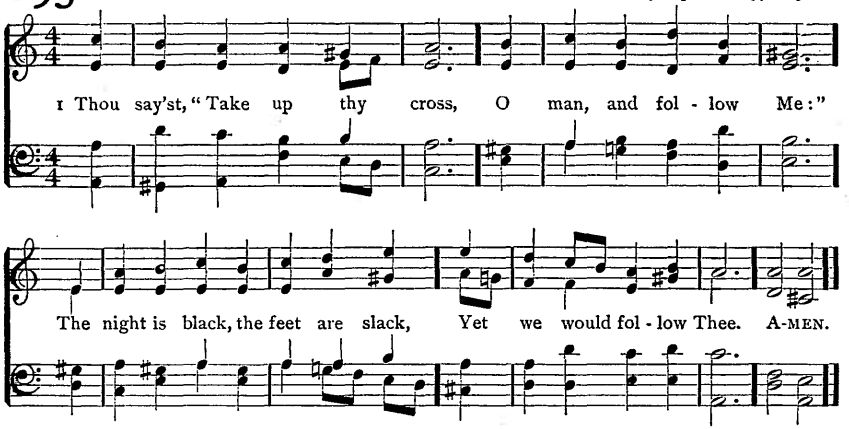
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

195 ST. IGNATIUS S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869



2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space —
Then might we follow Thee!

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee.

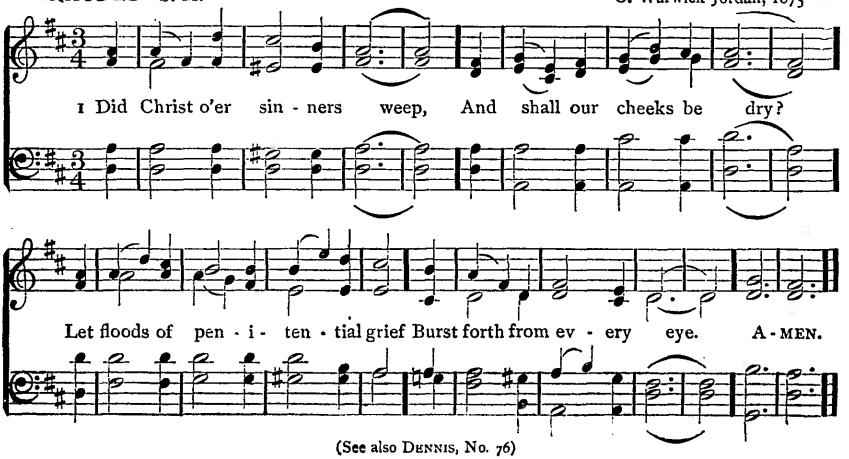
6 If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

7 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord: we follow Thee.

Francis T. Palgrave, 1865

RHODES S. M.

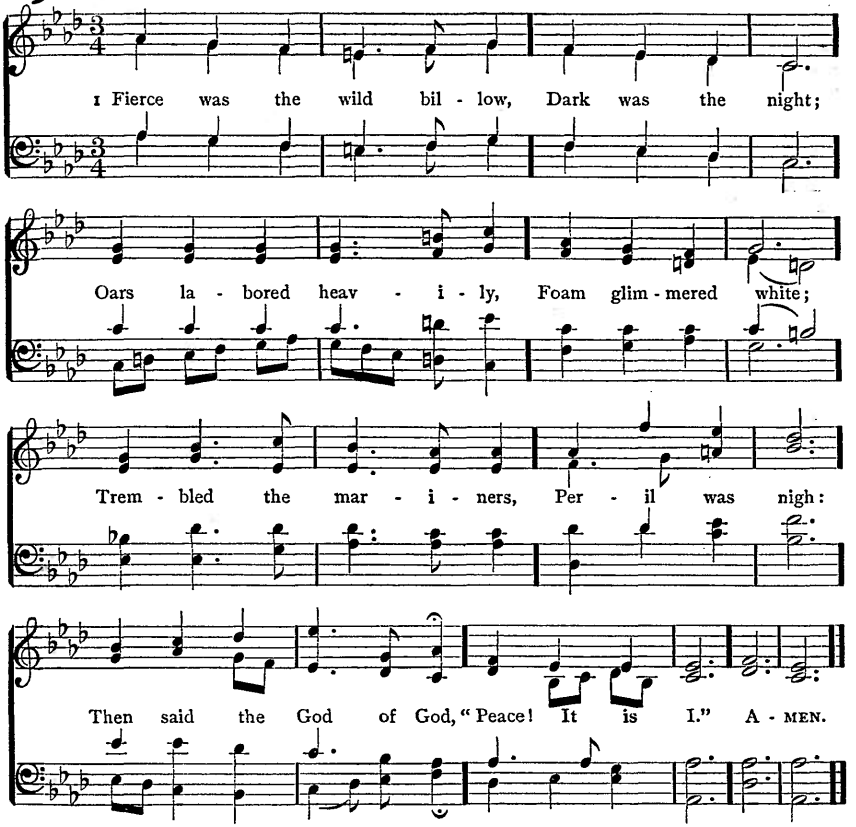
C. Warwick Jordan, 1875



(See also DENNIS, No. 76)

196 ST. SOPHRONIUS 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

Arthur H. Brown, 1880



2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

Anatolius (unknown.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862

197 (RHODES) S. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787

198 DELIVERANCE C. M. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1867

1 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It tri-umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame. A - MEN.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though Love and Might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book;
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1864

199 LAND OF REST C. M. D.

Richard S. Newman, 1879

1 O where is He that trod the sea, O where is He that spake,
And de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum - bers break:
The pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, be - night - ed long, Bright beams of morn - ing spring? A - MEN.

2 O where is He that trod the sea,
O where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake;
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire?

3 O where is He that trod the sea,
O where is He that spake,
And dark waves rolling heavily
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, "'Tis He can save"?

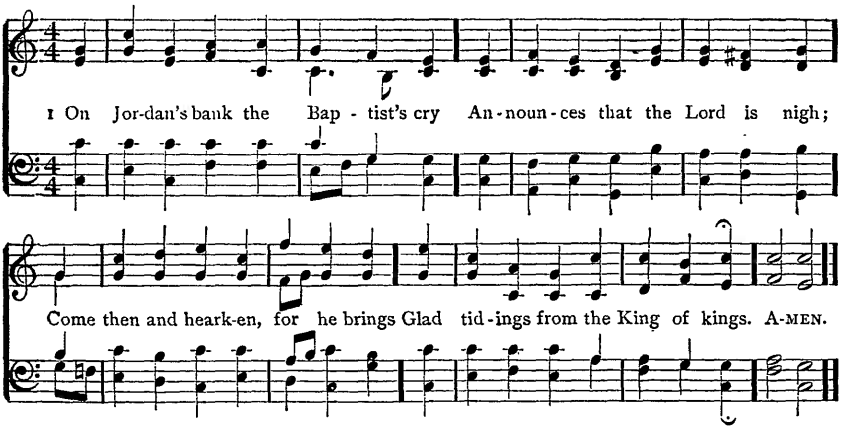
4 O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.

5 O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs He 'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

200 WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Alt. from Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690



2 E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

3 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

4 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

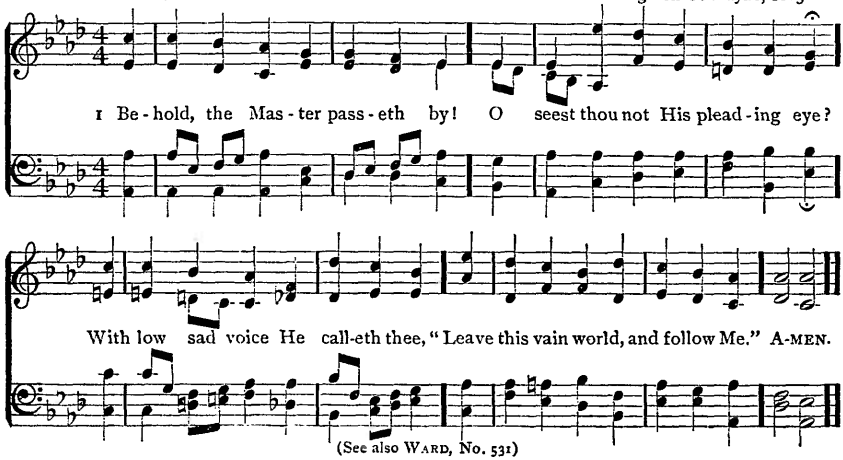
5 Stretch forth Thy hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love Divine.

6 To Him, who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, — Three in One.

Charles Coffin, 1736. Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837

ST. LAWRENCE L. M.

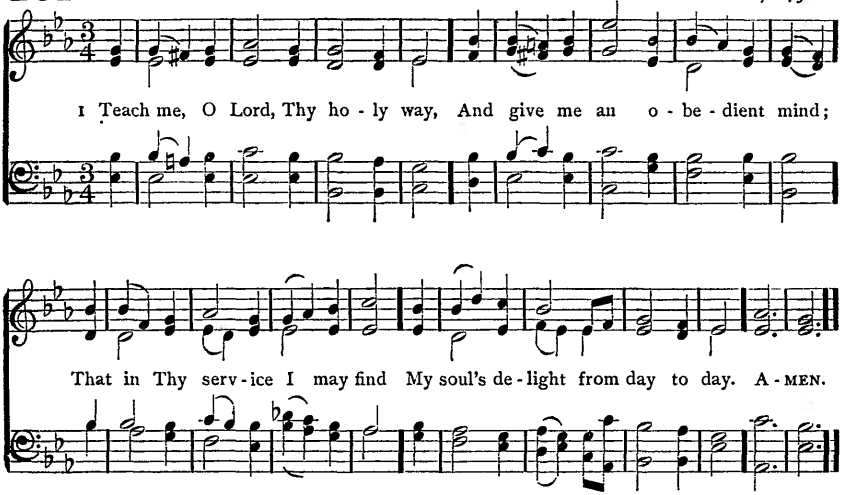
Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, 1863



(See also WARD, No. 531)

201 STAINCLIFFE L. M.

Robert W. Dixon, 1875



2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessèd land.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;
And, meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee:
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

Rev. William T. Matson, 1866

202 (ST. LAWRENCE) L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
O seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee,
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

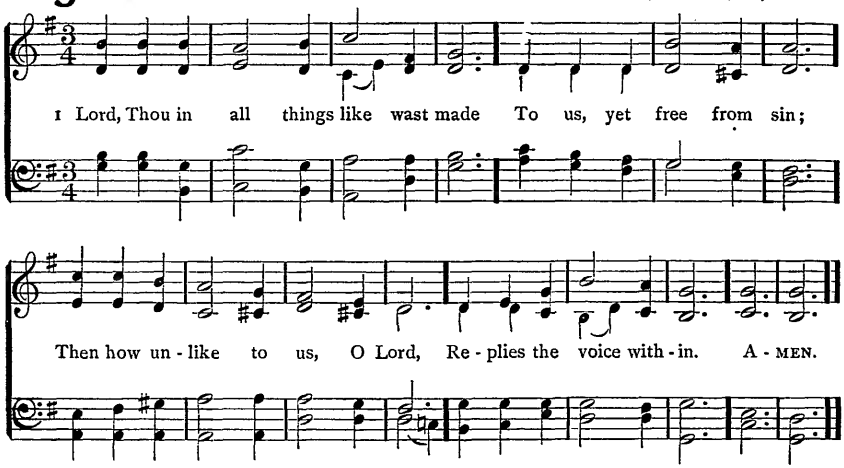
5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop William W. How (verses 4, 5, alt. from Bishop Ken, publ. 1721) 1871

Jesus Christ our Lord

203 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



2 Our faith is weak; O Light of Light,
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honor due.

3 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

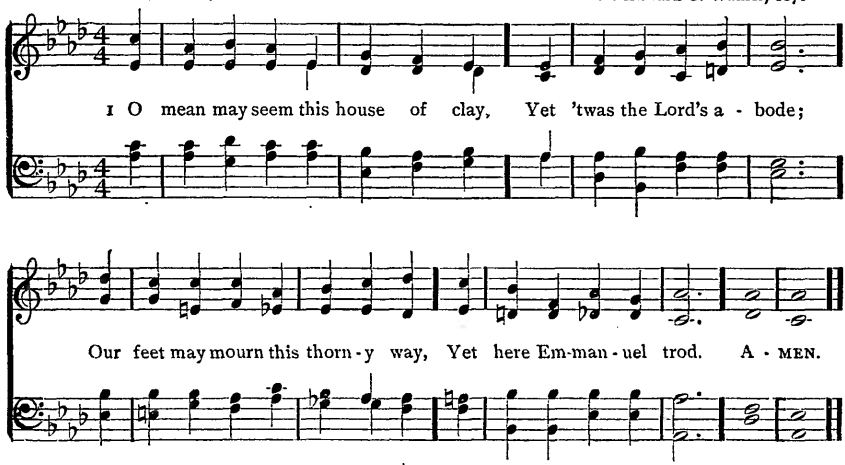
4 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succoring Thine own.

5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Most blest in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice, 1836: verse 1, ll. 1, 3, alt.

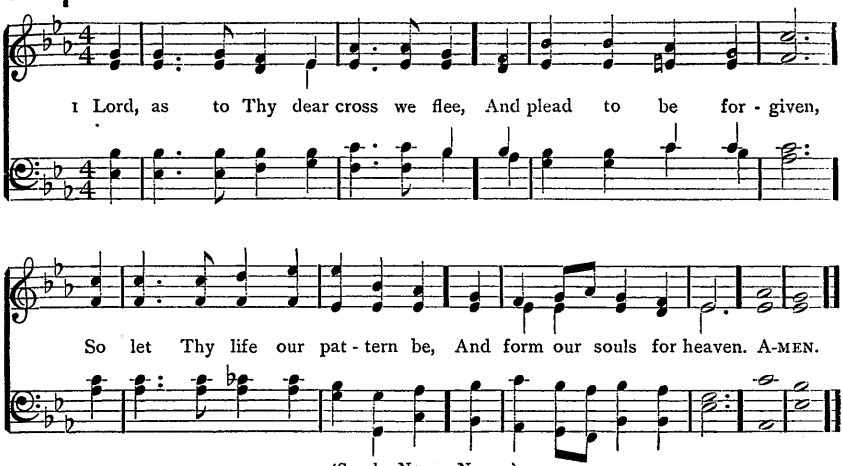
ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876



204 GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



(See also NAOMI, No. 511)

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838

205 (ST. MARGUERITE) C. M.

1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

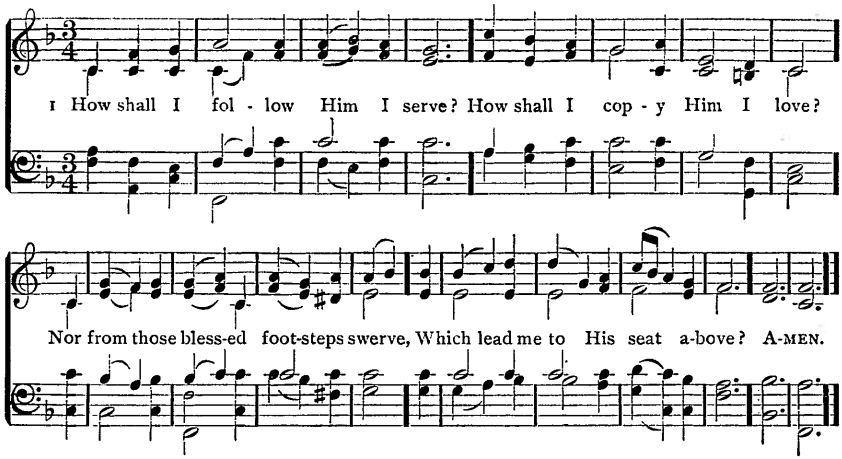
5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth Divine:
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine.

Thomas H. Gill, 1850

206 ALSACE L. M.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

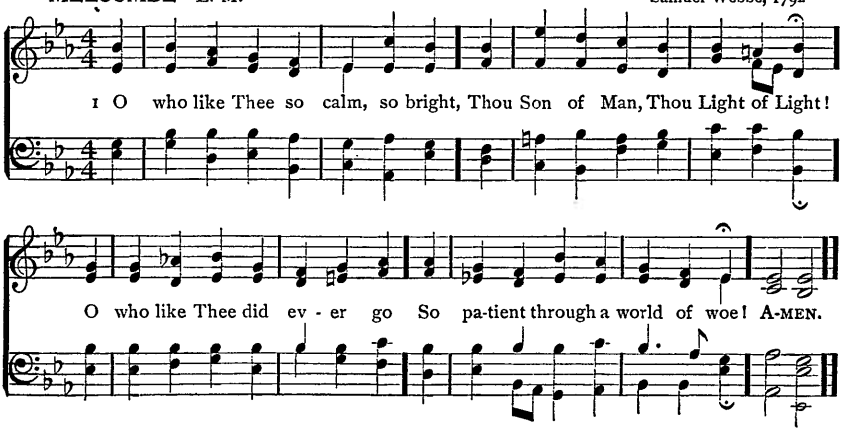
6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

7 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836

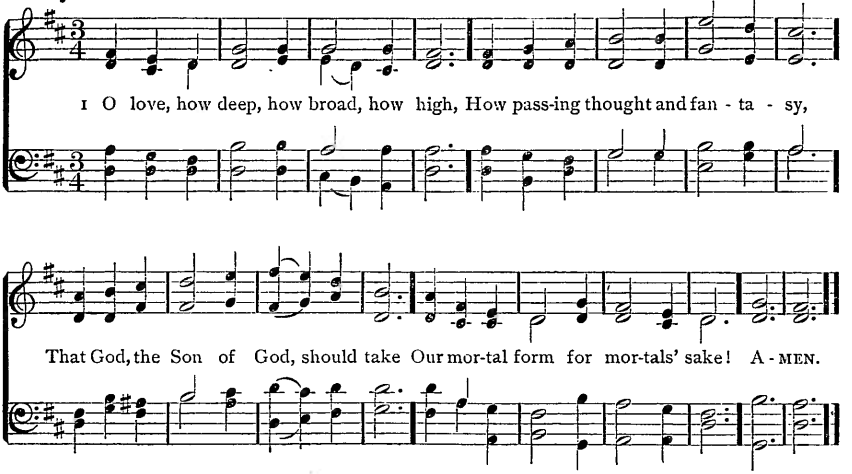
MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1792



207 OMBERSLEY L. M.

William H. Gladstone, 1872



2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And He Himself to this world came.

3 For us baptized, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore,
For us temptations sharp He knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us He preaches and He prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed;
For us He bore the cross's death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

6 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

7 All honor, laud, and glory be,
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father, and to Paraclete.

Anon. (Latin, 15th cent.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854

208 (MELCOMBE) L. M.

1 O WHO like Thee so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of Light!
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

2 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before;
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

3 And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;

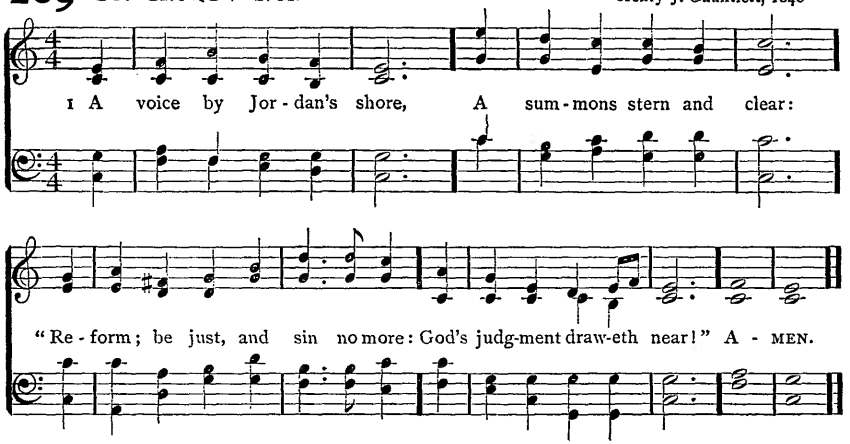
4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all this way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1840

209 ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
"Love God; thy neighbor love: for see
God's mercy draweth near!"

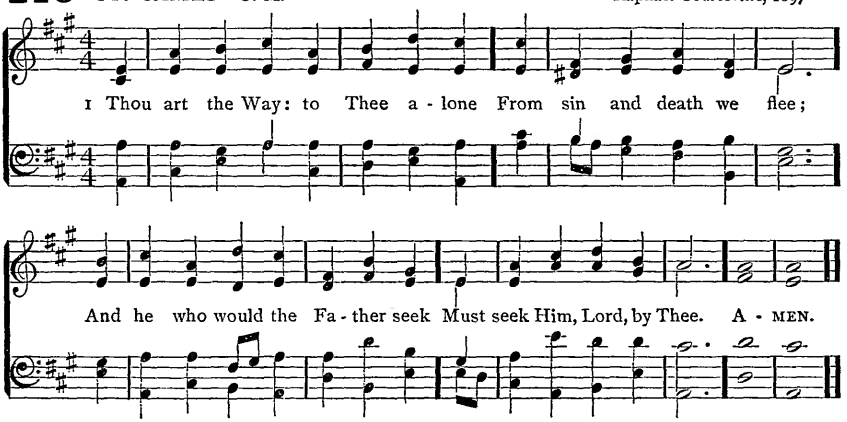
3 O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth: I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

4 Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

210 ST. JAMES C. M.

Raphael Courteville, 1697



2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

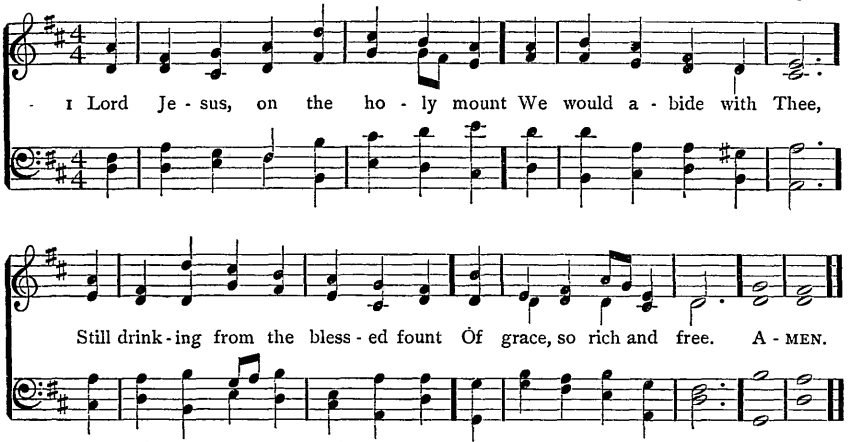
3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

211 TRANSFIGURATION C. M.

Rev. John Anketell, 1895



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2 There prophets praise Thy glorious Name,
And deeds which Thou hast done;
And there the Father's words proclaim
His own belovèd Son.

3 The rays of Thy transfigured face
Beam with such golden light
That we would never leave the place,
Nor lose the heavenly sight.

4 But there is work on earth to do,
The suffering soul to heal;
The harvest great, the laborers few
Thy kingdom to reveal.

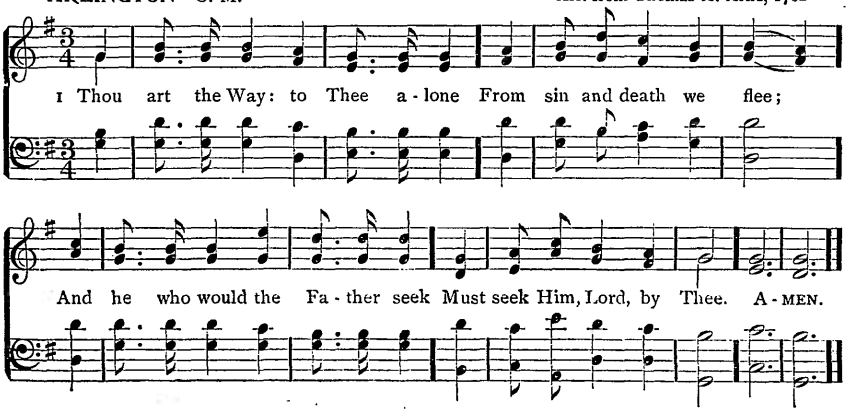
5 We may not linger on the mount,
Where bright Thy glories shine;
We may not taste the sacred fount
Of blessedness Divine:

6 But let some beams of heavenly light
Make bright our earthly way;
Then grant the beatific sight
Of heaven and endless day.

Rev. John Anketell, 1889

ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762



Jesus Christ our Lord

212 BARNBY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)

1 O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way,
Blest Hope of ev - ery na - tion, My soul's De - light and Stay?
O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light,
To know what-e'er is pleas - ing And wel-come in Thy sight. A-MEN.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart to praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
I to Thy Name the service
Of all my powers will bring.

3 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:
O love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race.

4 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes: He comes, who sinners
Shall with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Tr. verses 1, 2, 4, Rev. Arthur T. Russell, 1851: verse 3, John C. Jacobi, 1722, alt.

The Entry into Jerusalem

213 ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615

1 { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

The 2nd and following verses

2 Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.

After each verse

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. } A - MEN.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

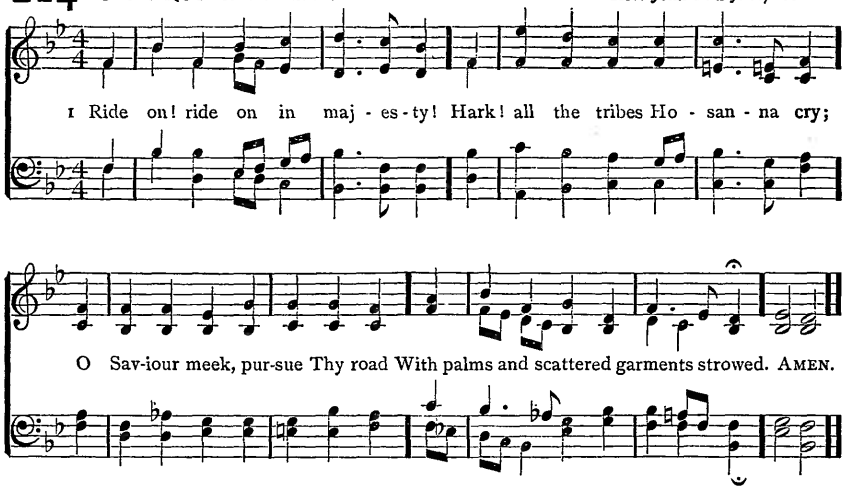
5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854: verse 1, l. 1, verse 5, alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod.

214 ST. DROSTANE L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

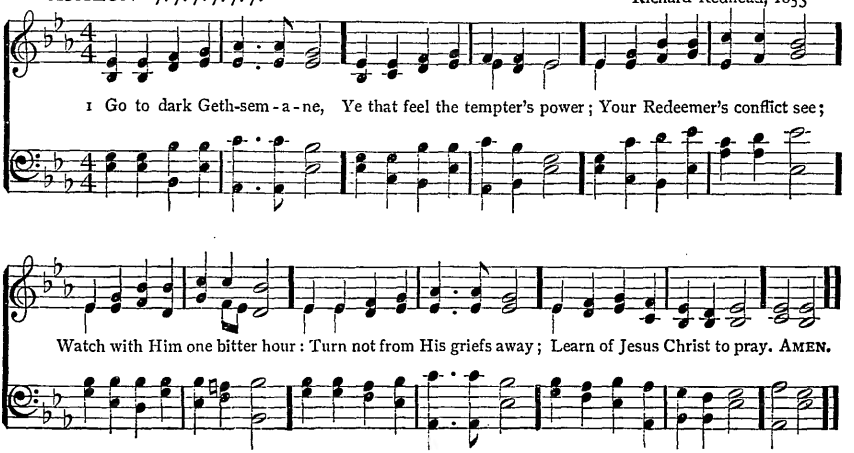
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827: verse 1, l. 3, alt.

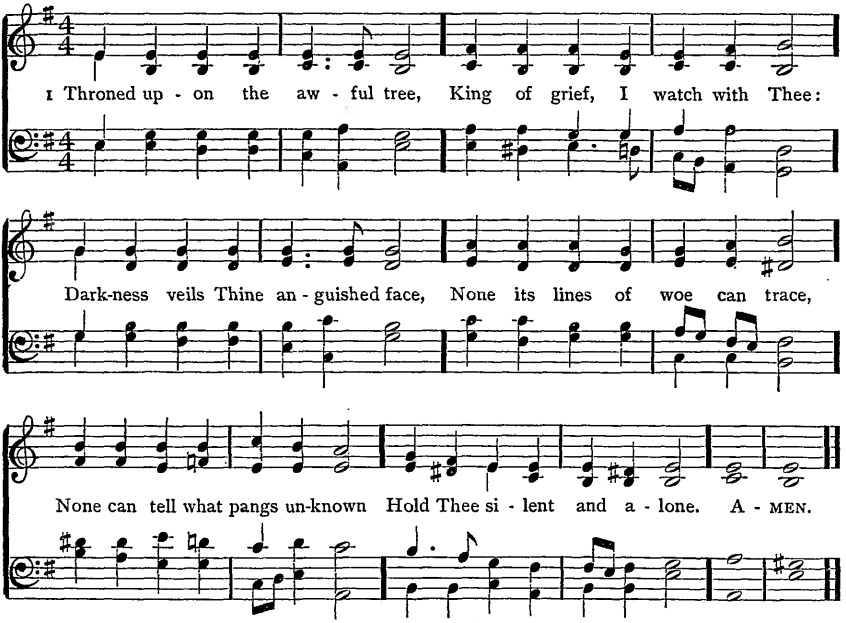
AJALON 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Richard Redhead, 1853



215 GETHSEMANE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., 1869



2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him — can it be?
"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left —
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1875

216 (AJALON) 7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" — hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

Jesus Christ our Lord

217 **PASSION CHORALE** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601:
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1729

1 O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown: O sa - cred Head, what
glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine! Yet, though de - spised and go - ry,
I joy to call Thee mine. A - MEN.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

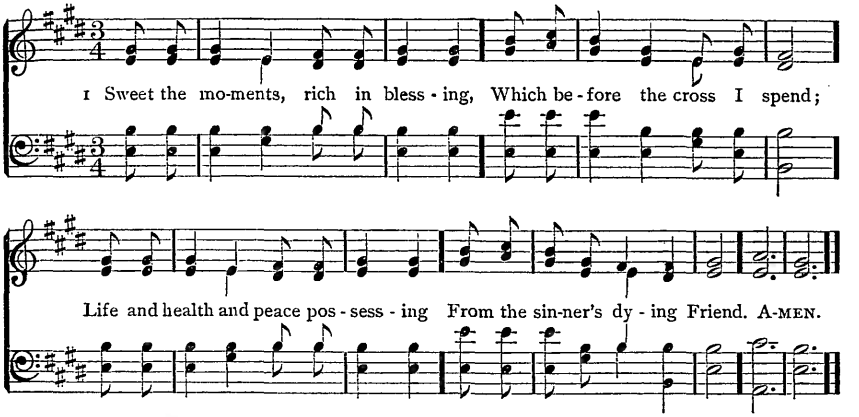
4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153.) Tr. Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander, 1830

218 DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848



2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

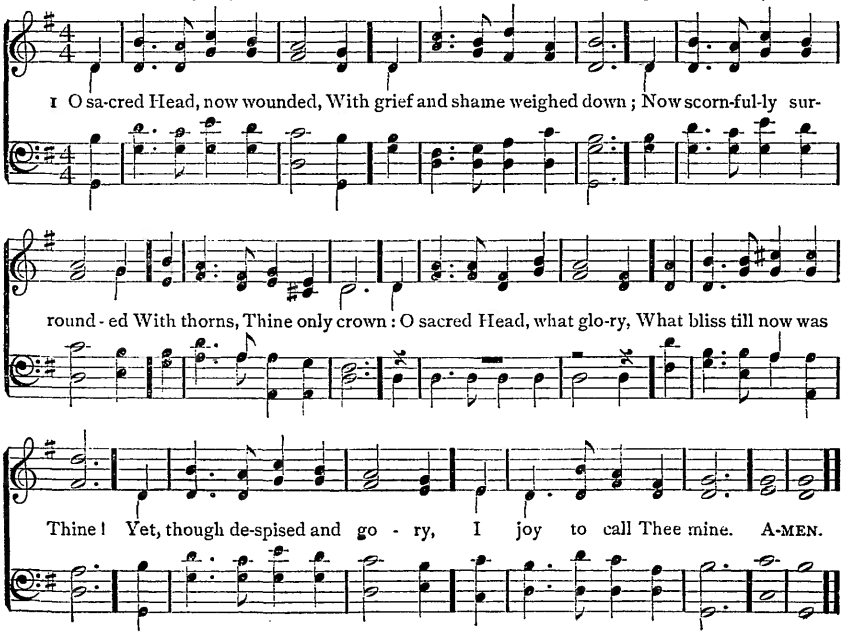
3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

Rev. Walter Shirley, 1770 (based on Rev. James Allen, 1757): verse 3, l. 4, alt.

GERHARDT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

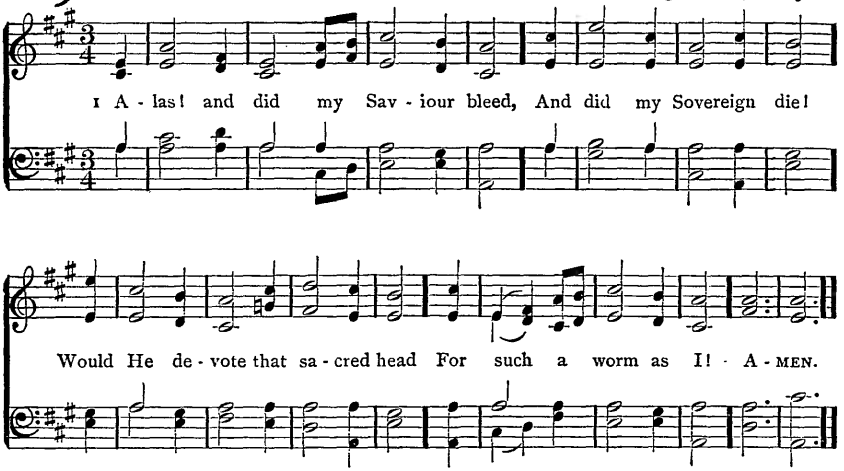
Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862



Jesus Christ our Lord

219 MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1825



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When He, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

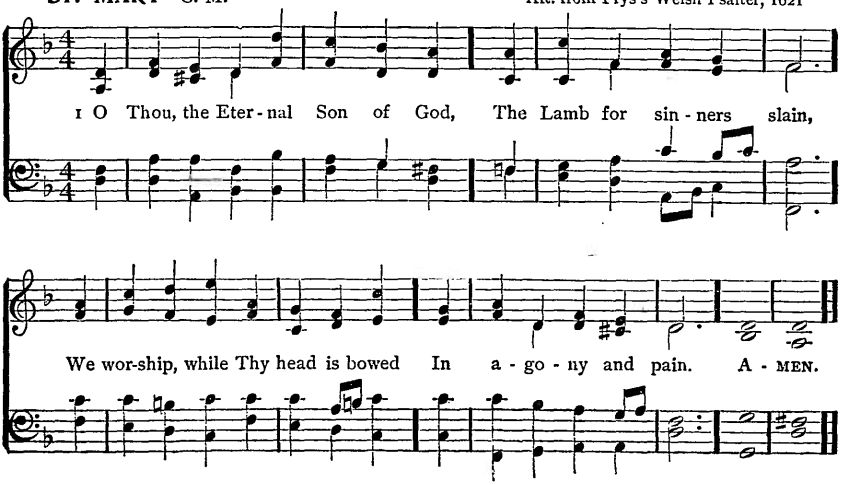
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

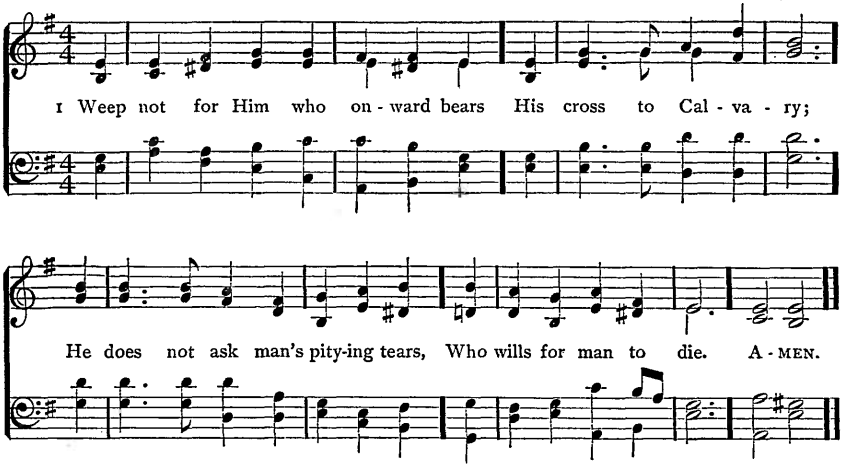
ST. MARY C. M.

Alt. from Prys's Welsh Psalter, 1621



220 CHESHIRE C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592



2 The awful sorrow of His face,
The bowing of His frame,
Come not from torture or disgrace;
He fears not cross or shame.

3 There is a deeper pang of grief,
An agony unknown,
In which His love finds no relief;
He bears it all alone.

4 He thinks of all for whom His life
Of lowliness and pain,
And weariness and care and strife,
Will be, alas, in vain.

5 He sees the souls for whom He dies
Yet clinging to their sin,
And heirs of mansions in the skies
Who will not enter in.

6 Ah! this, my Saviour, was the shame
That bowed Thy head so low;
These were the wounds that racked Thy frame,
And made Thy tears to flow.

7 O may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving heart of Thine.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

221 (ST. MARY) C. M.

1 O THOU, the Eternal Son of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
We worship, while Thy head is bowed
In agony and pain.

2 None tread with Thee the holy place;
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice
Which only can atone.

3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

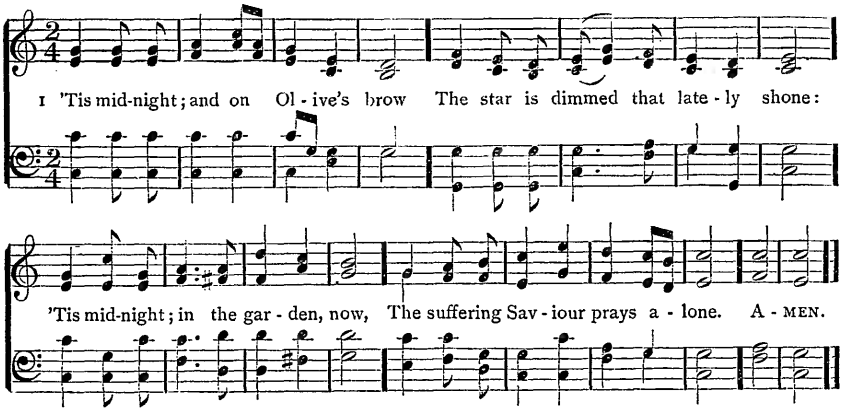
4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified.

William C. Dix, 1864

222 ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844



2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears:
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

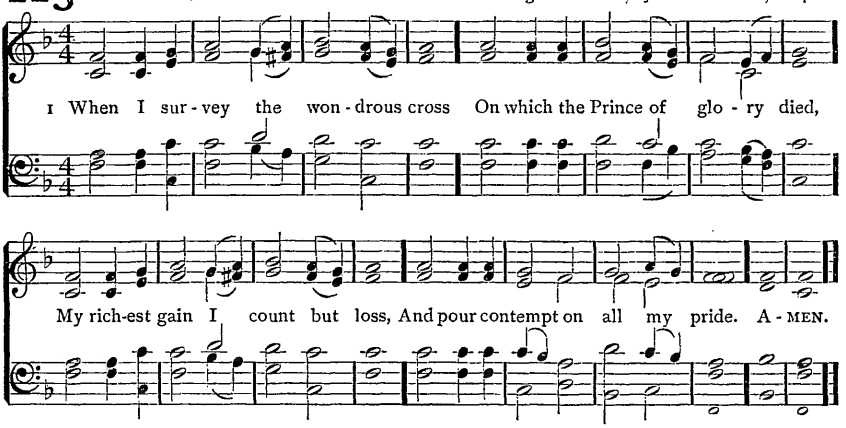
3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822

223 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

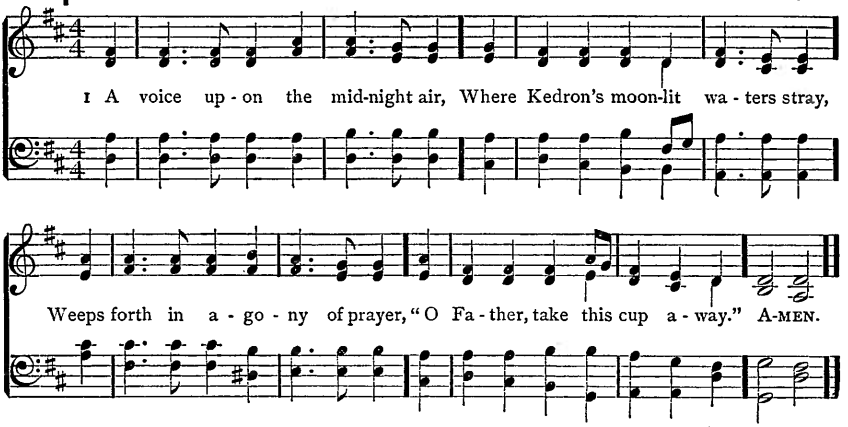
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

224 CRUX CRUDELIS L. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away."

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy Name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

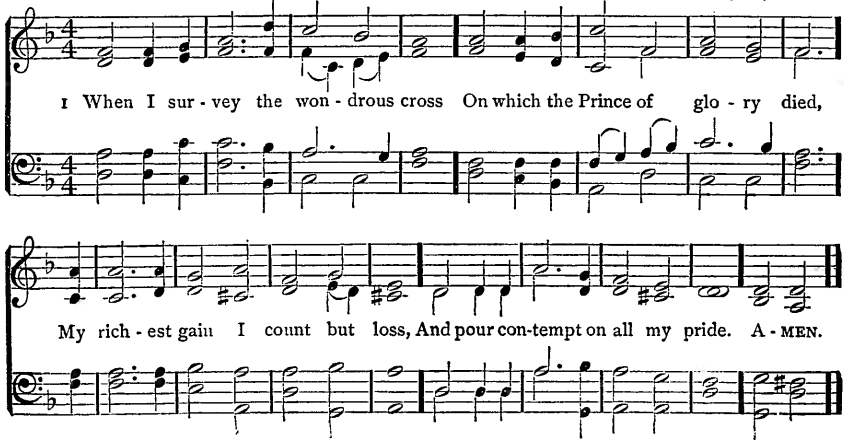
5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne:
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

Rev. James Martineau, 1840

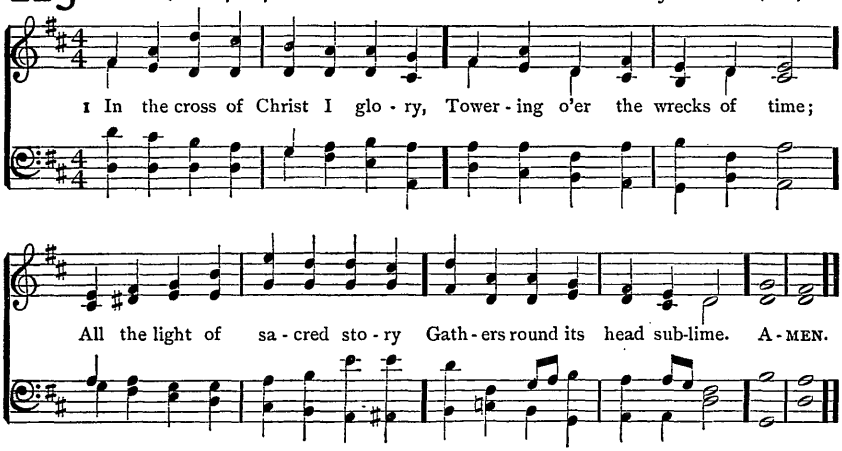
ST. CROSS L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861



225 OXFORD 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sir John Stainer, 1887



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

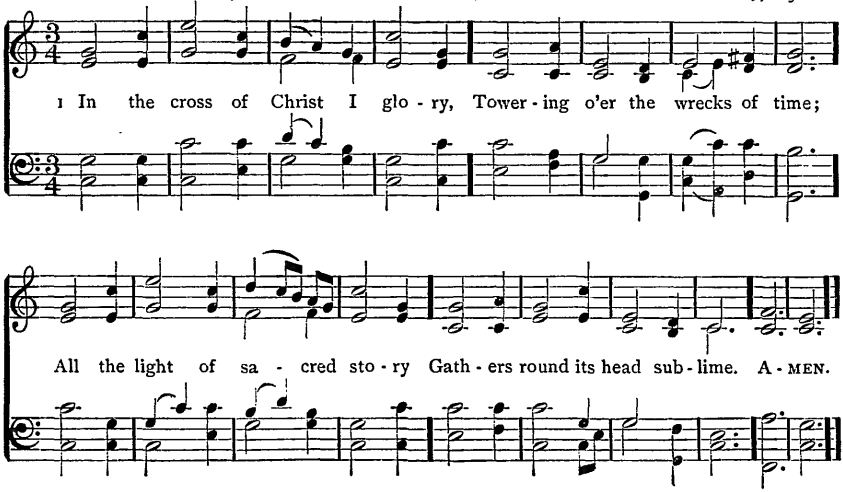
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey, 1851



226 VOX SALUTIS 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1886

1 Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: "It is fin-ished!"

Voices in unison

In harmony

Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. AMEN.

2 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans, 1784

ZION 8.7.8.7.4.7.

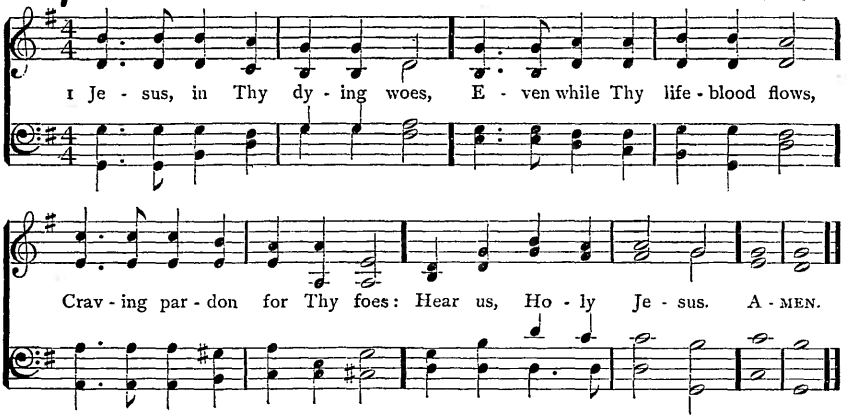
Thomas Hastings, 1830

1 { Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds aloud from Cal-va-ry; / See, it rends the rocks a-sunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: } "It is finished!"

Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. "It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-MEN.

227 THE SEVEN WORDS 7.7.7.6.

Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



PART I. — "*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.*"

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART II. — "*To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.*"

1 JESUS, pitying the sighs
Of the thief who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope Divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART III. — "*Woman, behold thy Son!*" "*Behold thy mother!*"

1 JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART IV. — "*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*"

1 JESUS, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our Stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART V. — "*I thirst.*"

1 JESUS, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil;
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART VI.—"*It is finished.*"

1 JESUS, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed;
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Save us in our soul's distress;
Be our Help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Brighten all our heavenward way
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART VII.—"*Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.*"

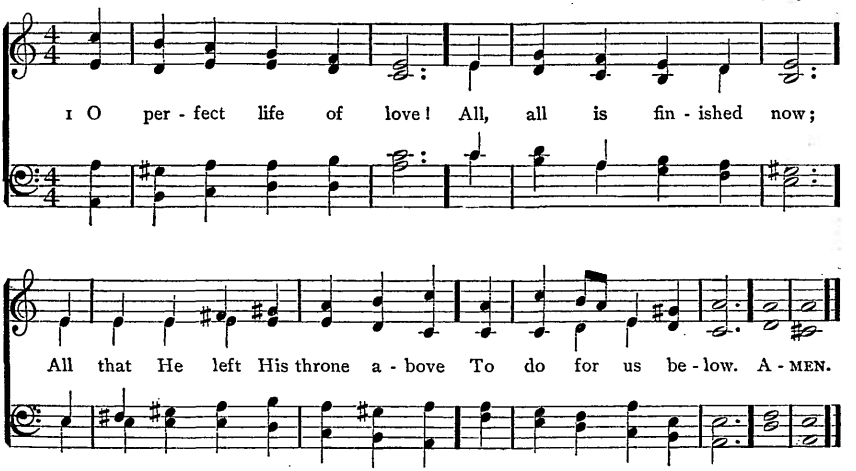
1 JESUS, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past;
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

228 **ABER** S. M. William H. Monk, 1875



2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1875

229 STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 My Lord, my Mas - ter, at Thy feet a - dor - ing, I see Thee bowed be - neath Thy load of woe: For me, a sin - ner, is Thy life-blood pour - ing; For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow. A-MEN.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain.

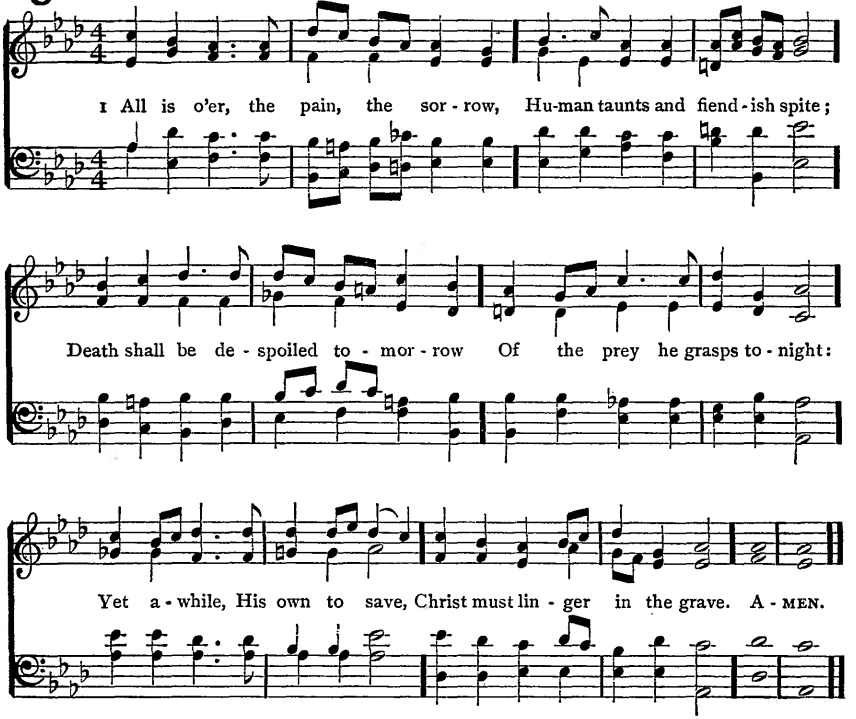
4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

Rev. Jacques Bridaine (1701–1767). Tr. Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1887

230 REQUIEM 8.7.8.7.7.

Wilhelm Schulthes, 1868



2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er:
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low:
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain!
Christ hath triumphed! Christ doth reign!"

Rev. John Moultrie, 1836: verse 1, ll. 5, 6, alt. Rev. John Ellerton

Jesus Christ our Lord

231 FORTUNATUS 11. 11. 11. 11. 11.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 "Wel-come, happy morning!" age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more! Him their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. AMEN.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

Venantius H. C. Fortunatus (c. 530–609): arr. Tr. Rev. John Ellerton, 1868

232 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - MEN.

(See also ROTTERDAM, No. 46)

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus (8th cent.). Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

233 CHESTNUT HILL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1895

1 Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness:
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with un - moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - MEN.

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2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

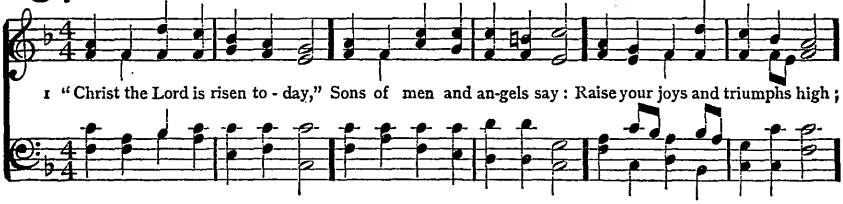
3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

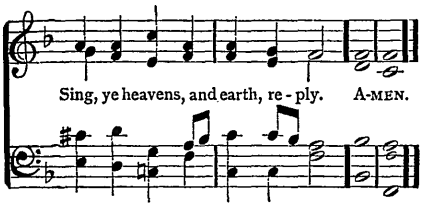
4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus (8th cent.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1859

234 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848





2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

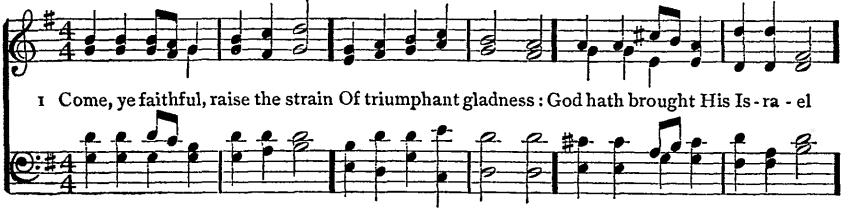
4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

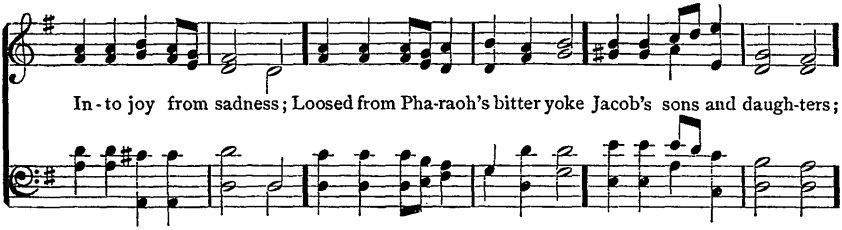
5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

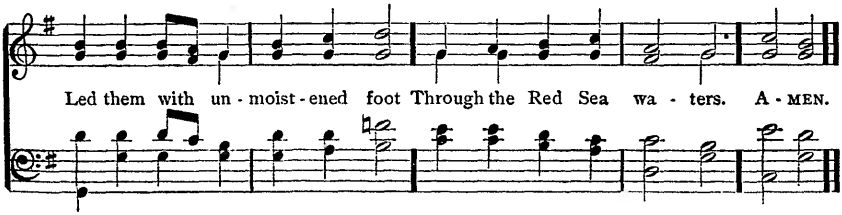
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

ST. KEVIN 7.6.7.6.D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872







235 PRINCE OF PEACE C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874

1 The morn - ing pur - ples all the sky, The air with prais - es rings;
De-feat - ed hell stands sul-len by, The world ex - ult - ing sings: Glo - ry to God! our
glad lips cry; All praise and wor-ship be On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great vic - to - ry, For Christ's great vic - to - ry. A - MEN.
For Christ's . . . . . great vic - to - . . . ry.

2 While He, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.
Glory to God! etc.

3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
Glory to God! etc.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! etc.

5 That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.
Glory to God! etc.

Anon. (Latin, c. 6th cent.) Tr. Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, 1867

236 CHRISTOS C. M. D.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895

1 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God, We sing, we ev - er sing, we sing; sing; sing, we sing;

For He the lone - ly wine - press trod, Our cup of joy to bring.

His glo-rious arm the strife main-tained, He marched in might from far;

His robes were with the vin-tage stained, Red with the wine of war. A - MEN.

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2 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He invaded death's abode,
And robbed him of his sting.
The house of dust enthralls no more,
For He, the Strong to save,
Himself doth guard that silent door,
Great Keeper of the grave.

3 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He hath crushed beneath His rod
The world's proud rebel king.
He plunged in His imperial strength
To gulfs of darkness down;
He brought His trophy up at length,
The foiled usurper's crown.

4 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He redeemed us with His blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength His arm upbore,
The arm that set us free:
Glory, O God, for evermore
Be to Thy Christ and Thee.

Anne Ross Cousin, 1876

Jesus Christ our Lord

237 **FILBY** 10. 11. 11. 11. 12. 11. 10. 11. William C. Filby, 1861

1 Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and
2 Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy! The be - ing He gave us death

man can - not die: . . . Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a - round Him,
can - not de - stroy: . . Sad were the life we must part with to - mor - row,

And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of
If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark

dark-ness that bound Him, Resplendent in glo - ry to live and to save. Loud was the
val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im-mor-tal, to heav-en as-cend. Lift, then, your

cho - rus of an - gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris - en, and man can-not die."
voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die. A - MEN.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1817

238 LUX EOI 8.7.8.7. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voi - ces raise;

Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:

He who on the cross a Vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,

Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A-MEN.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen; we are risen.
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with Thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
To the Father, and the Saviour
Who has gained the victory;
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

239 EASTER ANGELS 7.7.7.7.8.7.

George William Warren, 1895

1 An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might - y prey:

See, He ris - es from the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is ris - en to - day. A-MEN.

* Consecutive fifths, by intention

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2 'Tis the Saviour: angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

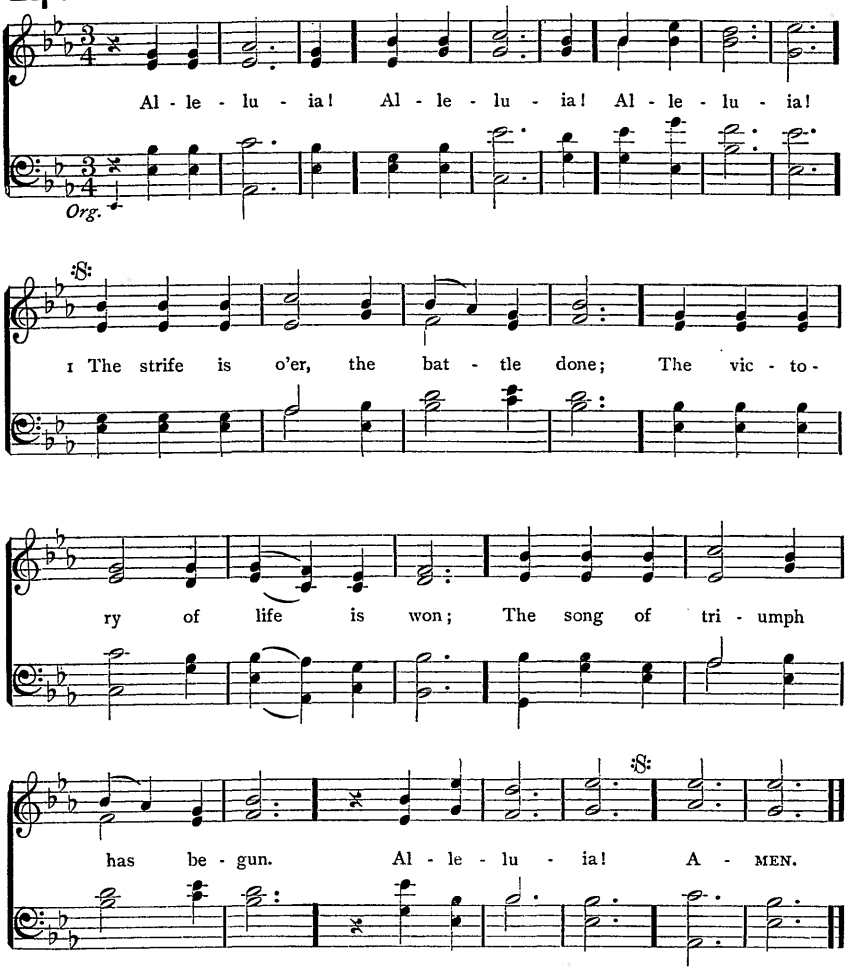
3 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

4 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell:
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Rev. Thomas Scott, 1769: refrain added

240 PALESTRINA 8. 8. 8. with Alleluias

Arr. from Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1588



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

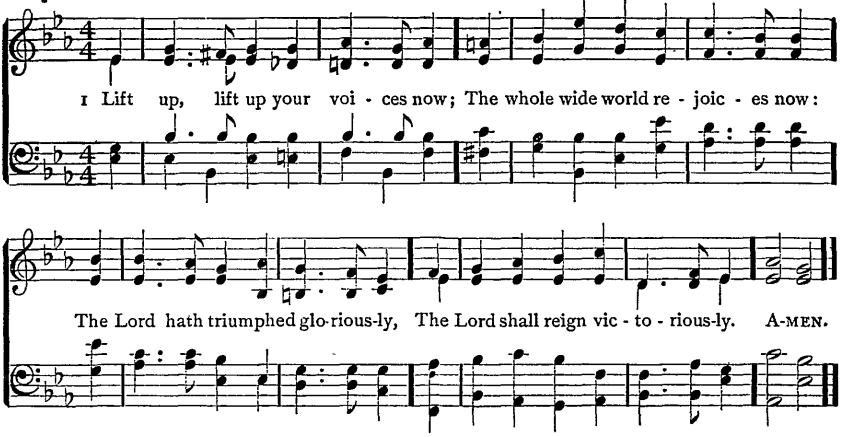
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. Rev. Francis Pott, 1861

Jesus Christ our Lord

241 **WALTHAM** L. M. J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

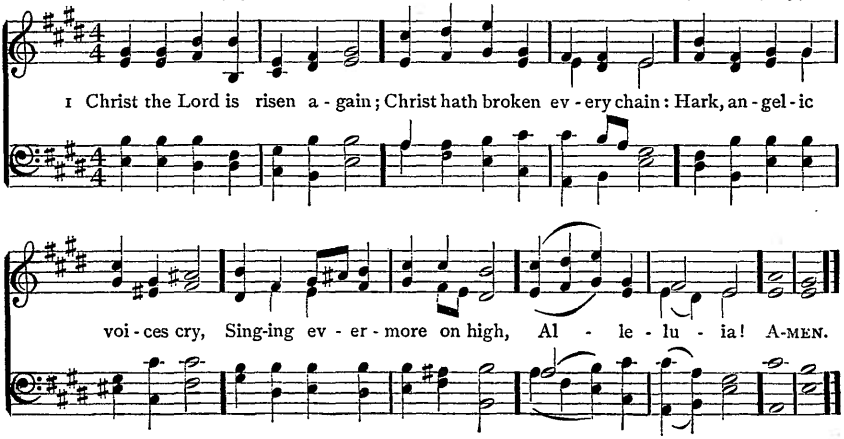
4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light:
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

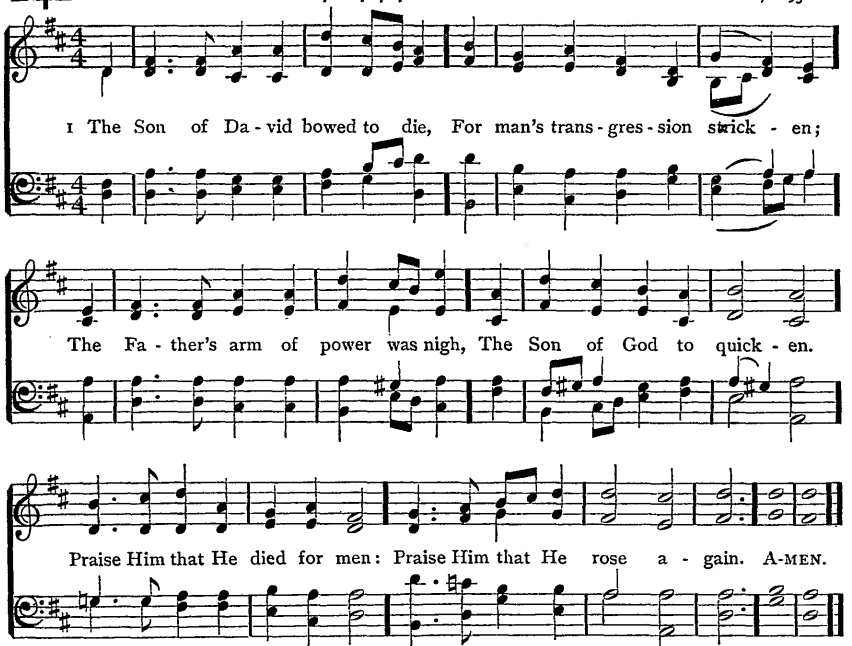
Cento, based on Rev. John M. Neale, 1854

WIRTEMBURG 7.7.7.7. with Alleluia Hundert Geistliche Arien, Dresden, 1694



242 VICTOR FUNERIS 8.7.8.7.7.7.

David D. Wood, 1895



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2 Death seemed all-conquering when he bound
The Lord of life in prison;
The night of death was nowhere found
When Christ again was risen;
Wherefore praise Him night and day,
Him who took death's sting away.

3 His saints with Him must bow to death,
With Him are raised in spirit,
With Him they dwell above by faith,
Accepted through His merit:
Heaven and earth resound the strain,
Death by Jesus Christ is slain.

Joseph Anstice, 1836: verse 3 arr.

243 (WIRTEMBURG) 7.7.7.7. with Alleluia

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia!

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alleluia!

4 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia!

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!

Rev. Michael Weisse, 1531. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858: verse 1, l. 3, alt.

Jesus Christ our Lord

244 EASTER HYMN 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias — Lyra Davidica, 1708

1 Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - - - - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - - - - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once, up - on the cross, Al - - - - - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - - - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

Verse 1, Anon. (based on the Latin, 14th cent.) 1708, l. 3, alt.: verses 2, 3, Arnold's Compleat Psalmodist, 1749; alt. Suppl. to New Version, c. 1816: verse 4, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

245 **ASCENSION** 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias — William H. Monk, 1861

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - - - le - lu - - - ia!
To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - - le - lu - - ia! A-MEN.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739: verse 1, l. 2, verse 2, l. 1, verse 6, l. 1, alt.

Jesus Christ our Lord

246 **ST. ASAPH** 8.7.8.7.D. William S. Bambridge, 1872

1 See, the Conqueror mounts in tri - umph; See the King in roy - al state,
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heaven-ly pal - ace gate:
Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heaven - ly King. A-MEN.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
Christ, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

The Ascension

247 **OLIVET** (DYKES) S. M. D. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1870

1 Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;

And round Thy throne un-ceas-ing-ly The songs of praise a-rise:

But we are lin-gering here, With sin and care op-pressed;

Lord, send Thy prom-ised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest. A-MEN.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

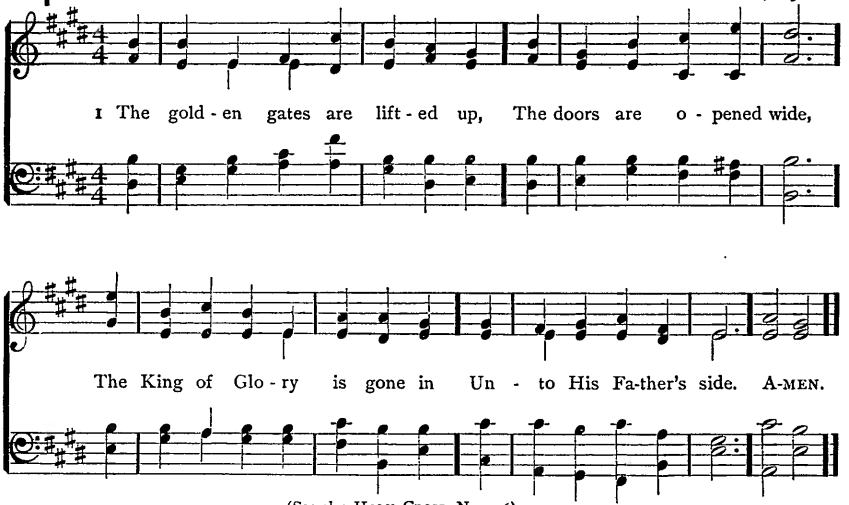
3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma L. Toke, 1851

Jesus Christ our Lord

248 ST. FULBERT C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



(See also HOLY CROSS, No. 556)

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852, 1858

The Heavenly Priesthood

249 (ELMHURST) 8. 8. 8. 6.

1 O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

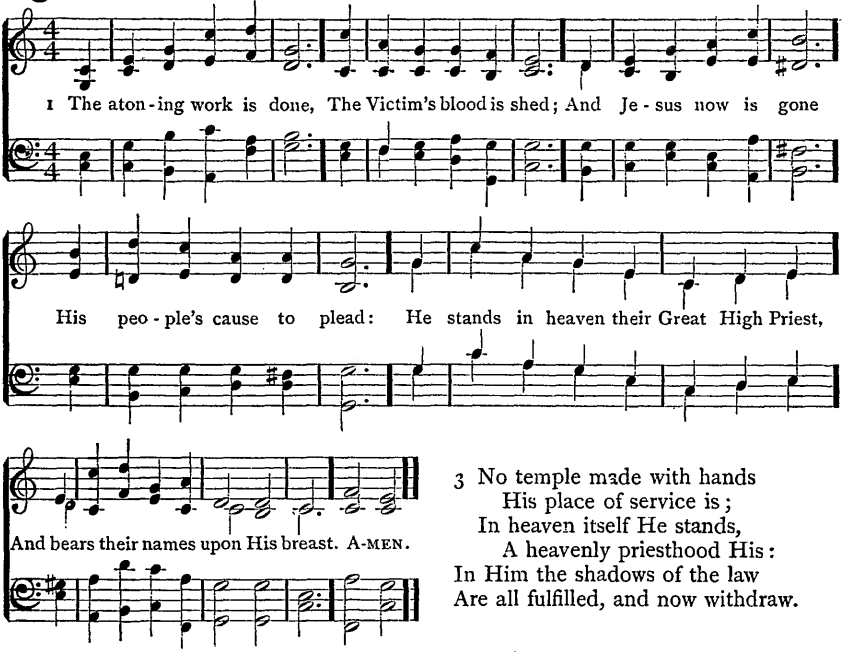
5 And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835: verse 5, l 2, alt.

250 CHRIST CHURCH 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Charles Steggall, 1865



2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love:
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

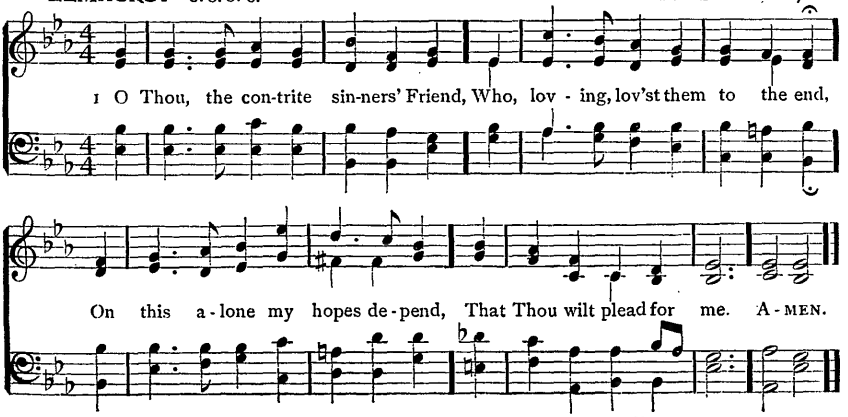
3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their Great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

ELMHURST 8.8.8.6.

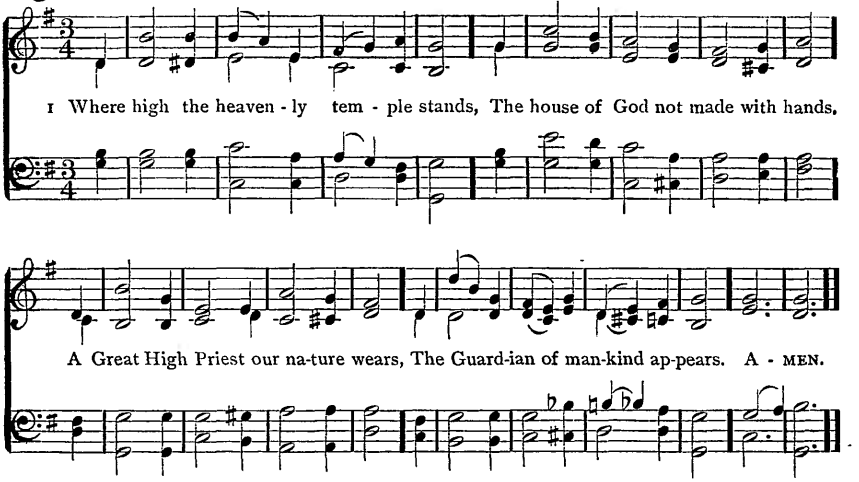
Edwin Drewett, 1887



Jesus Christ our Lord

251 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate (1814–1868)



2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, publ. 1781: verse 1, l. 4, verse 2, ll. 1, 3, 4, alt. Scottish Trans. and Paraphrs.

The Second Coming and Judgment

252 (HOLY TRINITY) C. M.

1 ALL faded is the glowing light
That once from heaven shone,
When startled shepherds in the night
The angels came upon.

2 O shine again, ye angel host,
And say that He is near;
Though but a simple few at most
Believe He will appear.

3 Ye heavens, that have been growing dark,
Now also are ye dumb;
When shall the listeners say, "Hark!
They're singing — He will come"?

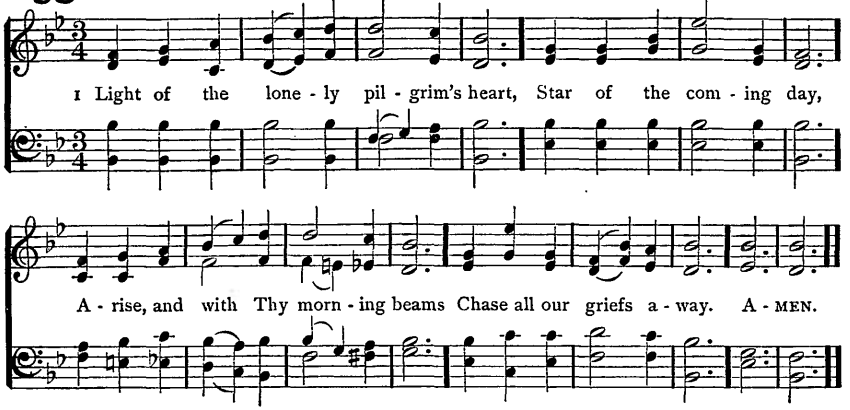
4 Lord, come again, O come again,
Come even as Thou wilt;
But not anew to suffer pain,
And strive with human guilt.

5 O come again, Thou mighty King,
Let earth Thy glory see;
And let us hear the angels sing,
"He comes with victory."

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

253 EAGLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

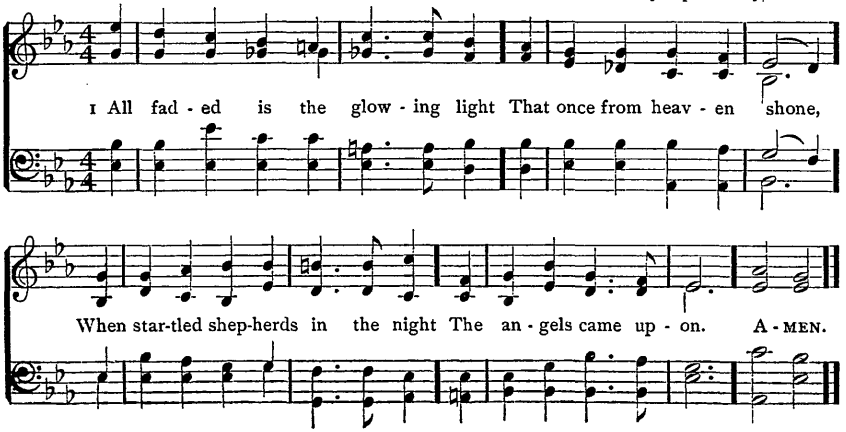
5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening [power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1842

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861



Jesus Christ our Lord

254 **BENEDIC ANIMA** 8.7.8.7.8.7. Sir John Goss, 1867

1 Je - sus came, the heavens a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re - demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.

(See also CORINTH, No. 303)

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864

The Second Coming and Judgment

255 **LANCASHIRE** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Henry Smart, 1836

1 Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
The even - ing is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near:
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At mid - night comes the cry. A-MEN.

(See also GREENLAND, No. 304)

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

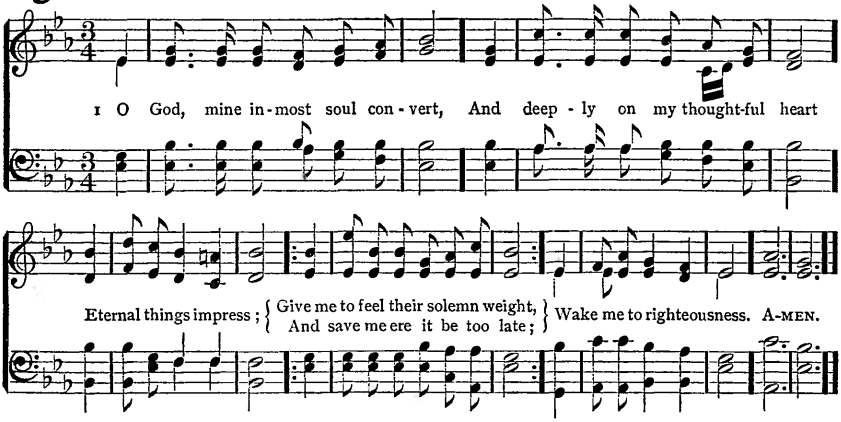
3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1700. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1854

256 MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Lowell Mason, 1839



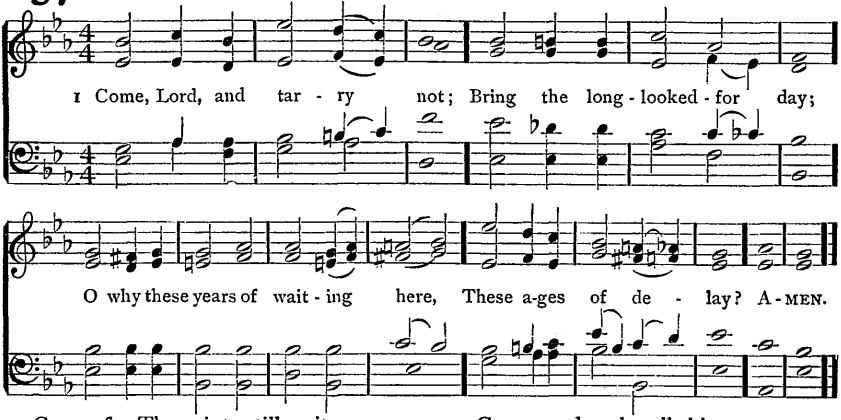
2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749: verse 1, ll. 5, 6, alt.

257 SIENNA S. M.

W. H. Deane



2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come":
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

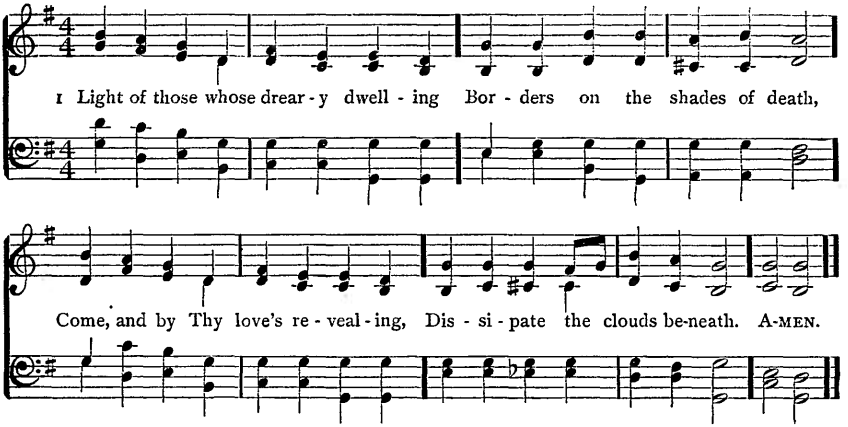
5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

The Second Coming and Judgment

258 BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830–1869)



2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

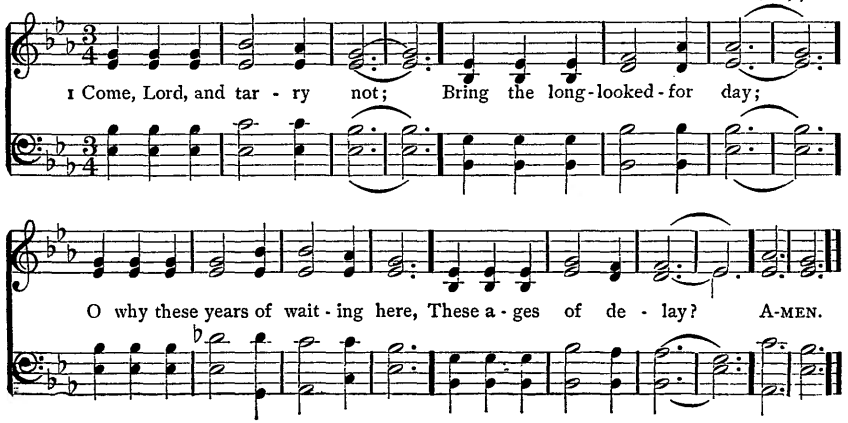
5 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By Thine all-restoring merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744: verse 4, l. 3, alt.

LANGTON S. M.

Charlotte S. Streatfeild, 1874



Jesus Christ our Lord

259 **HOLYWOOD** 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. Samuel Webbe's Collection, 1792

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa-vored sin - ners slain;
Thou-sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign. A - MEN.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear!

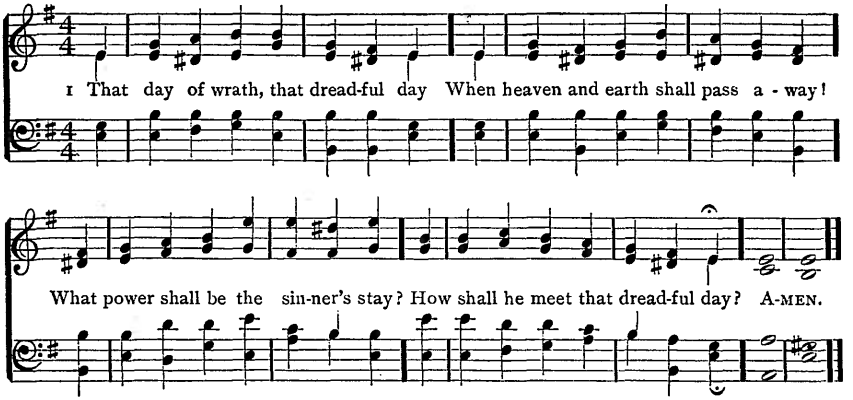
5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth to inherit
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly;
Alleluia! come, Lord, come.

Verses 1, 2, 5, 6, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1758; verses 3, 4, Rev. John Cennick, 1752: arr. and alt. Rev. Martin Madan, 1760

260 WINDHAM L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785



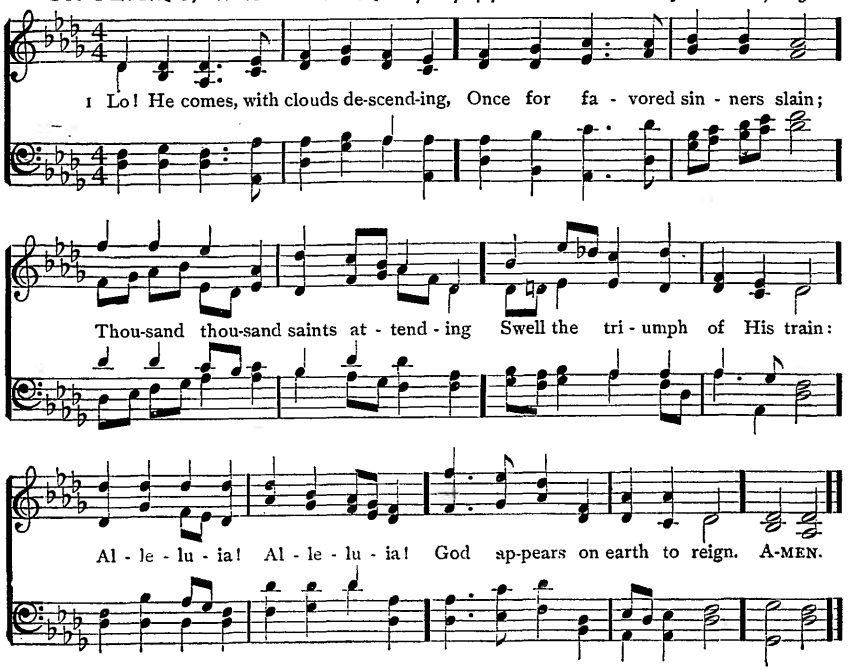
2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Thomas of Celano, 13th cent. Tr. Sir Walter Scott, Bart., 1805

ST. PETER'S, WESTMINSTER 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

James Turle, 1863



261 WACHET AUF 8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8.

Rev. Philip Nicolai, 1599

1 { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing; The watch-men on the
{ Mid - night hears the wel-come voi - ces, And at the thrill - ing

heights are cry - - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last!
cry re - joic - - es: Come forth, ye vir - gins, [*Omit* . . .]

1st time

2d time

night is past! The Bride-groom comes; a - wake, Your lamps with glad - ness

take; Al - le - lu - ia! And for His marriage - feast pre - pare,

For ye must go to meet Him there. A - MEN.

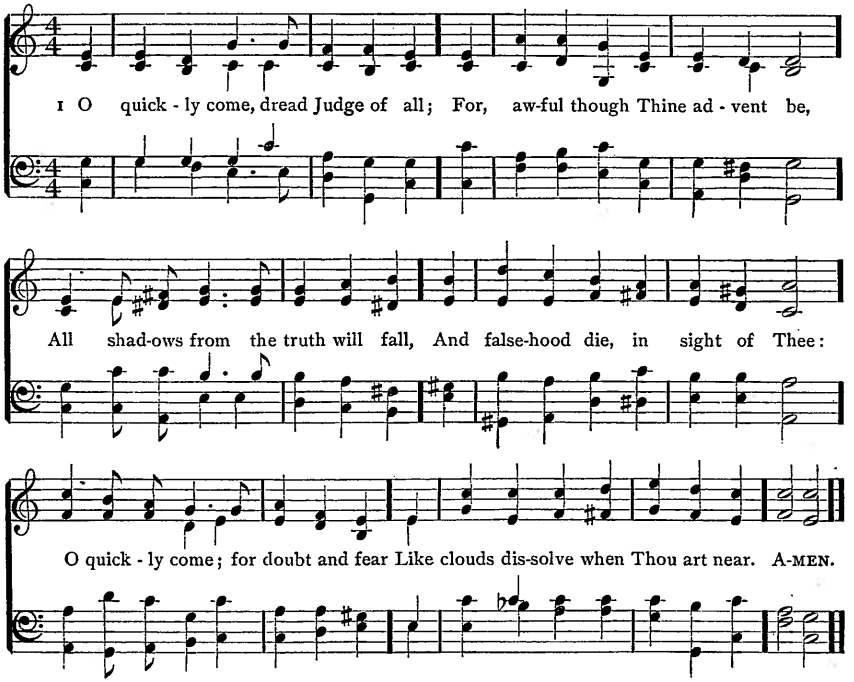
2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The Strong in grace, in truth Victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come.
Ah, come, Thou blessèd Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God;
Alleluia!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
But we rejoice and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

Rev. Philip Nicolai, 1599. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, 1863

262 PENIEL 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Josiah Booth, 1887



2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett, 1854

Jesus Christ our Lord

263 DIES IRAE 8.8.8.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Day of wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful-filled the proph-ets' warn-ing,
Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - ing! 2 O what fear man's bo - som rend - eth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On whose sen-tence all de - pend - eth.

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion.

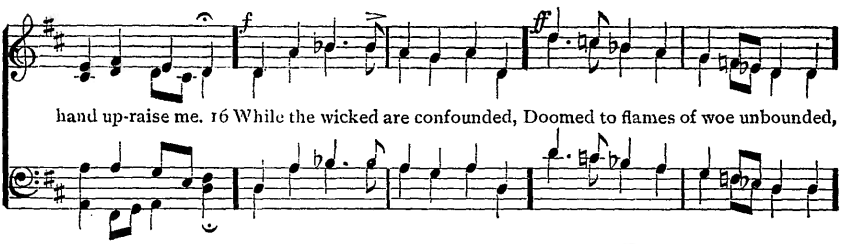
12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

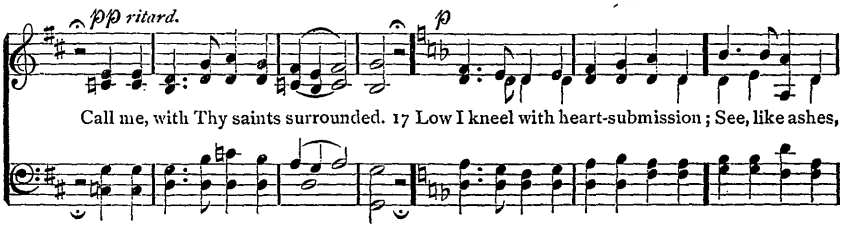
13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

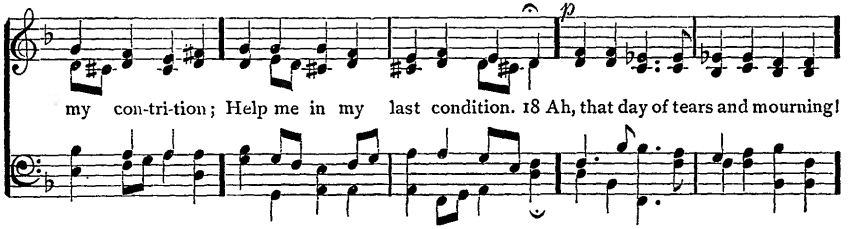
14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

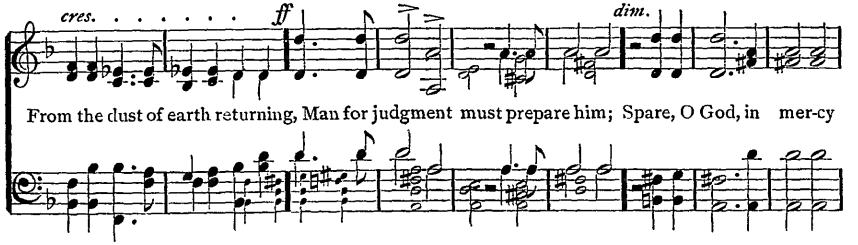
15 With Thy favored sheep O place me; Nor a-mong the goats a-base me; But to Thy right

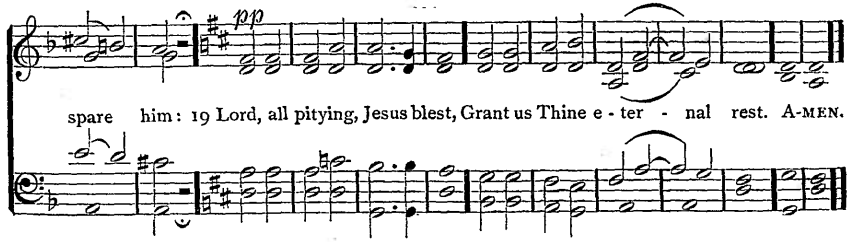
The Second Coming and Judgment











Thomas of Celano, 13th cent. Tr. Rev. William J. Irons, 1848: verse 1, l. 2, verse 19, alt.

264 BEVERLEY 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.

William H. Monk, 1875

1 Thou art com - ing, O my Sav - iour, Thou art com - ing, O my King,

In Thy beau-ty all re-splen-dent, In Thy glo - ry all trans - cend - ent;

Well may we re-joice and sing: Com - ing! in the open-ing east Her-ald brightness

slow-ly swells; Com-ing! O my glo-rious Priest, Hear we not Thy golden bells? A-MEN.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say:
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy Table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

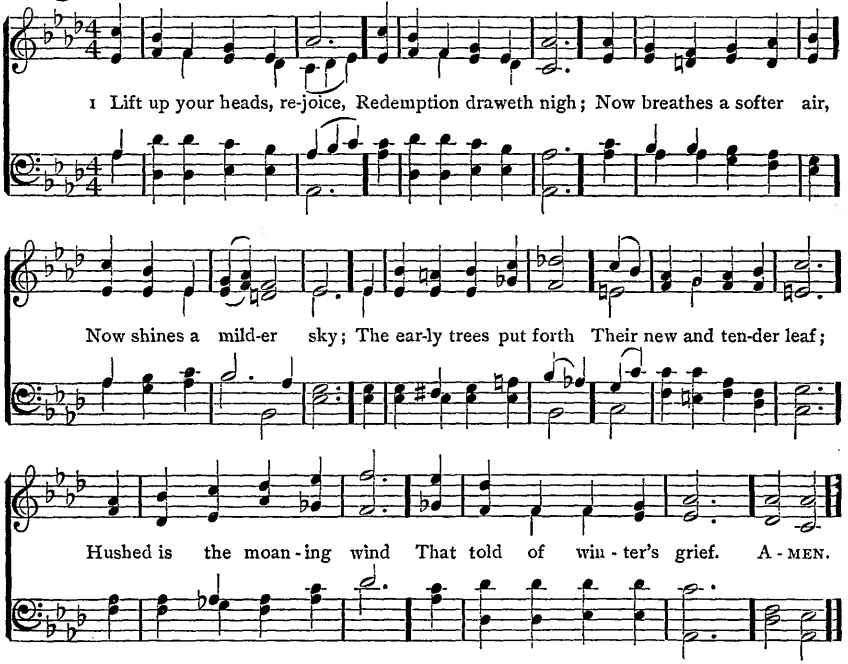
4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil:
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with glad accord;
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

265 THE BLESSED HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Sir John Stainer, 1875



2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King,
He comes, the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1856

266 LUTHER'S HYMN 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Joseph Klug's Geistliche Lieder, Wittenberg, 1535

1 { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! }
{ The Judge of man-kind doth ap-pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! }

The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con-

tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him. A-MEN.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

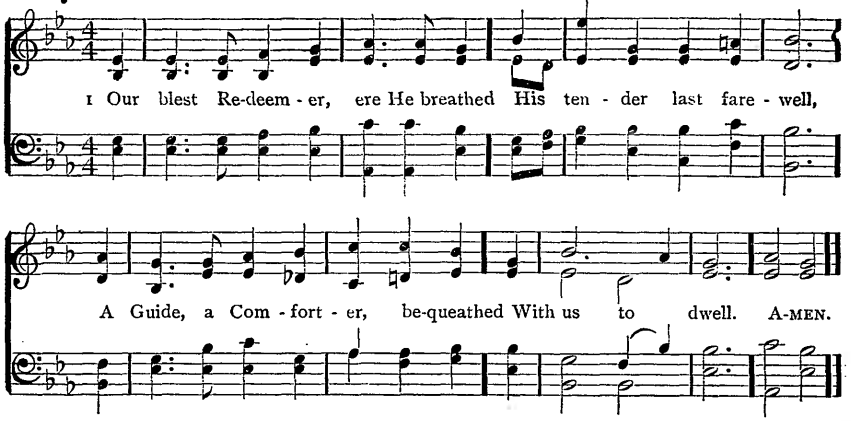
3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

Verse 1, Anon. 1802; verses 2, 3, 4, Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812; alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1820

267 ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861



2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms [each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

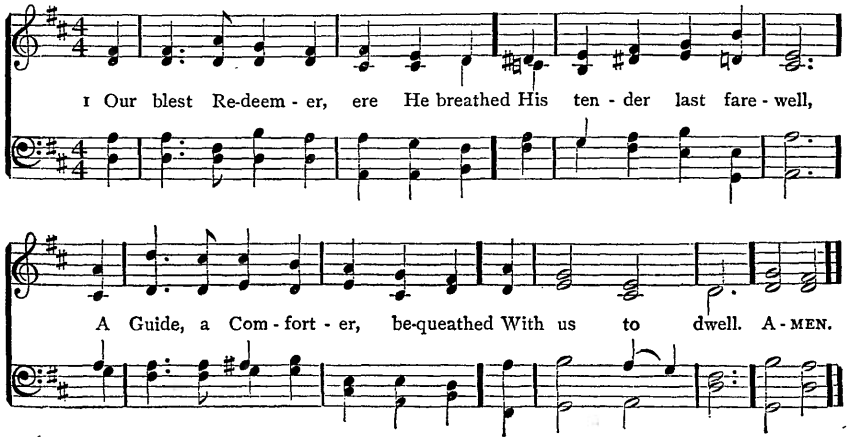
5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829

WREFORD 8. 6. 8. 4.

Rev. Edmund S. Carter, 1874



268 DANIA 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Frank G. Ilsley, 1887

1 Hear us, Thou that brood-edst O'er the wat-ery deep, Wak-ing all cre - a - tion

From its prim-al sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it, breath-ing Breath of life Di - vine,

Breathe in - to our spir - its, Blending them with Thine. Light and Life Im - mor - tal,

Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voi - ces, Mingling prayer and praise. A-MEN.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

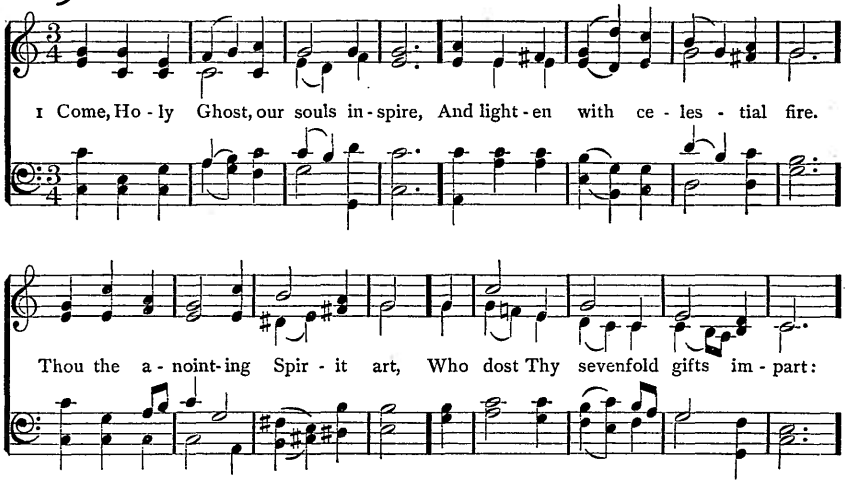
4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873

269 VENI CREATOR L. M.

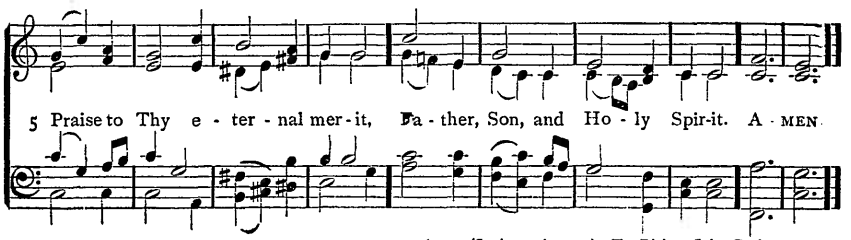
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

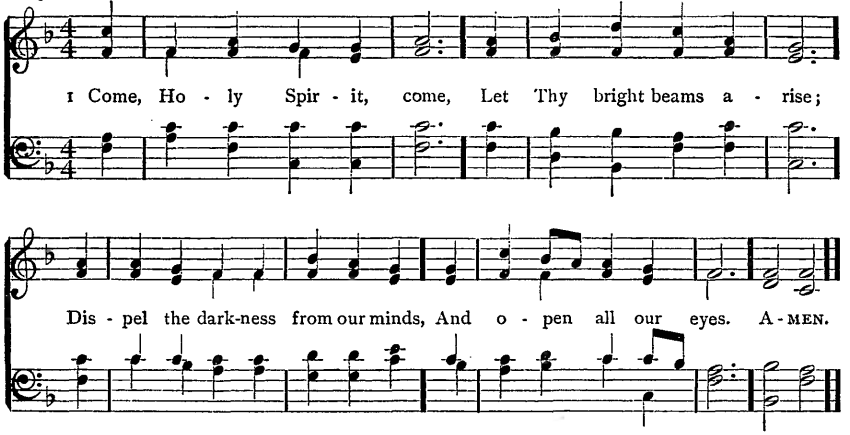
4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One:
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song;



Anon. (Latin, 10th cent.) Tr. Bishop John Cosin, 1627

270 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

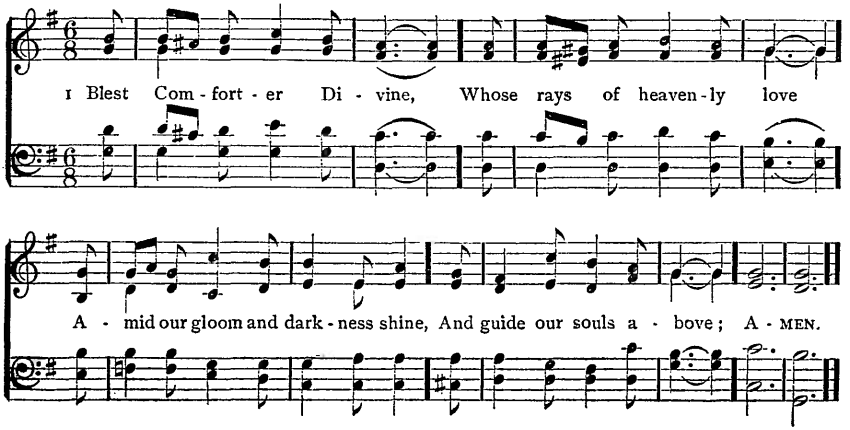
5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

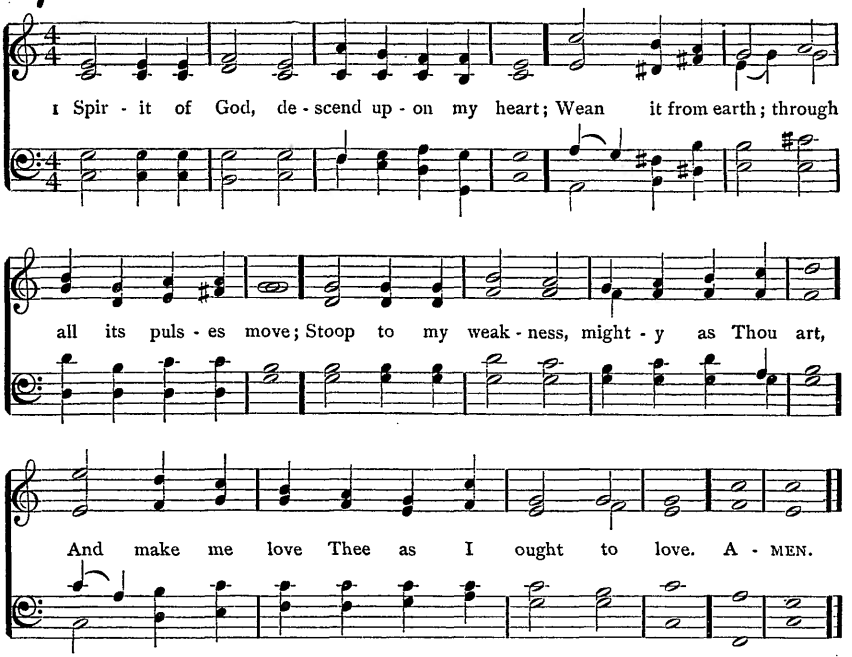
Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759

WOOLWICH S. M.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876



271 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.



2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly, 1854

272 (WOOLWICH) S. M.

1 BLEST Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above;

2 Thou, who with still small voice
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

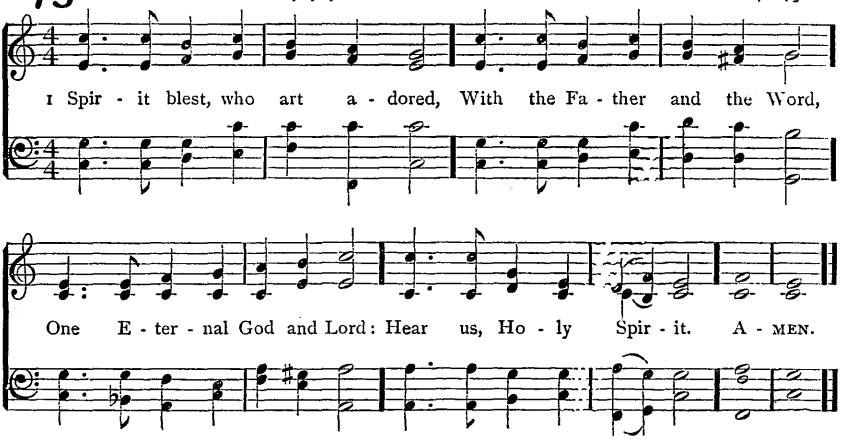
3 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race;
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1824

273 MONK'S LITANY 7.7.7.6.

William H. Monk, 1875



2 Comforter, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

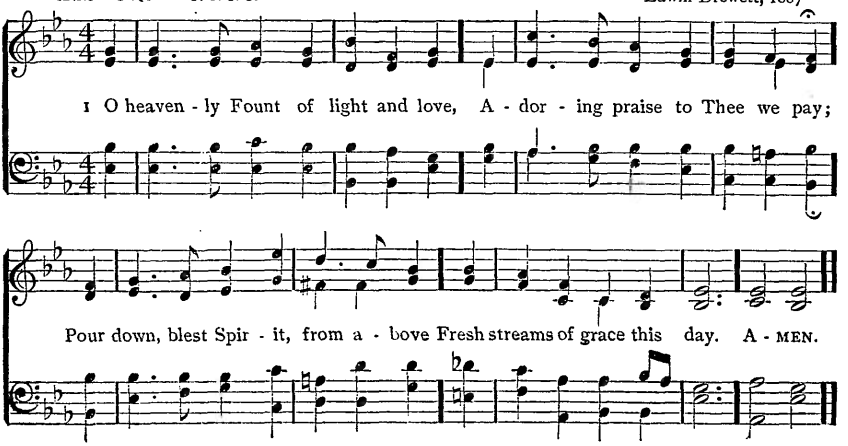
6 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 May we soon, from sin set free,
Where Thy work may perfect be,
Jesus' face with rapture see:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock (1836-)

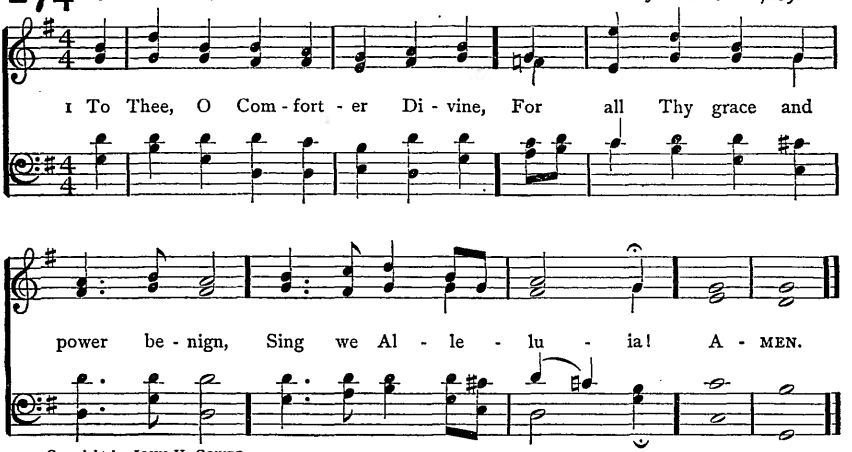
ELMHURST 8.8.8.6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887



274 ST. BOTOLF 8.8.6.

John H. Gower, 1890



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(See also MORAVIA, No. 144)

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

275 (ELMHURST) 8.8.8.6.

1 O HEAVENLY Fount of light and love,
Adoring praise to Thee we pay;
Pour down, blest Spirit, from above
Fresh streams of grace this day.

2 Thou, o'er the Everlasting Son
Hovering with wings of living light,
Anointedst Israel's Champion
To fight the awful fight.

3 At Pentecost Thou camest down,
As sound of rushing wind went by,
With tongues of heavenly fire to crown
That glorious company.

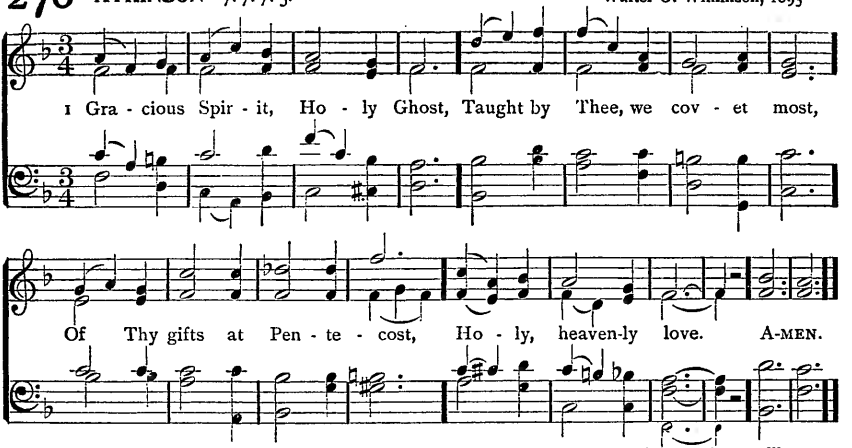
4 Thou on each new-born child of grace
Dost now in hidden power descend,
To strengthen for life's weary race,
To comfort and defend.

5 Thou in each meek and lowly heart,
With streams of living waters bright,
Sweet Fount of strength and gladness art,
Fresh Spring of life and light.

6 Thee, Spirit blest, All-Holy One,
In songs of triumph we adore,
For, with the Father and the Son,
Thou reignest evermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1871

276 **ATKINSON** 7.7.7.5. Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895



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(See also CHARITY, No. 582)

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

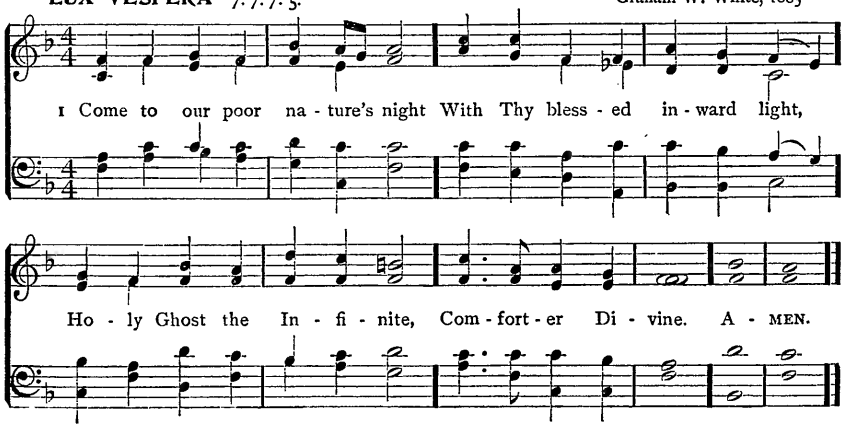
5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly love.

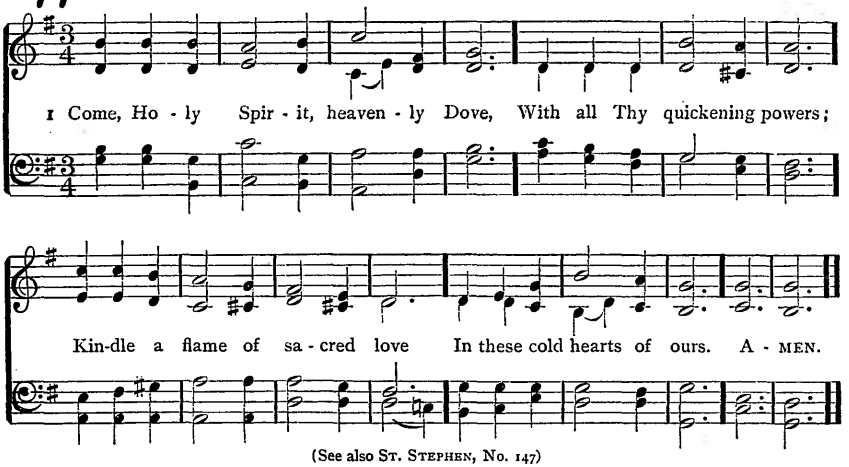
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

LUX VESPERA 7.7.7.5. Graham W. White, 1885



277 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



(See also ST. STEPHEN, No. 147)

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

278 (LUX VESPERA) 7.7.7.5.

1 COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful — cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

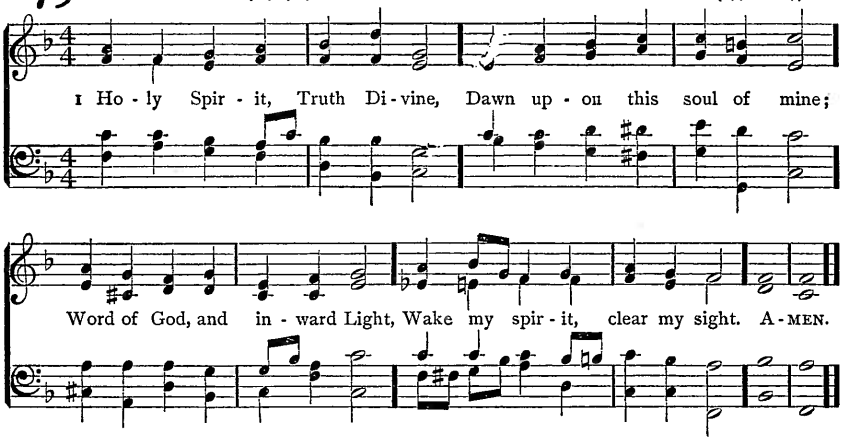
6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

George Rawson, 1853, 1876

279 **BEETHOVEN** 7.7.7.7. Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

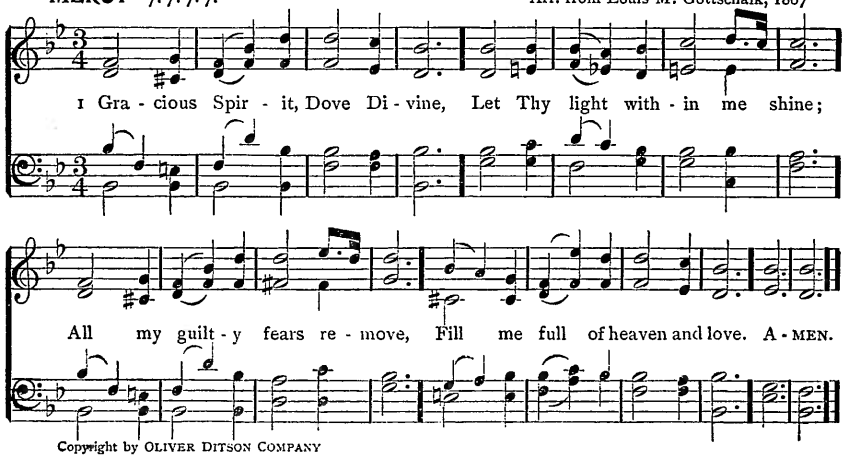
4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

MERCY 7.7.7.7. Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



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280 BRAUN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Johann G. Braun, 1675

1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im - part To glad-den each sad heart: O come to - day. A-MEN.

(See also OLIVET, No. 492)

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, —
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams Divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Anon. (Latin, 13th cent.) Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

281 (MERCY) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

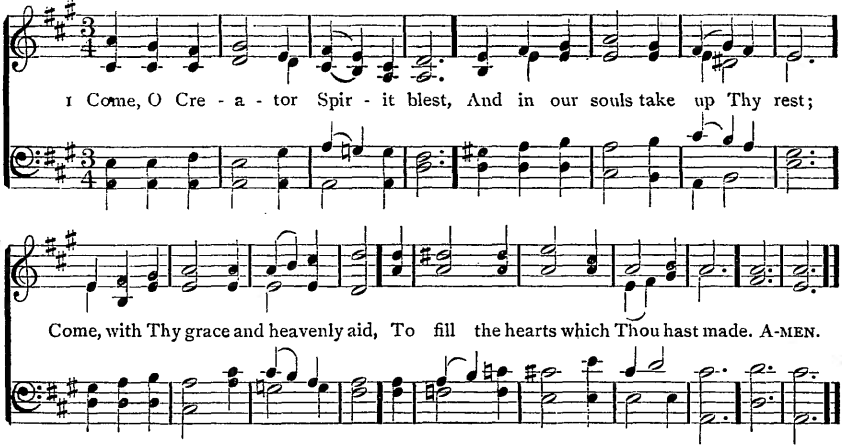
3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy Divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777

282 GUILDHALL L. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883



2 Great Paraclete, to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God Most High;
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 The sacred sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the hand Divine;
The promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

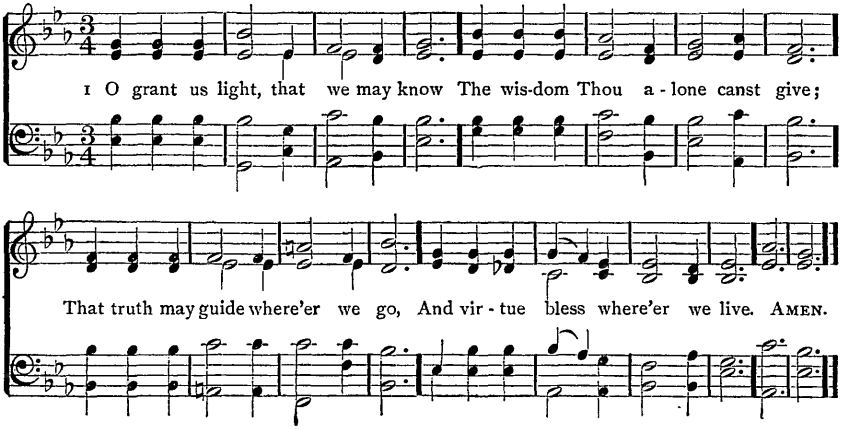
5 Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having Thee for Guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

6 O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

Anon. (Latin, 10th cent.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849: verse 2, l. 4, alt.

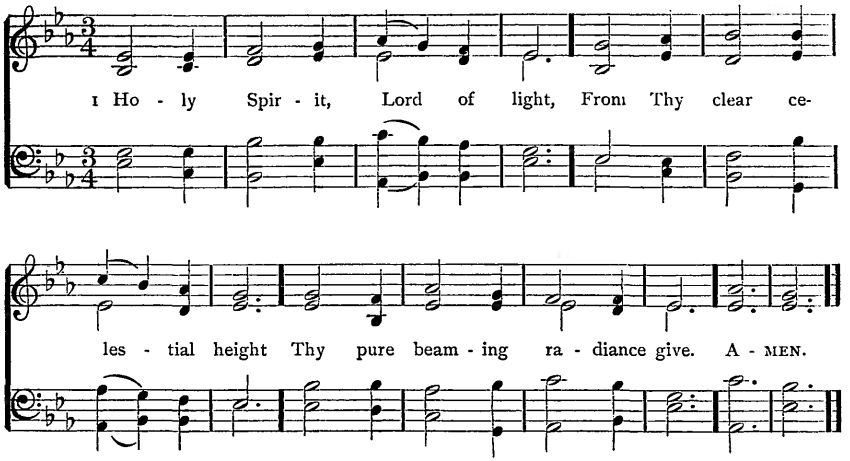
QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



283 ST. PHILIP 7.7.7.

William H. Monk, 1861



2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

5 Light immortal, Light Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.

6 If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.

8 Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

9 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:

10 Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Anon. (Latin, 13th cent.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

284 (QUEBEC) L. M.

1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

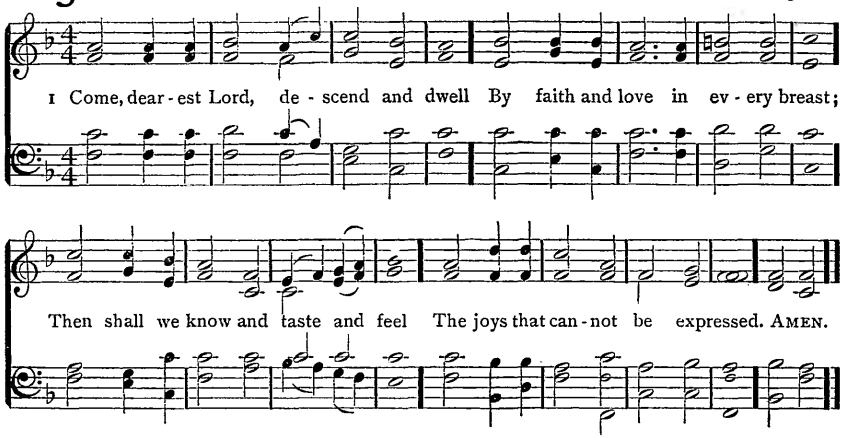
4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett, 1864

285 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832



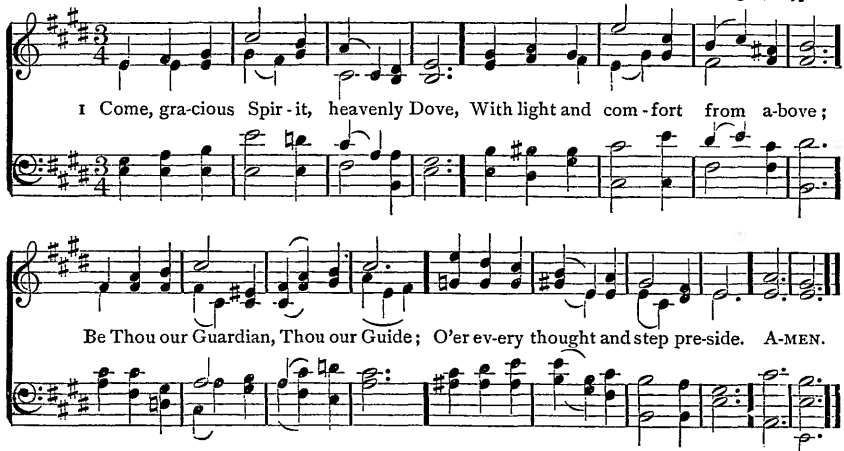
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargèd souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

286 GUARDIAN L. M.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895



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2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720: alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769, and elsewhere

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

287 **MUNICH** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. G. C. Störl's Würtemberg Gesangbuch, 1711:
Harmonized by Mendelssohn

1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
O Truth un-changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - MEN.

(See also AURELIA, No. 304)

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

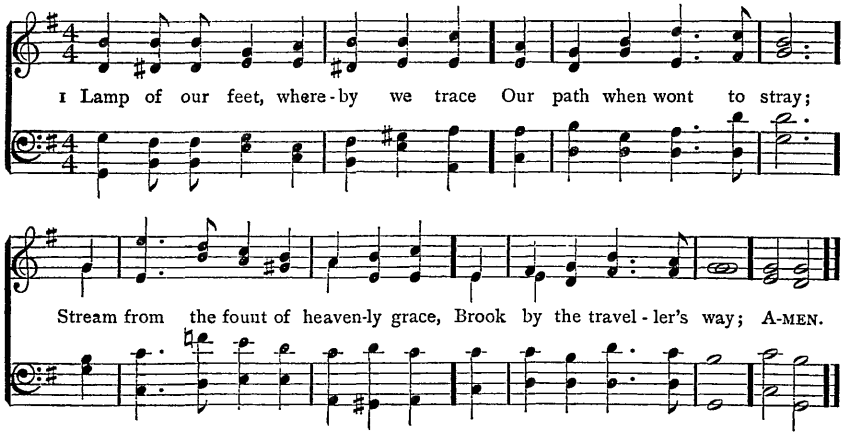
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

288 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875



2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son: —
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

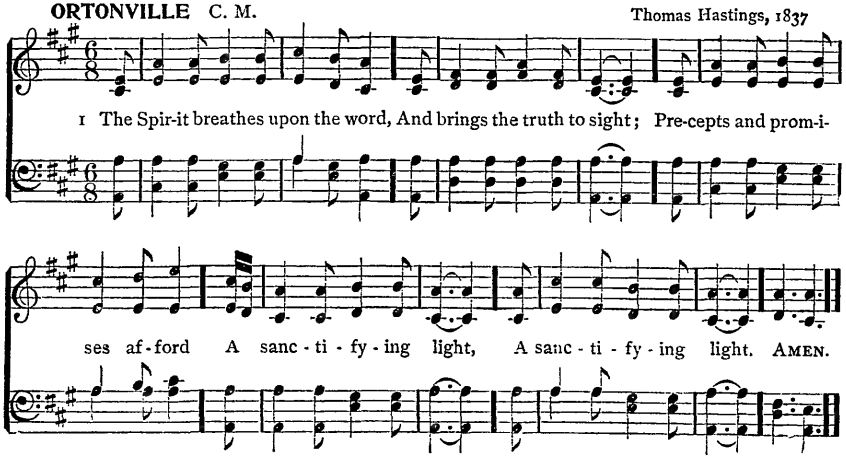
5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

6 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837



289 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 Fa-ther of mer-cies, in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines;
For ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-MEN.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760

290 (BEATITUDO) C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book Divine,
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

291 (ORTONVILLE) C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

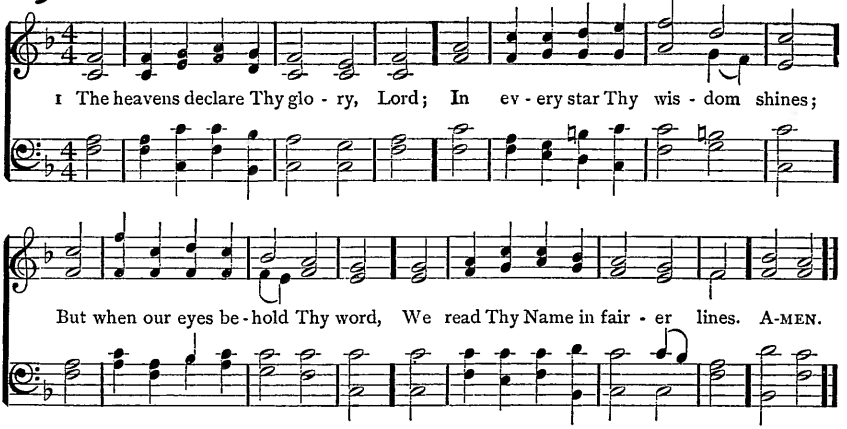
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779

292 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

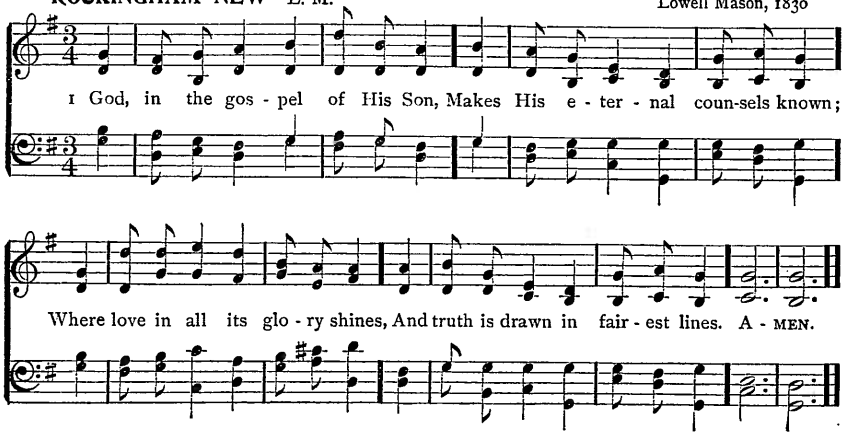
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

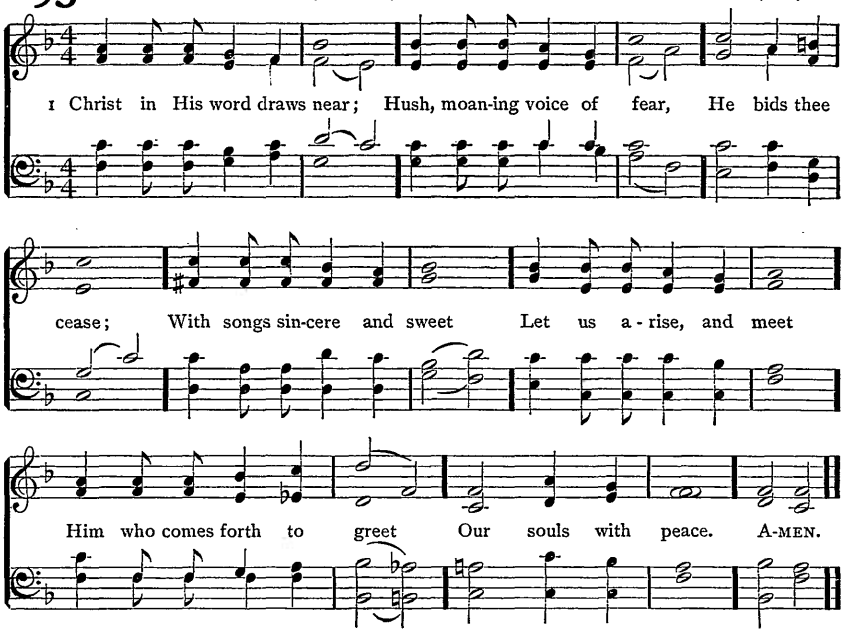
ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



293 KIRBY BEDON 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Edward Bunnett, 1887



2 Rising above thy care,
Meet Him as in the air,
O weary heart:
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as He comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

3 For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now He, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
Clad in His robes of love,
'Tis He, our Lord!
Dim earth itself grows clear,
As His light draweth near:
O let us hush and hear
His holy word.

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1854

294 (ROCKINGHAM NEW) L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His Name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

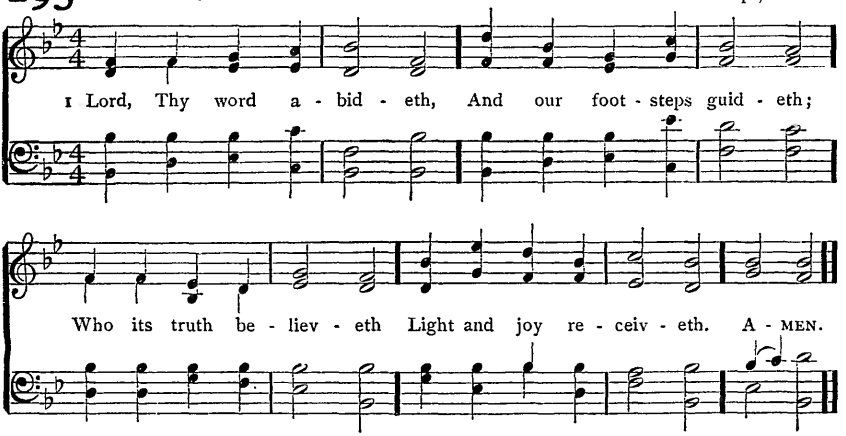
4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Verses 1, 2, Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787, alt.; verses 3, 4, 5, Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1819

295 ST. CYPRIAN 6. 6. 6. 6.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862



2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

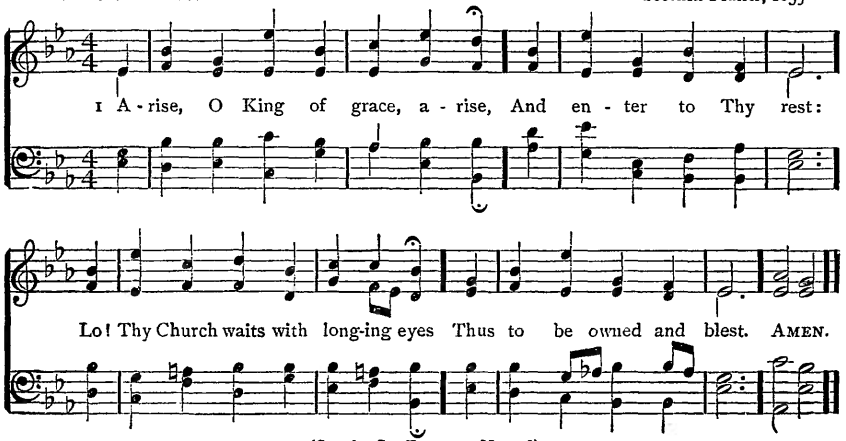
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

LONDON NEW C. M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635

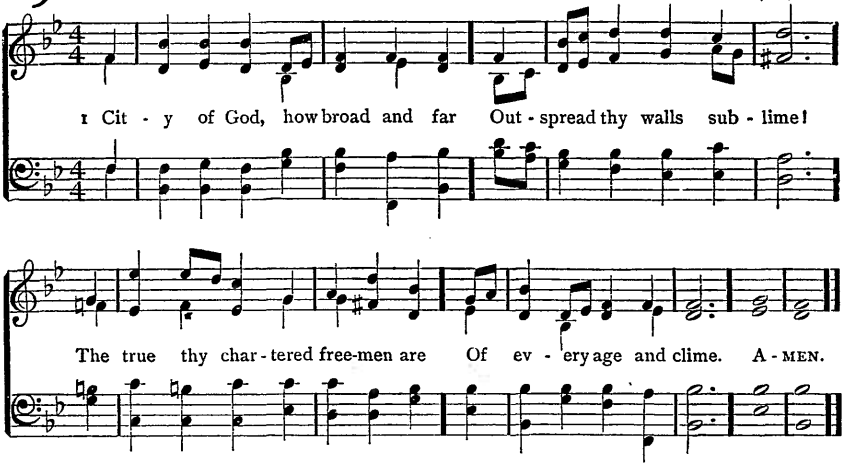


(See also ST. FULBERT, No. 248)

The Church

296 MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watchfires through the [night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1864

297 (LONDON NEW) C. M.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power Divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

298 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8.7.8.7.D.

Joseph Haydn, 1797

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be brok-en Formed thee for His own a - bode:
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A - MEN.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

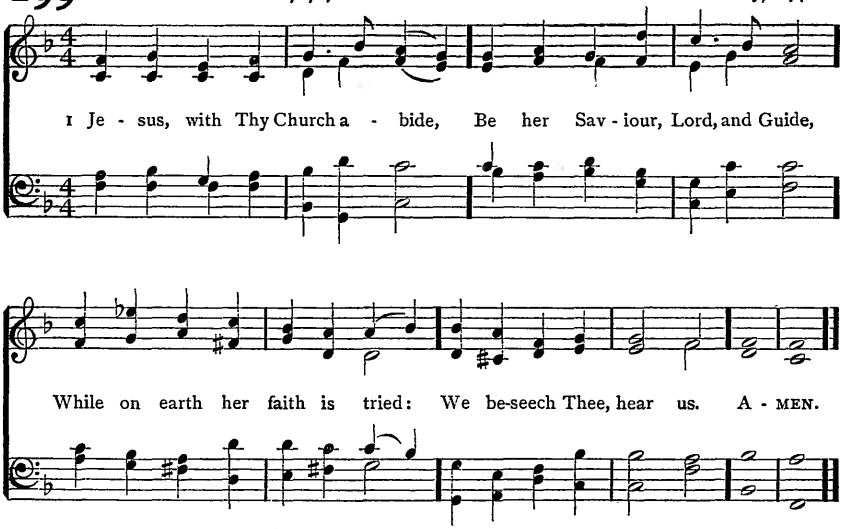
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

299 CLAY'S LITANY 7.7.7.6.

Frederic E. Clay, 1874



2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

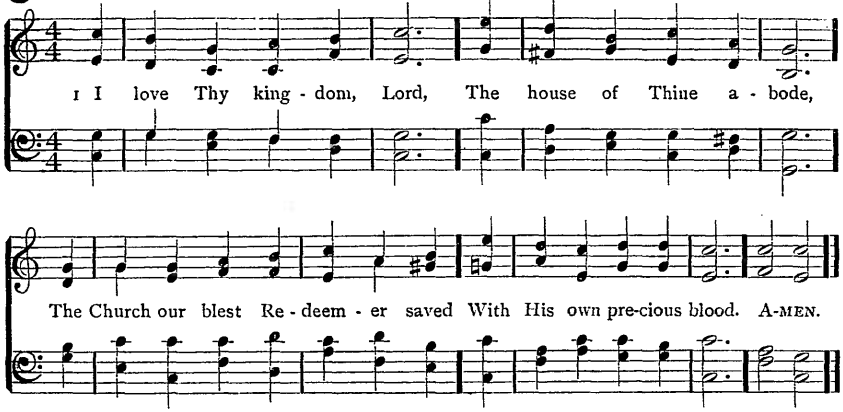
12 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1871: alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1875

300 NARENZA S. M.

Old German Chorale:
Arr. by Rev. Wm. H. Havergal, 1849



2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

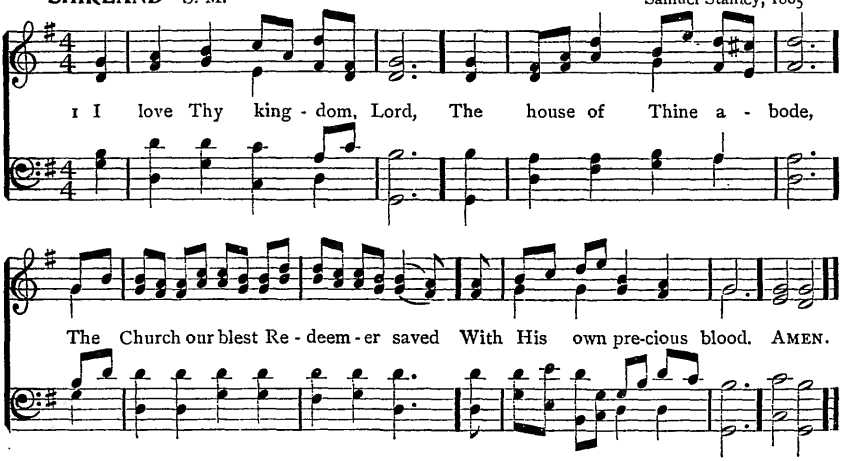
5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

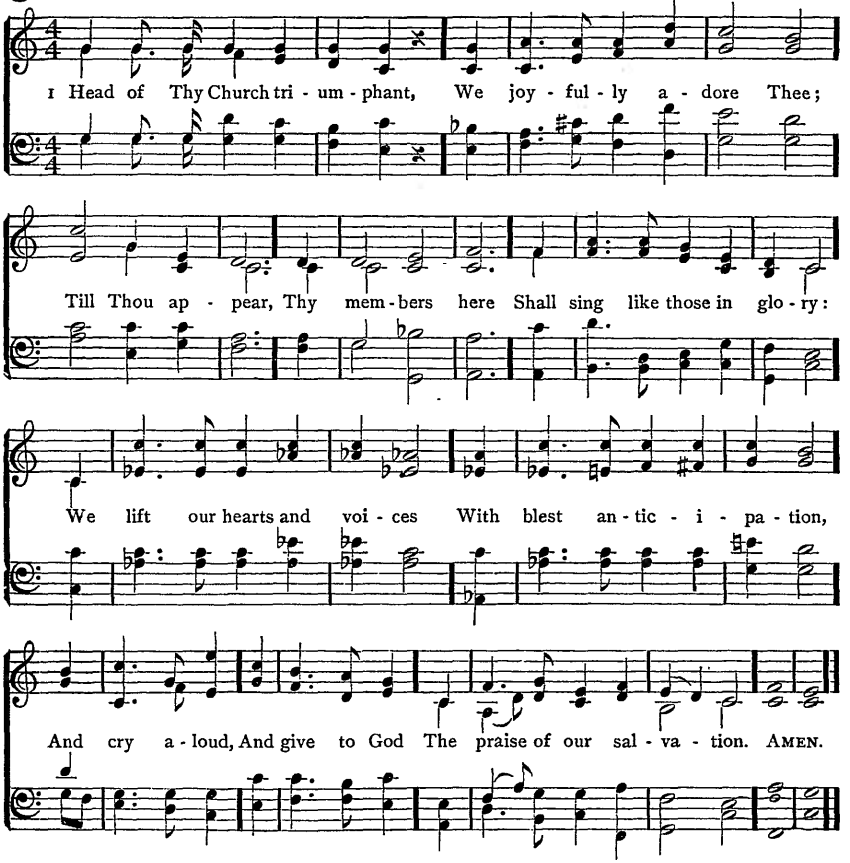
SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1805



301 LOSTWITHIEL 7.7.8.7.D.

James Turle, 1854



2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We lift our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

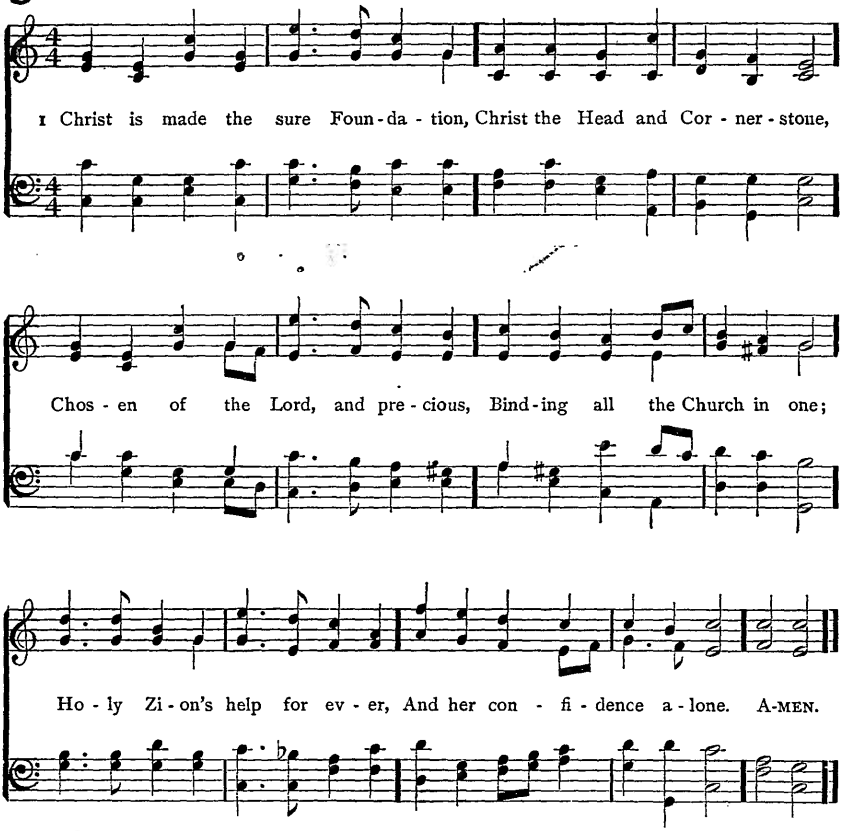
3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745: verse 2, l. 4, alt.

302 REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Henry Smart, 1867



2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

Anon. (Latin, 7th cent.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851: alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1861

303 CORINTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Samuel Webbe's Collection, 1792

1 On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,

Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands;

Mourn-ing cap-tive, Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Himself will loose thy bands. A-MEN.

(See also ZION, No. 226)

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1802

304 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre-

a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heaven He came and sought her To

be His ho - ly Bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. AMEN.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

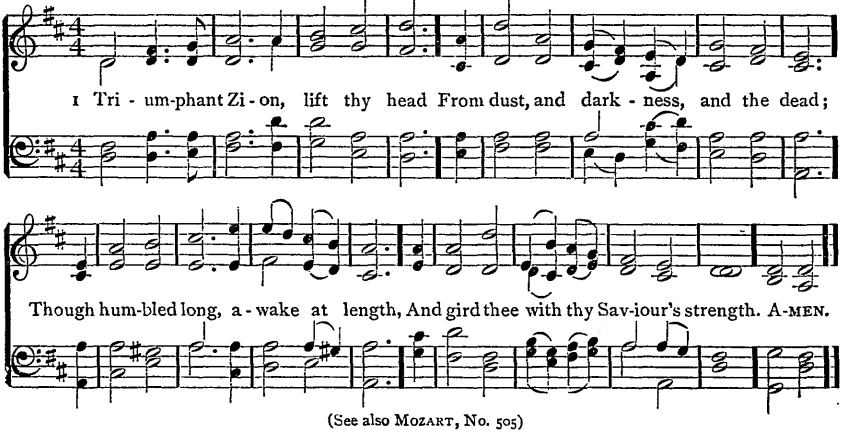
4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

305 TRURO L. M.

Williams's Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789



(See also MOZART, No. 505)

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

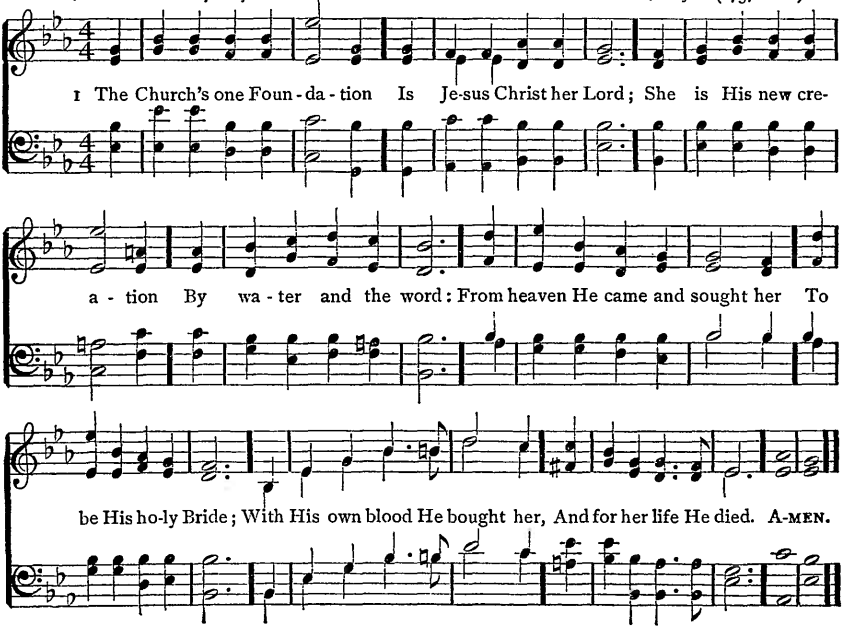
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755: verse 4, alt.

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737–1806)



306 CLOISTERS 11. 11. 11. 5.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868

1 Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and Hope of ev - ery na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - MEN.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

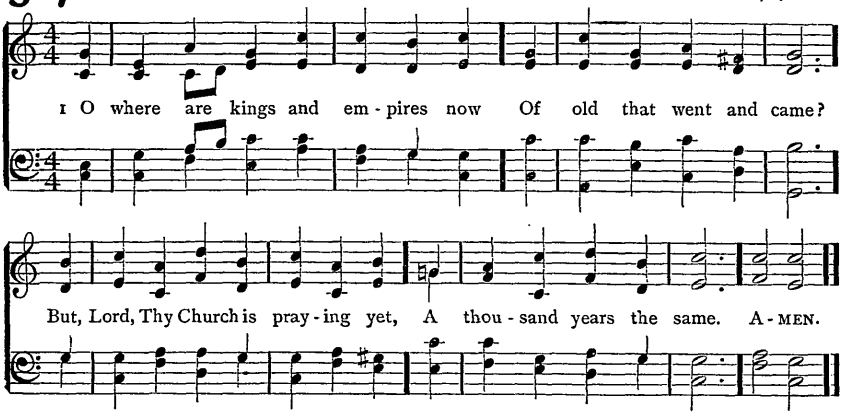
5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

Philip Pusey, 1840: based on Matthäus A. von Löwenstern, 1644

The Church

307 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God;
Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

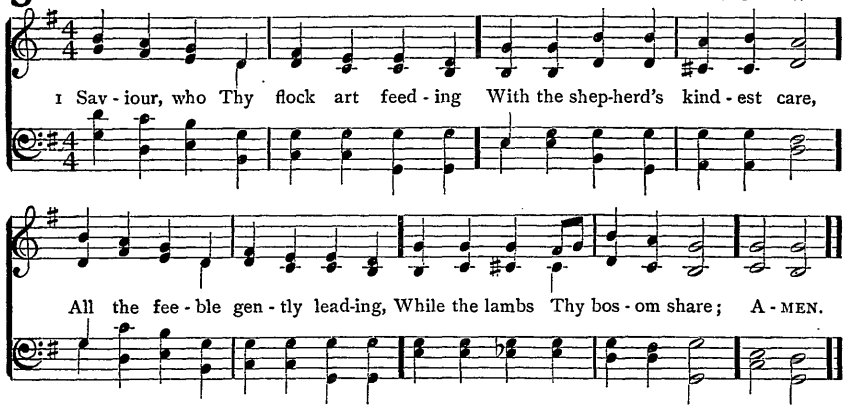
4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1839: alt. and arr.

Baptism

308 BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830–1869)



2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving, [way.
Keep them through life's dangerous

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

309 ABENDS L. M.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

1 O Ho-ly Lord, con-tent to fill In low-ly home the low-liest place,
Thy childhood's law a moth-er's will, O-be-dience meek Thy brightest grace; A-MEN.

2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

3 O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favor with both God and man.

Bishop William W. How, 1850, 1871

310 SOHO C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)

1 See Is-rael's gen-tle Shep-herd stand With all-en-gag-ing charms;
Hark! how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms. A-MEN.

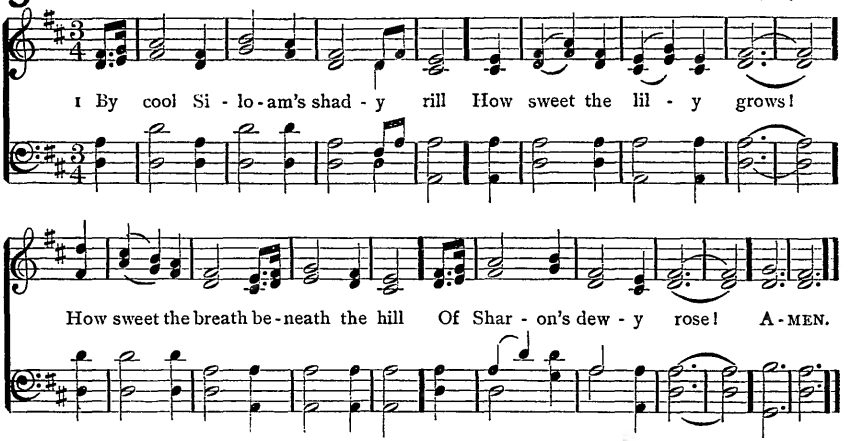
2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

311 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

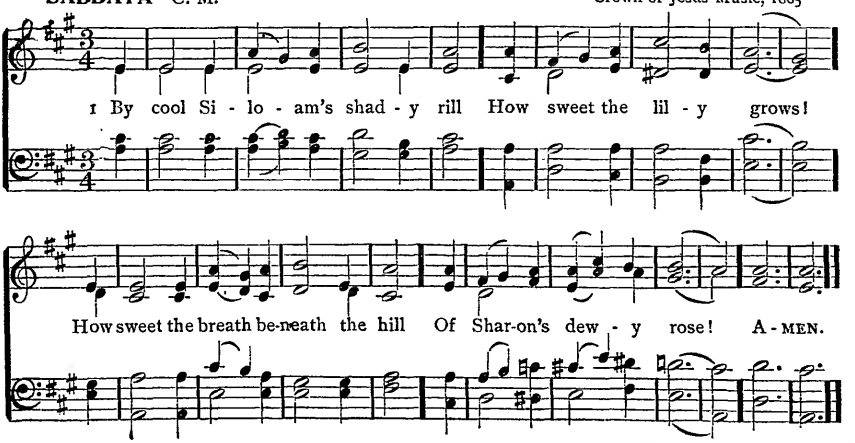
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue [crowned,
Were all alike Divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812 (Text of 1827)

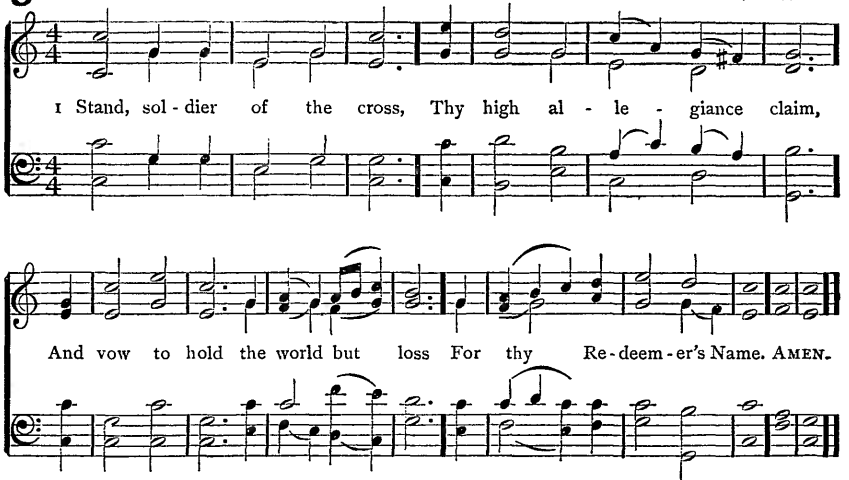
SABBATA C. M.

Crown of Jesus Music, 1865



312 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770



(See also DAY OF PRAISE, No. 153)

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's, —
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled, —

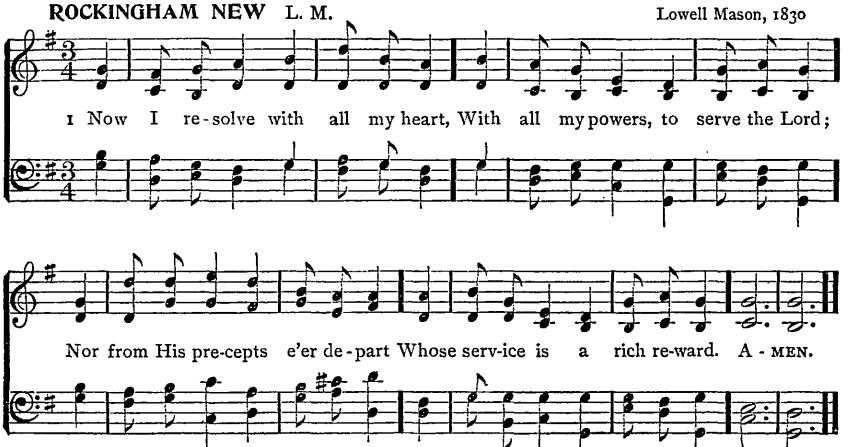
4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

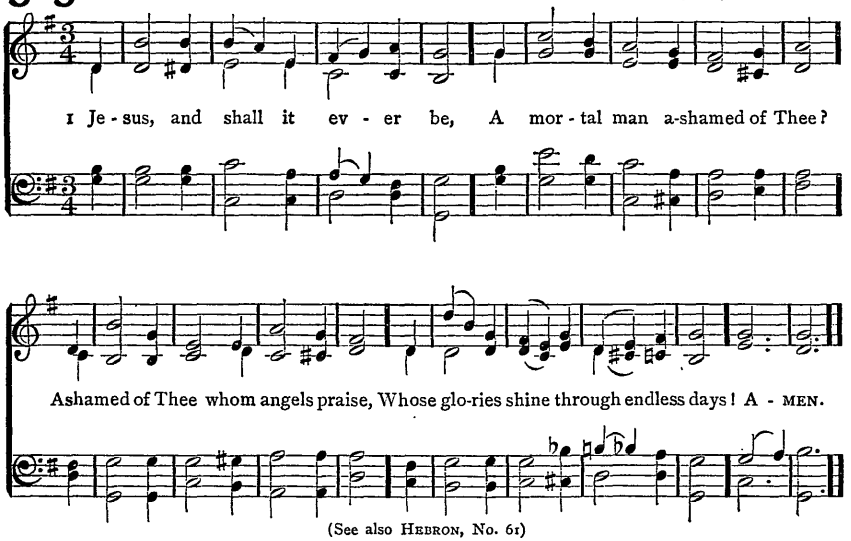
Lowell Mason, 1830



(See also GUARDIAN, No. 286)

313 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate (1814–1868)



(See also HEBRON, No. 61)

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765: alt. Rev. Benjamin Francis, 1787

314 (ROCKINGHAM NEW) L. M.

1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so Divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760: verse 1, l. 1, alt.

315 PETERBOROUGH (Goss) L. M. D.

Sir John Goss, 1864

1 Arm these Thy sol - diers, might - y Lord, With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;
Forth to the bat - tle may they go, And bold - ly fight a-gainst the foe,
With ban - ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver-come the world;
And so at last re-ceive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - MEN.

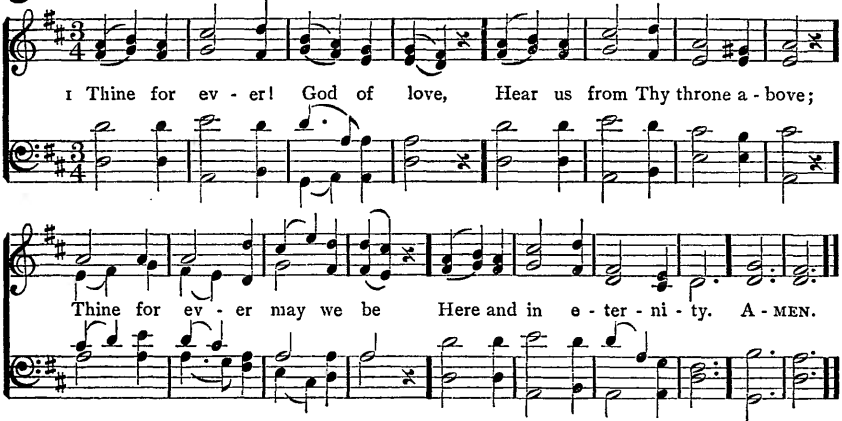
2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862: verse 1, l. 1, alt

316 DALLAS 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini (1760–1842)



2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

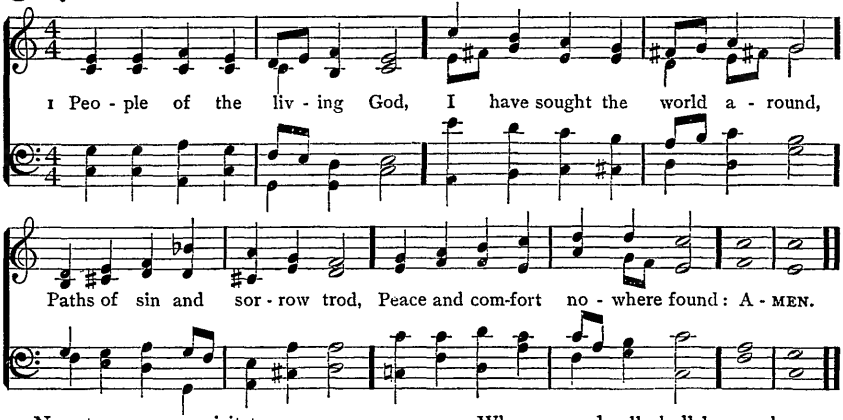
4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1847

317 HERVEY 7.7.7.7.

Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey, 1872



2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

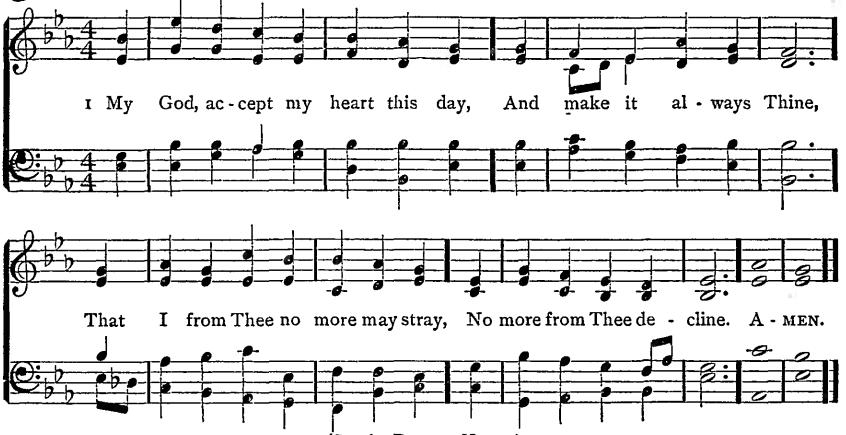
3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery, 1819

318 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



(See also DUNDEE, No. 323)

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

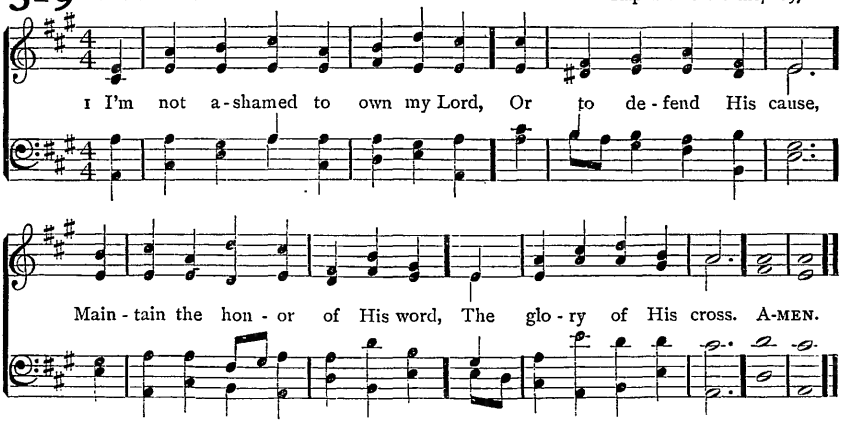
3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848

319 ST. JAMES C. M.

Raphael Courteville, 1697



2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

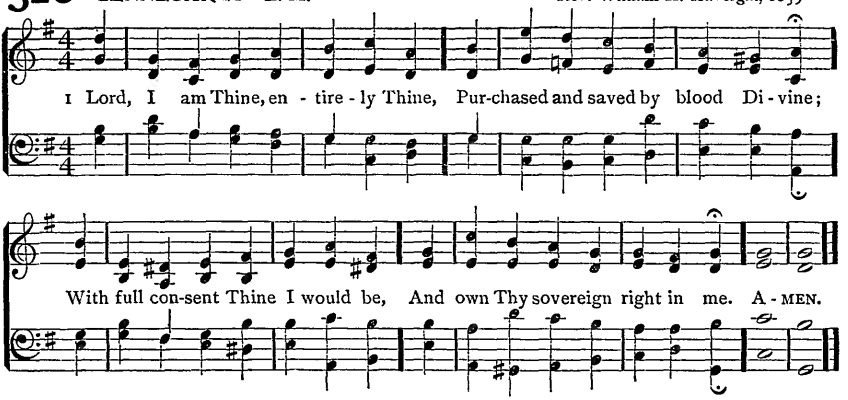
4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

Confession of Faith

320 GENNESARET L. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1859



2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Emmanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity:
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

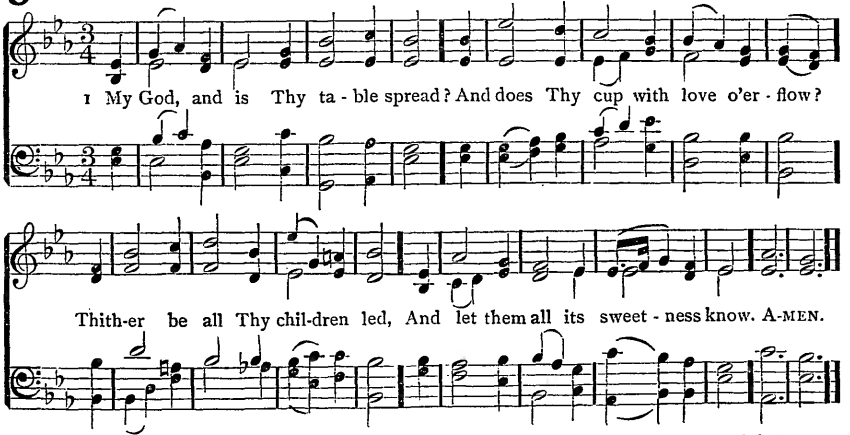
4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Rev. Samuel Davies, publ. 1769

The Lord's Supper

321 ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790



2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

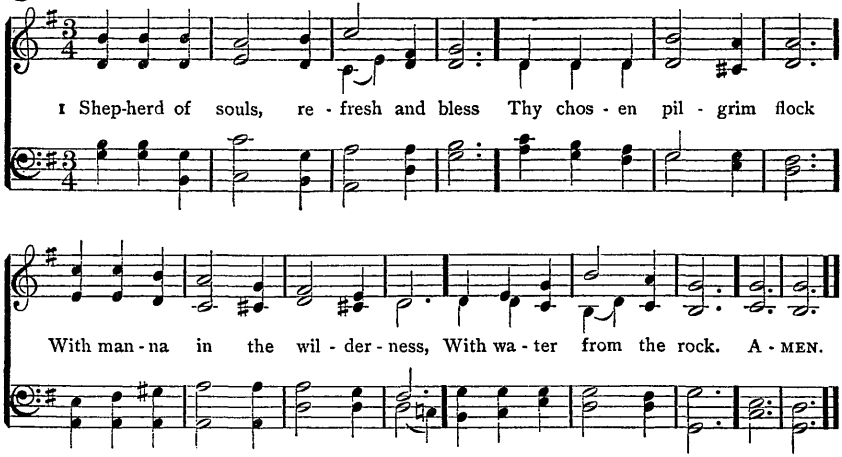
3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

322 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

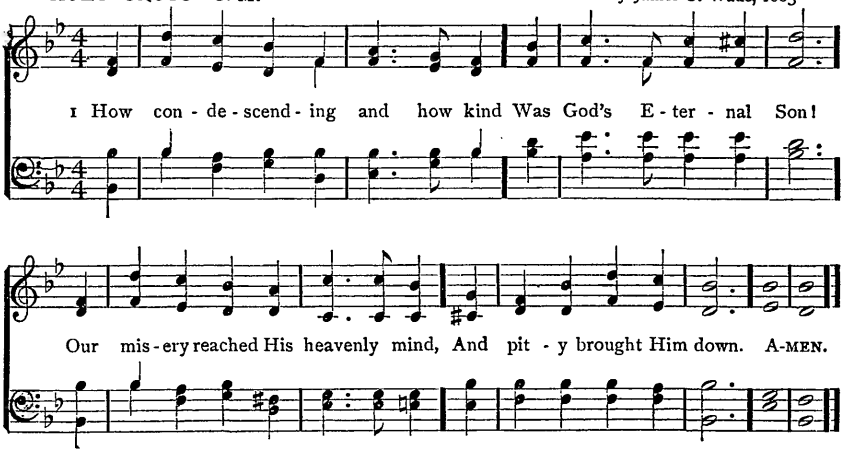
4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 There sup with us in love Divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

Verses 1, 2, 3, Anon.: verses 4, 5, James Montgomery, 1825

HOLY CROSS C. M.

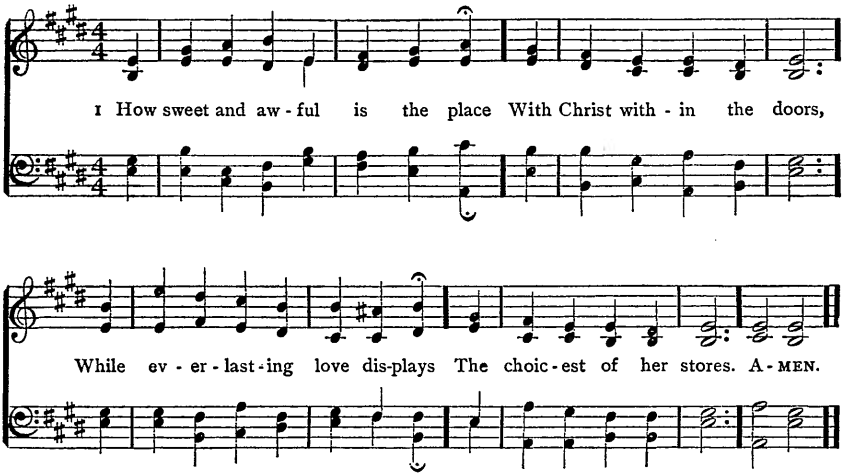
Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865



(See also ALEXANDRIA, No. 586)

323 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

324 (HOLY CROSS) C. M.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

3 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

325 PAX DEI 10. 10. 10. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle
things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er hand the eter - nal grace,
And all my wea - ri - ness up - on . . . . Thee lean. A - MEN.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

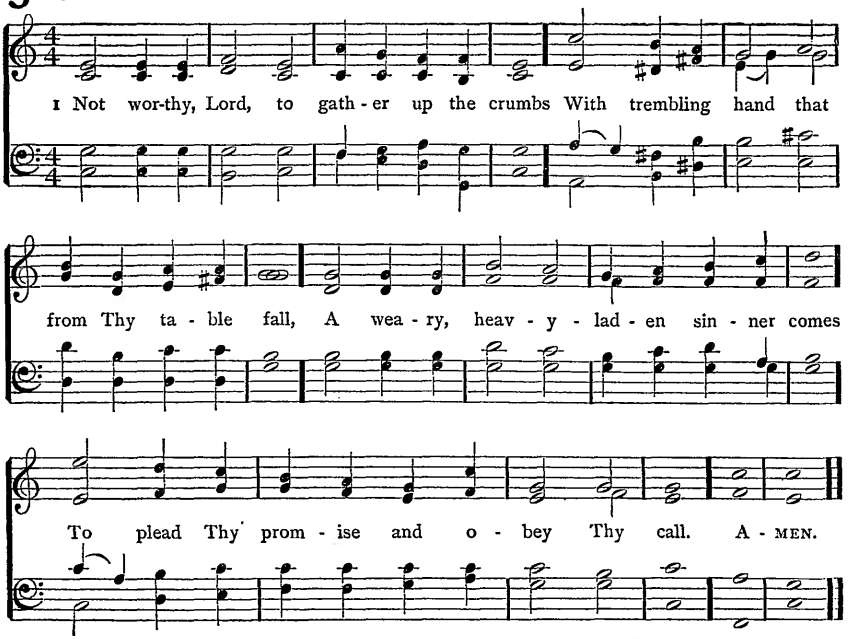
4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1855

326 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.



2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, Divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.

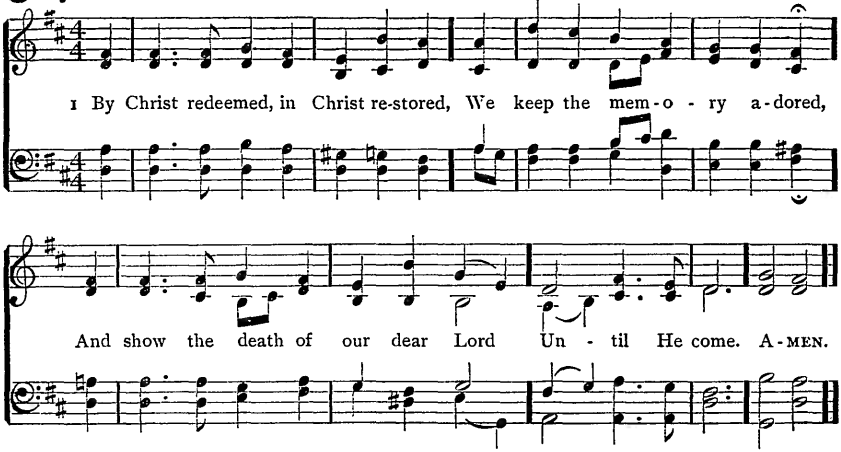
5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

327 SHOREHAM 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes (1823–1876)



2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The streams of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite
Until He come:

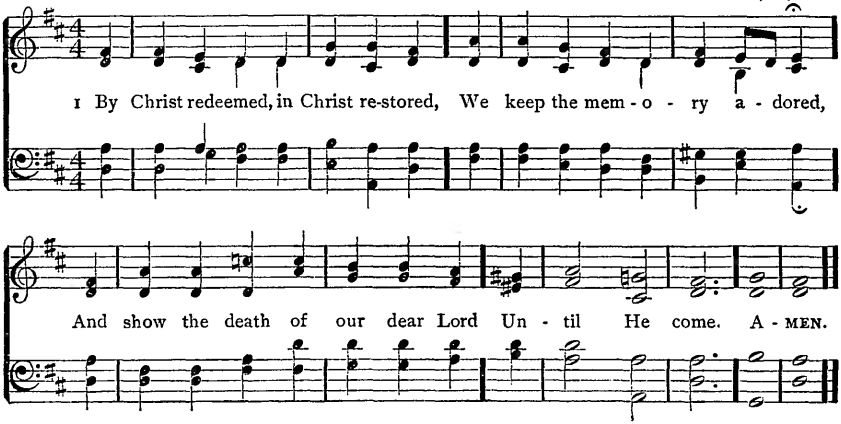
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

George Rawson, 1857, 1876

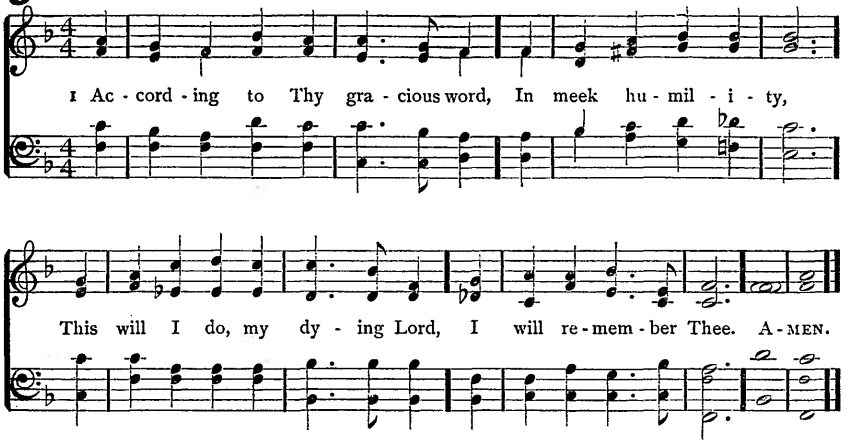
IN MEMORIAM 8. 8. 8. 4.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876



328 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

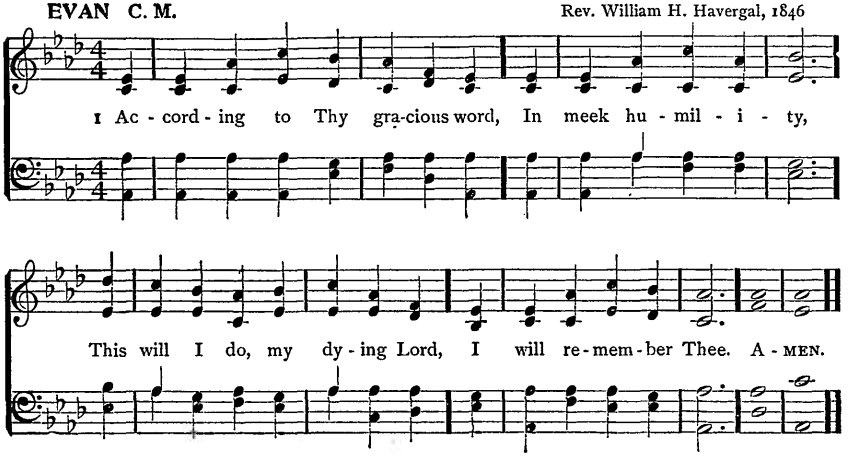
5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846



329 STABAT MATER 8.8.7.8.8.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 Zi - on, to thy Sav - iour sing-ing, To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweet-est hymns of love and praise, Thou wilt nev - er reach the meas - ure
Of His worth, by all the treas-ure Of thy most ec - stat - ic lays. A - MEN.

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That Himself to thee He giveth?
He that eateth ever liveth,
For the Bread of Life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, His mercy showing
Who this heavenly table spread:
On this day so glad and holy,
To each longing spirit lowly
Giveth He the living Bread.

4 Here the King hath spread His table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ our Passover to trace:
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

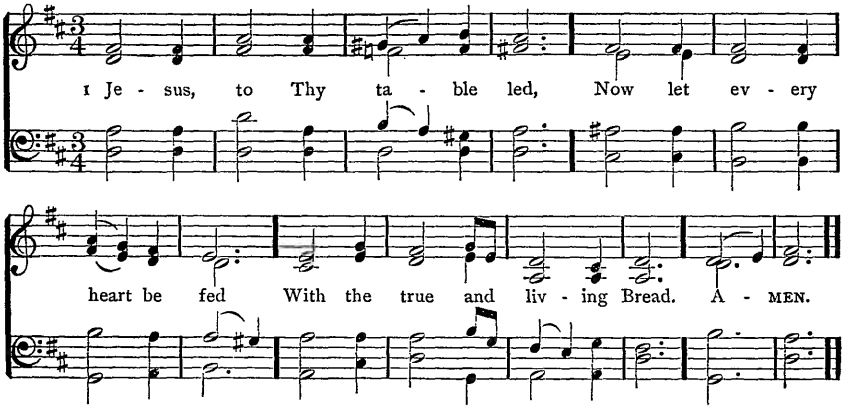
5 Lo, this angels' food descending
Heavenly love is hither sending,
Hungry lips on earth to feed:
So the paschal lamb was given,
So the manna came from heaven,
Isaac was His type indeed.

6 O Good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore;
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with Thee abiding
With all saints will Thee adore.

Thomas Aquinas, c. 1260. Tr. Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, 1883

330 MELFORD 7.7.7.

"M. B. F." 1886



2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love Divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

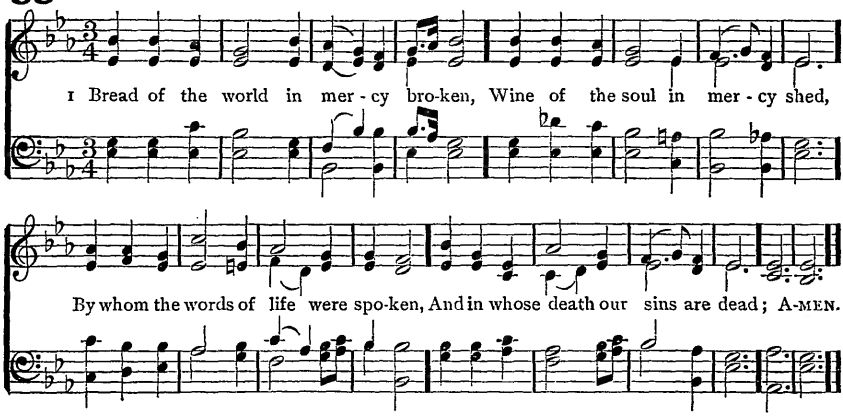
6 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

Rev. Robert H. Baynes, 1864

331 EUCHARISTIC HYMN 9.8.9.8.

Rev. John S. B. Hodges, 1869



2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

332 FESTUM DEI 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 O Bread to pil - grims giv - en, O Food that an - gels eat,
O Man - na sent from heav - en, For heaven-born na - tures meet,
Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled;
Till, earth's de-lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - ery wish is stilled. A - MEN.

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2 O Water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou True and Loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th cent.) Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

333 (MOUNT ZION) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

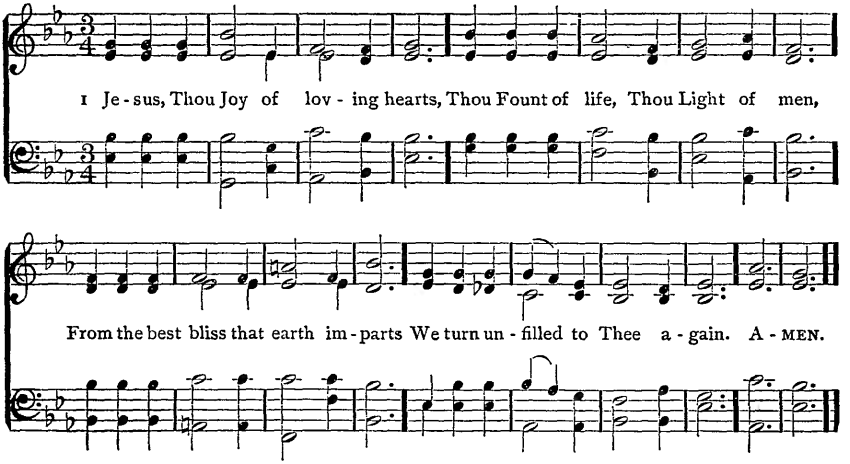
1 BREAD of heaven, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,
To Thy cross I look, and live:
Thou, my Life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824

334 QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker 1866



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

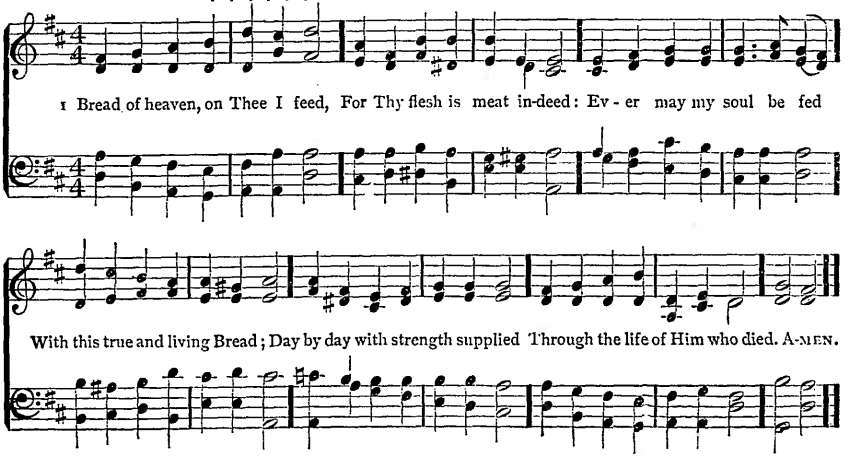
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1150: arr. Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

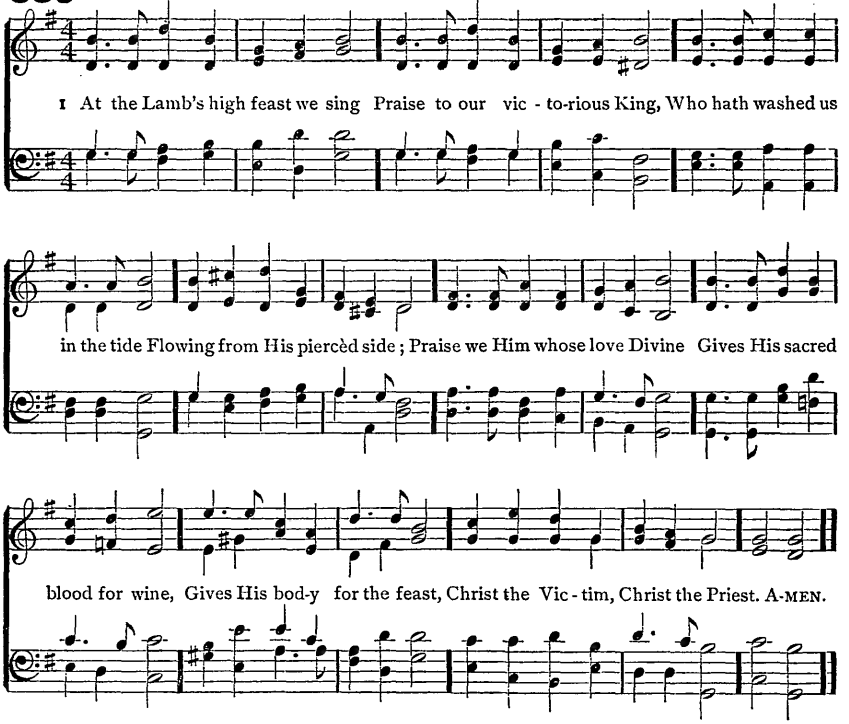
MOUNT ZION 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867



335 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1859



2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood is shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.

Anon. (Latin, 6th cent.) Tr. Robert Campbell, 1849: verse 1, ll. 3, 6, 8, verse 2, l. 5, alt.

336 (SCHUMANN) S. M.

1 A PARTING hymn we sing
Around Thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

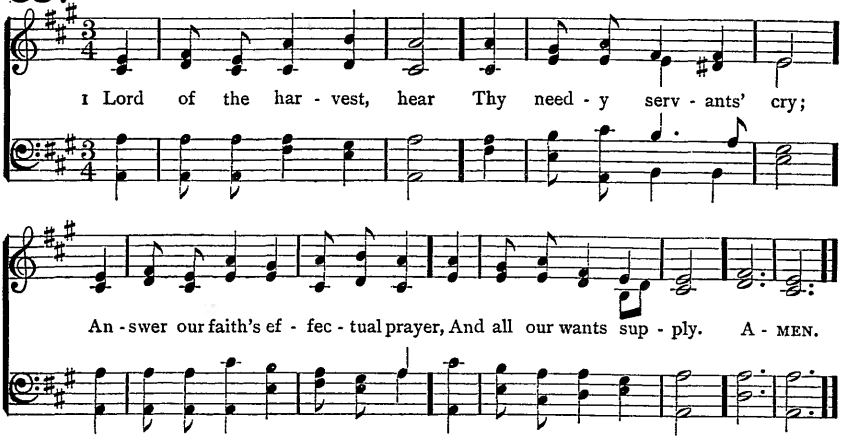
3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

Rev. Aaron R. Wolfe, 1858

337 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

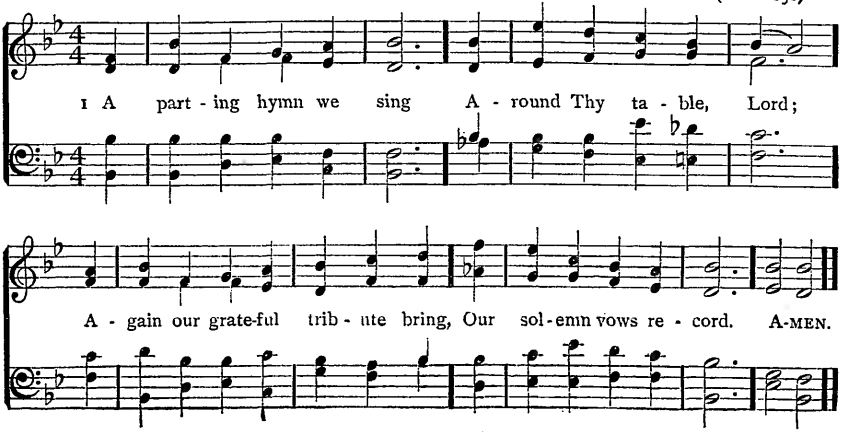
5 O let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That Thou hast died for all.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

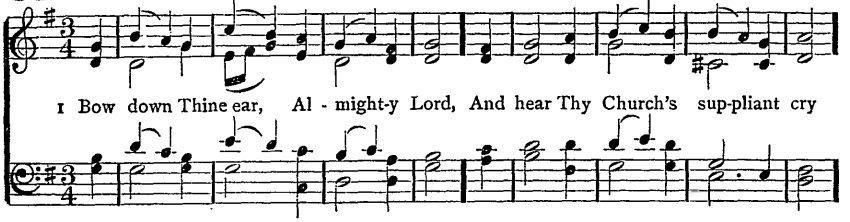
SCHUMANN S. M.

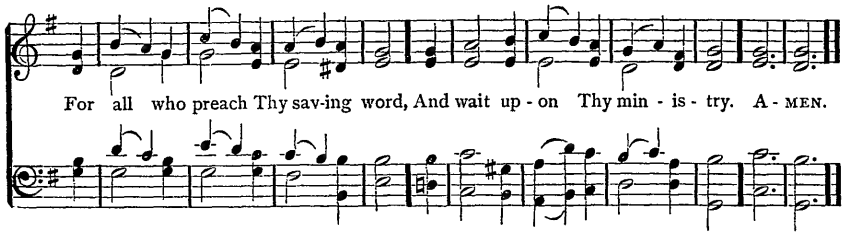
Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810–1856)



338 INTERCESSION OLD L. M.

Old Latin Melody





2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts Divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

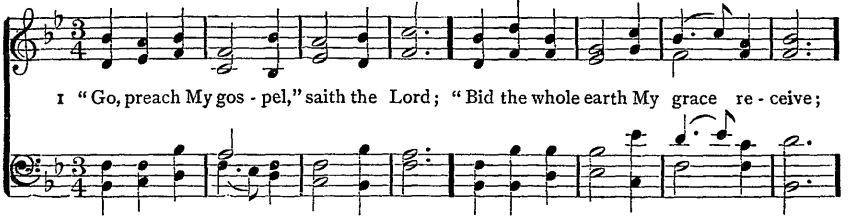
4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

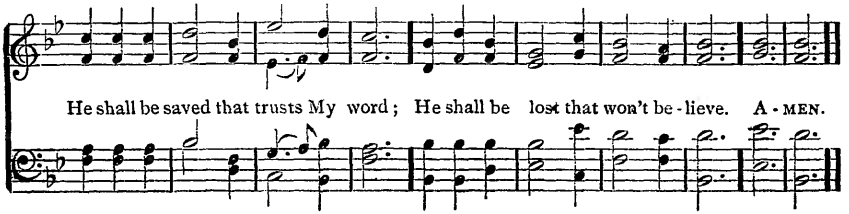
5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win.

Rev. Thomas E. Powell, 1864

MENDON L. M.

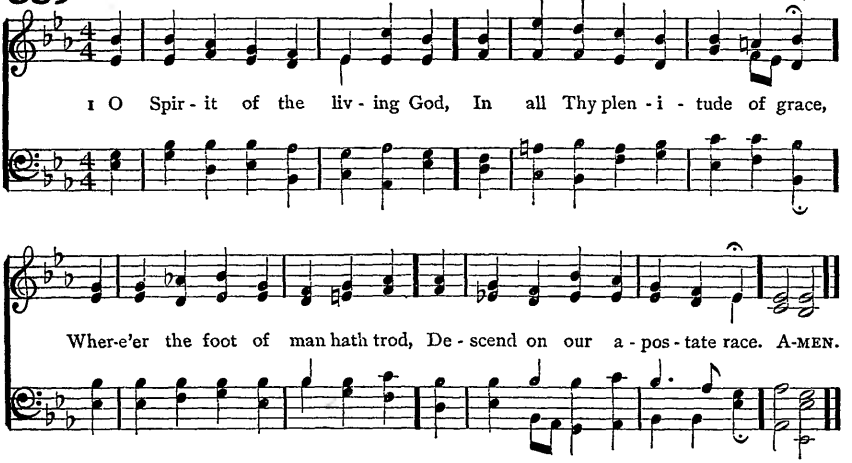
German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824





339 MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1792



2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee.

James Montgomery, 1823

340 (MENDON) L. M.

1 "GO, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts My word;
He shall be lost that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

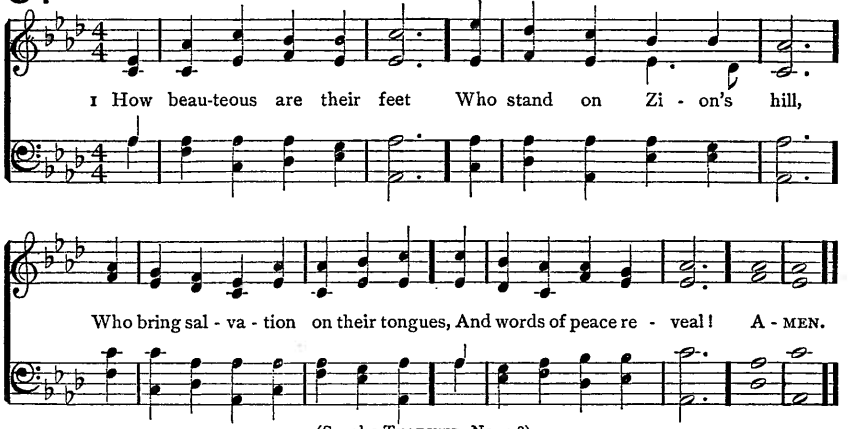
3 "Teach all the nations My commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in My hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709: verse 1, l. 4, alt.

341 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Abr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543



(See also THATCHER, No. 538)

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

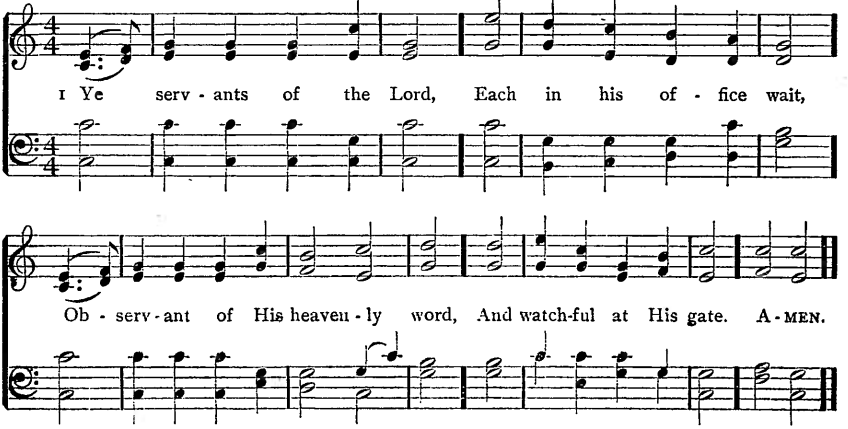
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

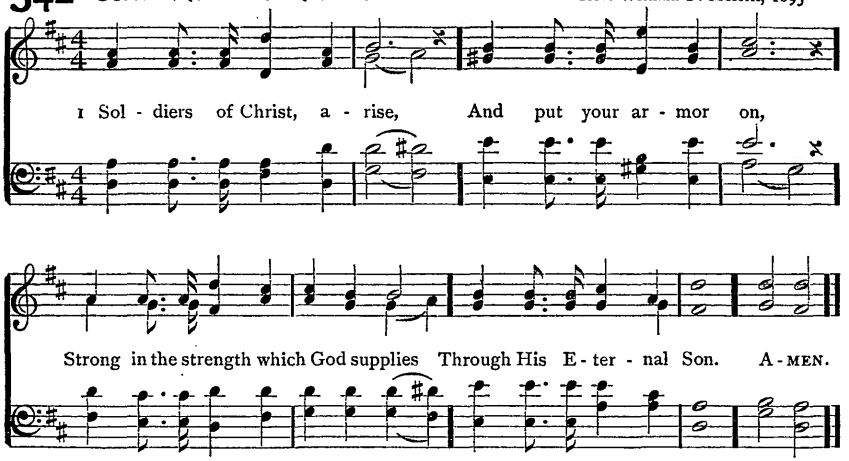
LABAN S. M

Lowell Mason, 1830



342 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST S. M.

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1895



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2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

343 (LABAN) S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

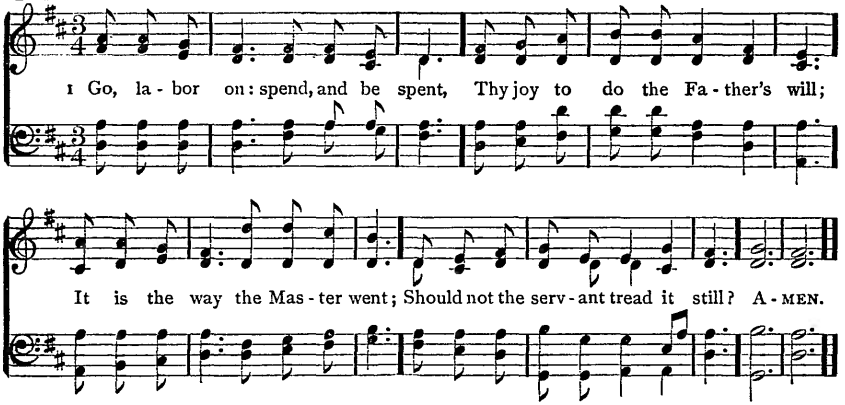
4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

344 WILLIAMS L. M.

George Kingsley, 1853



2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: — what are men?

3 Go, labor on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

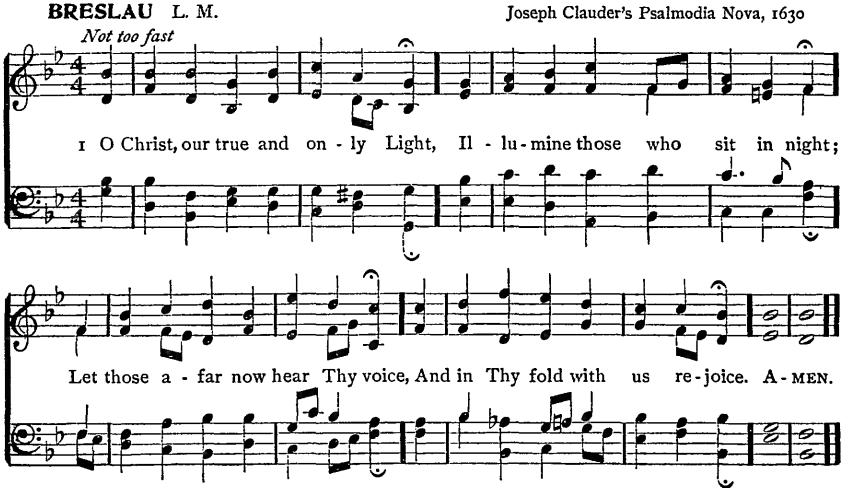
5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

BRESLAU L. M.

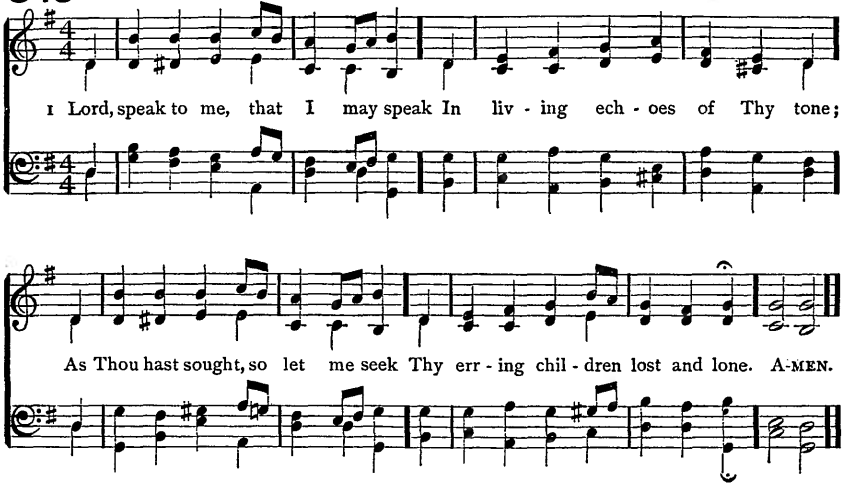
Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630



(See also FEDERAL STREET, No. 285)

345 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839



2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

346 (BRESLAU) L. M.

1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
O gently seek; Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given;
And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 O make the deaf to hear Thy word;
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow
Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold;
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart;
Confirm the weak and doubting heart:

5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all the Church in earth and heaven.

Rev. Johann Heermann, 1630. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

347 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
Till ev - ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - MEN.

(See also GREENLAND, No. 304)

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

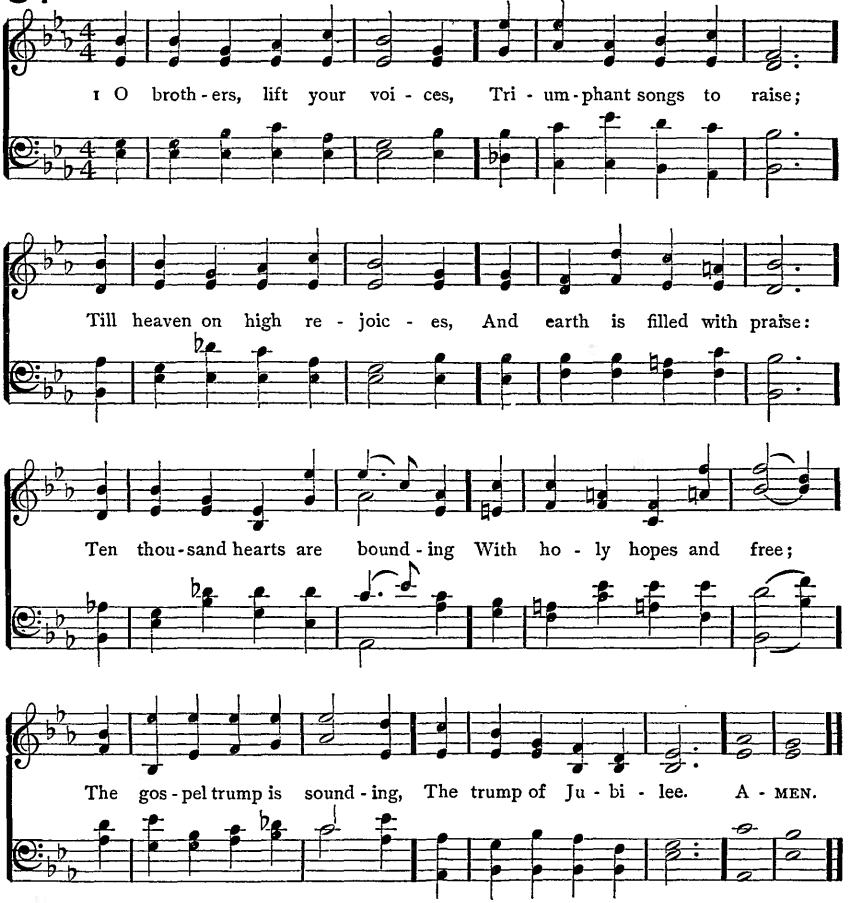
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, 1840.

348 LANCASHIRE 7.6.7.6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836



2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes:
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due,
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore;
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore:
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1848

349 MARY MAGDALENE (SULLIVAN) 7.7.7.7.D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

Take my mo - ments and my days; Let them flow in cease - less praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. A - MEN.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

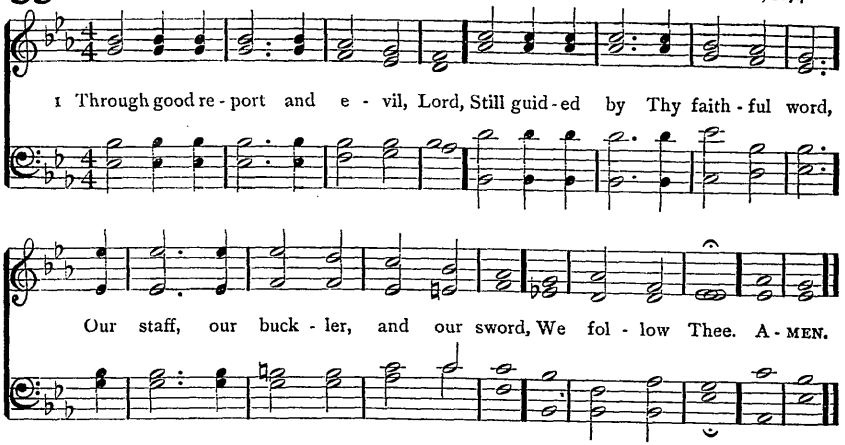
5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

350 HANFORD 8.8.8.4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark [or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

5 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

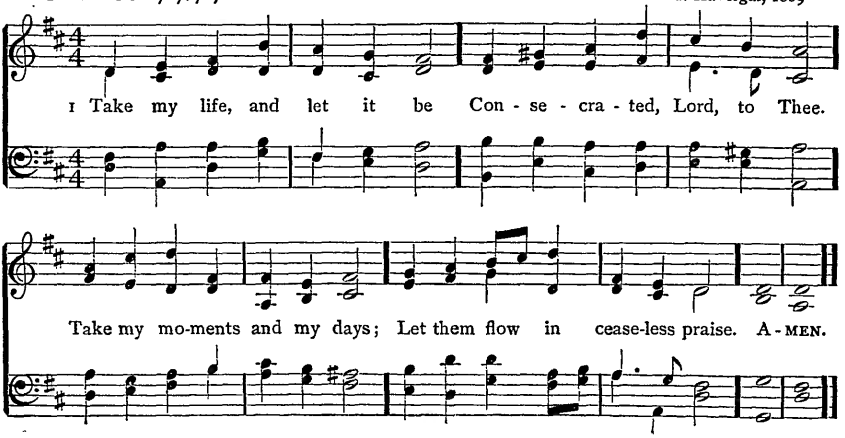
6 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;
We follow Thee.

7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

PATMOS 7.7.7.7.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1869



351 LOWTON 8.7.8.7.

Albert Lowe, 1875

1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol - low Me;" A - MEN.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852: verse 2, l. 1, alt.

STOCKWELL 8.7.8.7.

Darius E. Jones, 1851

1 He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find-eth mer - cy from a - bove: A - MEN.

352 TENNENT 7.6.7.6. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 Lead on, O King E - ternal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of conquest

Thy tents shall be our home: Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us

strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song. A - MEN.

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2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

353 (STOCKWELL) 8.7.8.7.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all Divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear:
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836

354 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

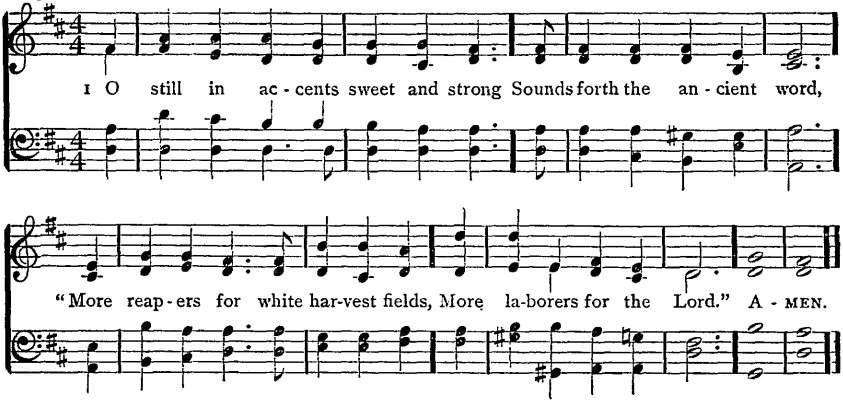
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

355 ST. MARK C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)



2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

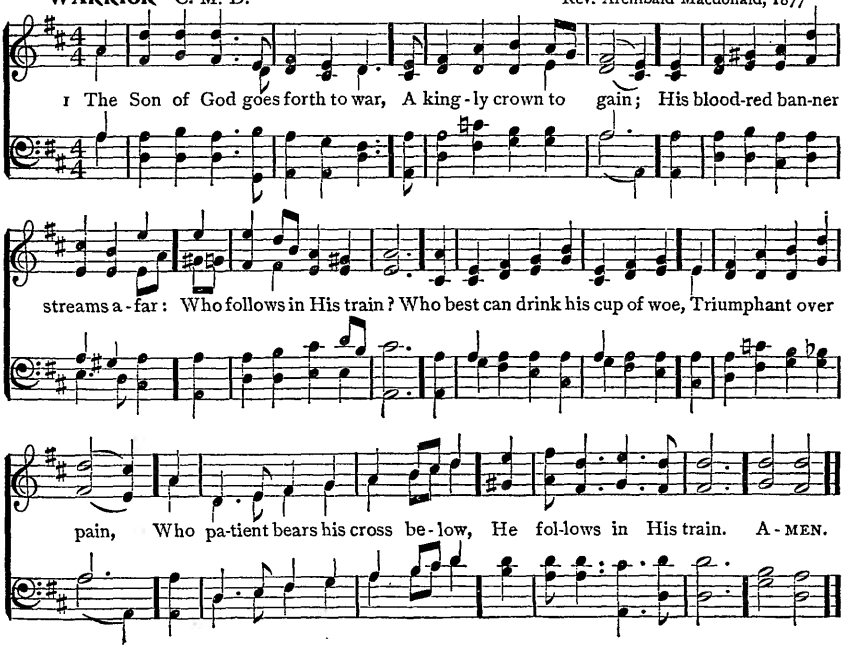
3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

WARRIOR C. M. D.

Rev. Archibald Macdonald, 1877



356 CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own. A - MEN.

(See also ELLESDIE, No. 361)

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1824 (Text of 1833)

357 KELVEDEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Rev. William Blow, Jr., 1867

1 In the vine-yard of our Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do;
Scat - tered fruit our hands may gath - er, Though we are but weak and few;
Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the bas - ket too. A - MEN.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
So we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way:

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessèd story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas MacKellar, 1845

358 ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Arr. by Sir John Goss, 1871

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers

Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer-cy,

By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A-MEN.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

Frances R. Havergal, 1877

359 WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1864

1 Work, for the night is com-ing: Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling; Work 'mid springing flowers; Work while the day grows brighter, Under the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - MEN.

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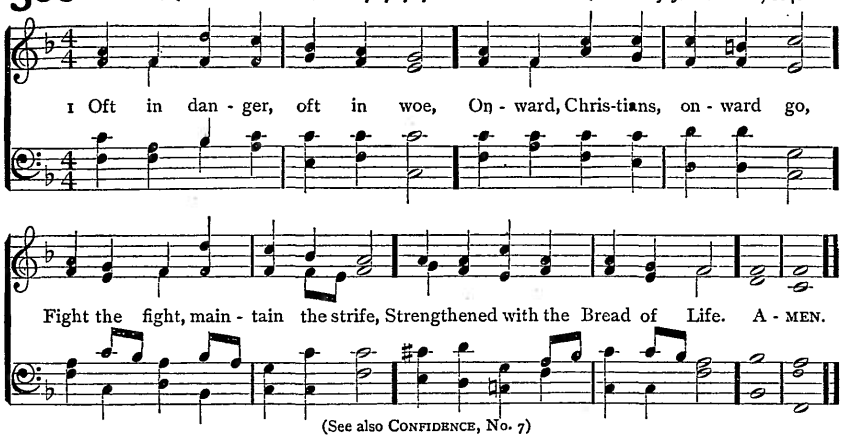
2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming:
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, c. 1860: alt.

360 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7.7.7.7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



(See also CONFIDENCE, No. 7)

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

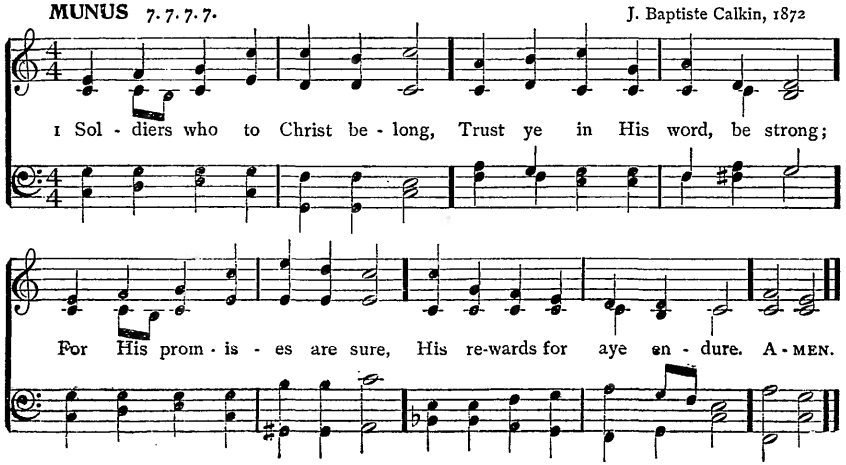
5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

First 10 ll., Henry K. White, 1806; alt. Rev. Ed. Bickersteth, 1833, and Rev. W. J. Hall, 1836: the remainder, Frances S. Colquhoun, 1827

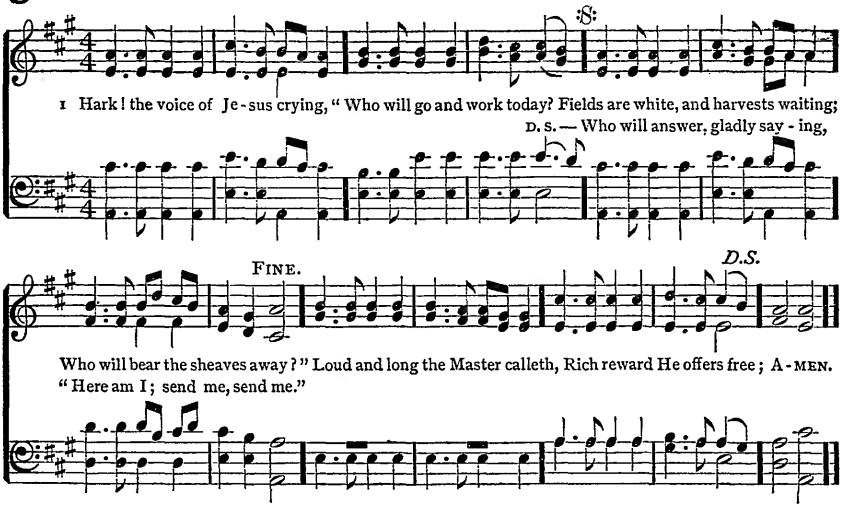
MUNUS 7.7.7.7.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



361 ELLESDIE 8.7.8.7.D.

Arr. from Mozart, by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865



2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March, 1868

362 (MUNUS) 7.7.7.7.

1 SOLDIERS who to Christ belong,
Trust ye in His word, be strong;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards for aye endure.

2 His no crowns that pass away,
His no palm that sees decay,
His the joy that shall not fade,
His the light that knows no shade;
His the home for spirits blest,
Where He gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

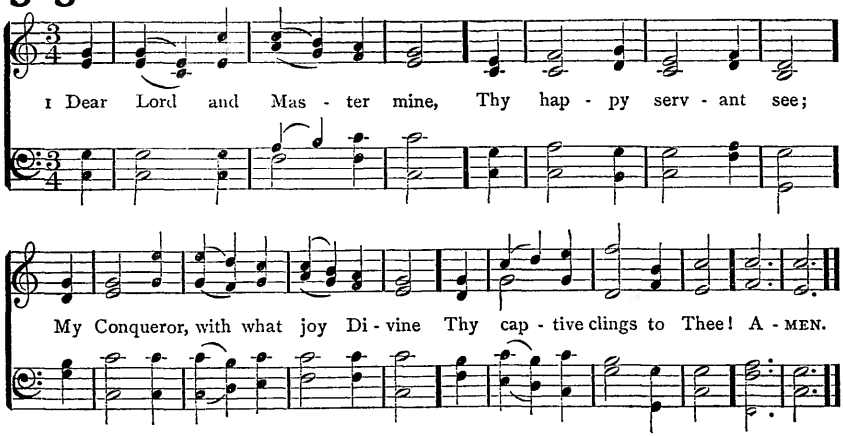
4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp:
Lift your hearts, then, to the skies;
God Himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest
Father, Son, and Spirit blest;
For His promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

Anon. Breviary of Châlons-sur-Marne, 1736. Tr. Rev. Isaac Williams, 1839 recast in The Hymnary, 1872

363 FERGUSON S. M.

George Kingsley, 1843



2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands;
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me Divinely blest.

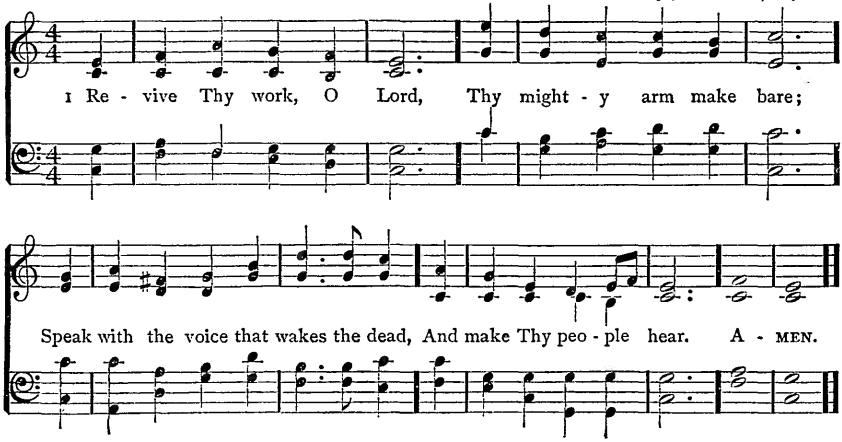
6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

7 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train;
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

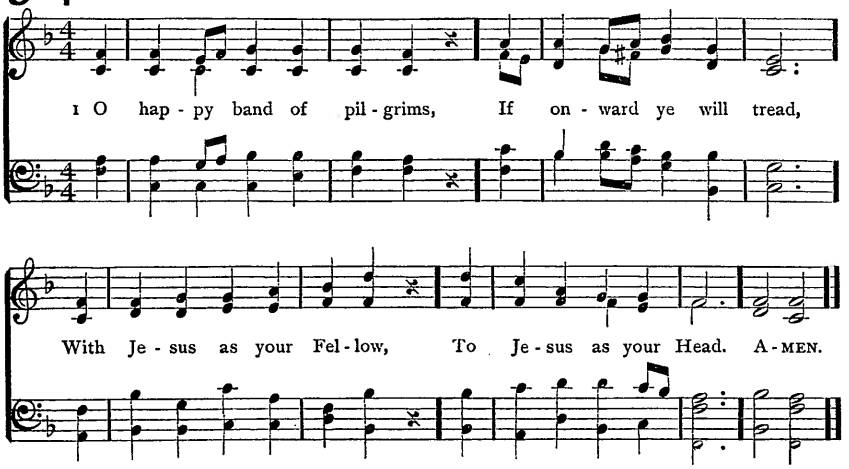
ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



364 KOCHER 7.6.7.6.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799



2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862: based on Joseph the Hymnographer, c. 840

365 (ST. GEORGE) S. M.

1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

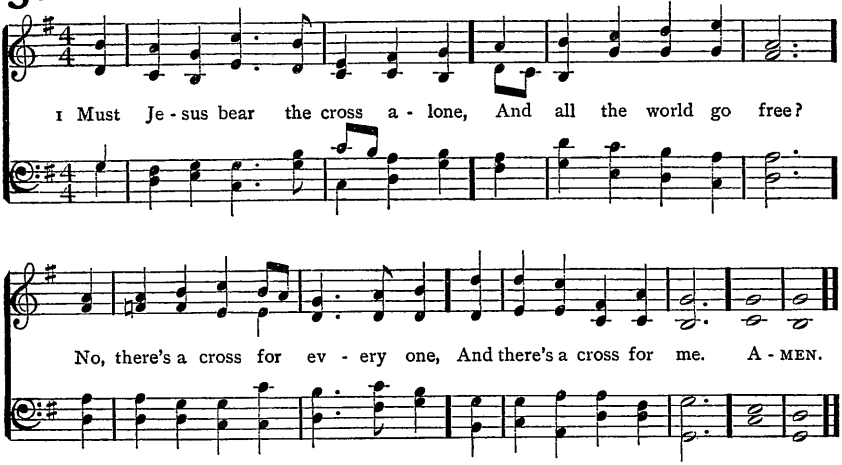
4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1858

366 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

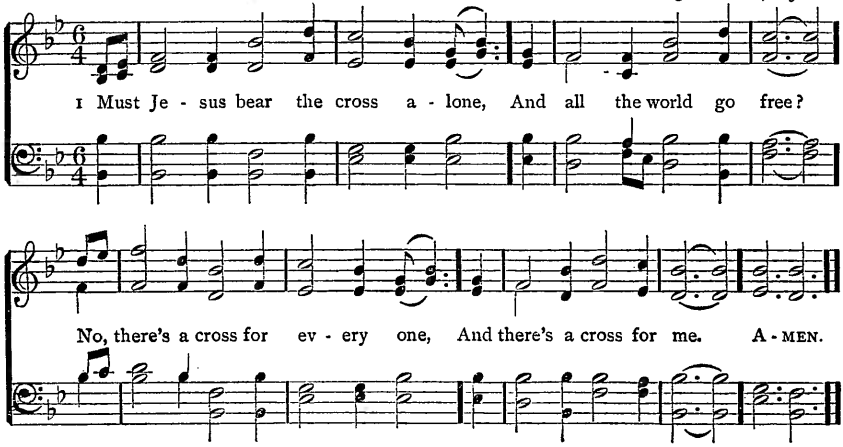
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

Verse 1, Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.: verse 2, anon., c. 1810: verse 3, anon., 1849: verses 4, 5, Rev. Charles Beecher, 1855

MAITLAND C. M.

George N. Allen, 1850



367 BLENDEN C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

1 How bless - ed, from the bonds of sin And earth - ly fet - ters free,
In sin - gle - ness of heart and aim, Thy serv - ant, Lord, to be;
The hard - est toil to un - der - take With joy at Thy com - mand,
The mean-est of - fice to re - ceive With meekness at Thy hand; A - MEN.

(See also ST. LEONARD, No. 28)

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

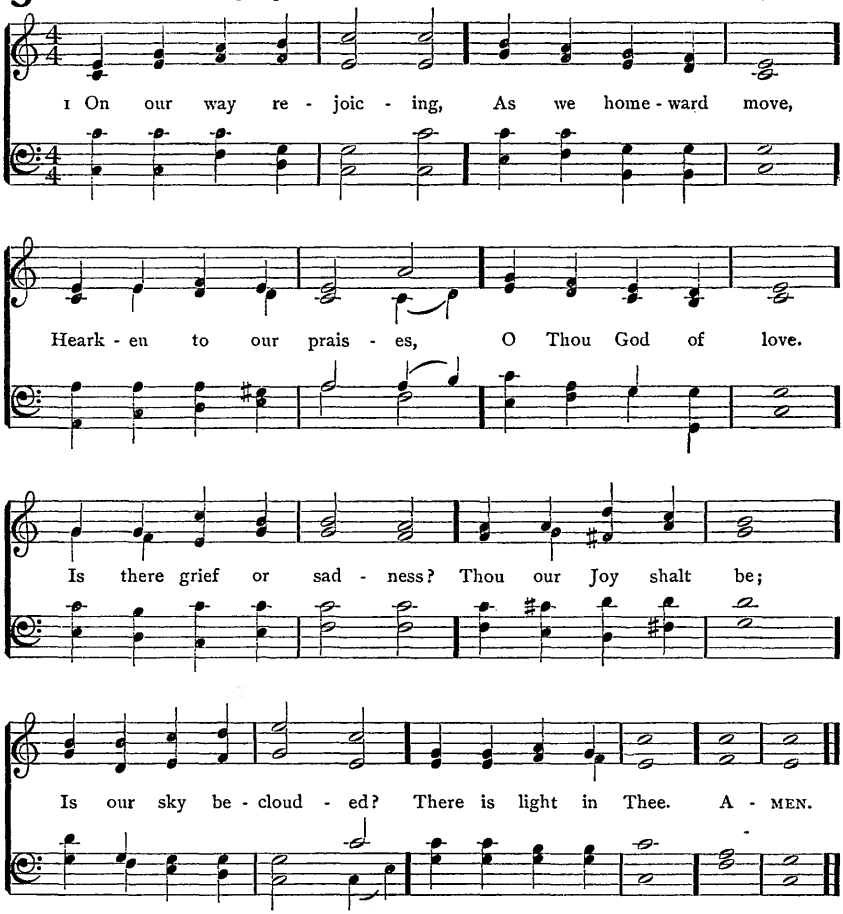
3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

Rev. Carl J. P. Spitta, 1833. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854

368 COLYTON 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

William H. Monk, 1881



2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing all we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Victor is our Leader,
Vanquished is the foe:
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore;
On our way rejoicing
Ever, evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863, 1873: verse, 1, ll. 6, 8, alt.

369 ANGEL'S STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1883

1 O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - MEN.

(See also JESU, MAGISTER BONE, No. 682)

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

Rev. John E. Bode, 1869

370 ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1 Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

(See also THE NEW YEAR, No. 703)

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

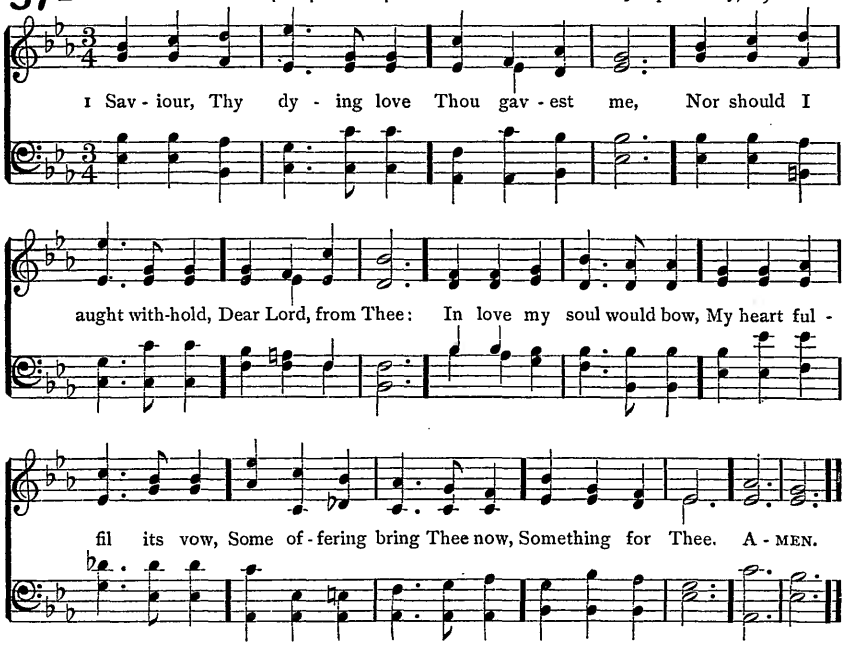
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

371 WINTERTON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1890



2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

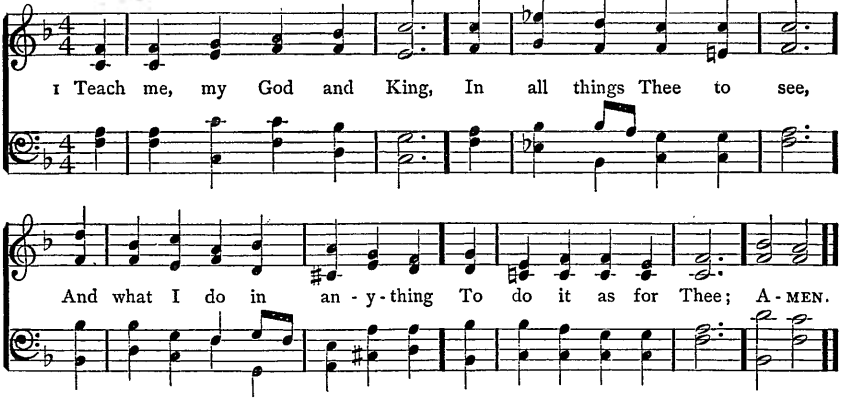
3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have —
Thy gifts so free —
Ever in joy or grief,
My Lord, for Thee;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, 1862

372 EMMAUS S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1862



2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.

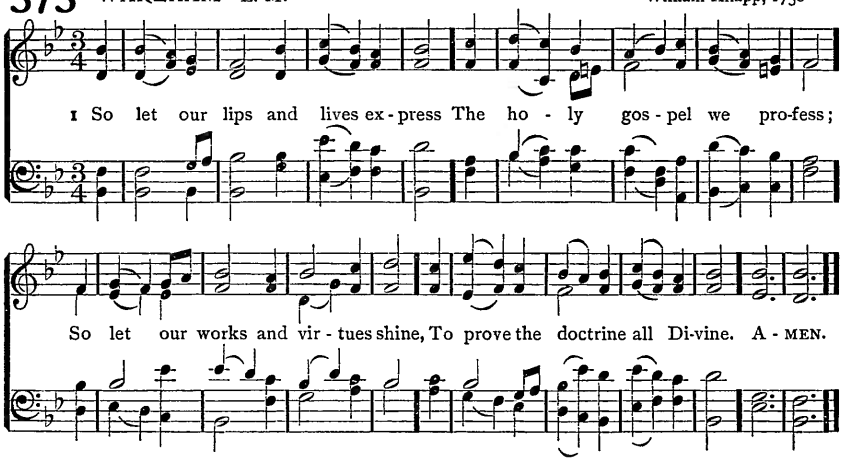
3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee:

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work Divine.

Rev. George Herbert, 1633: verses 2, 3, 4, recast by Rev. John Wesley, 1738

373 WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 Thus shall we proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

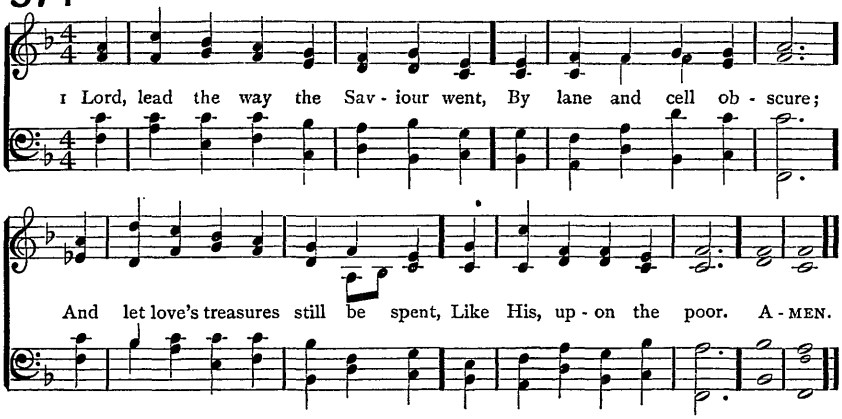
3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709: verse 2, l. 3, alt.

374 ALBANO C. M.

Vincent Novello, 1868



2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

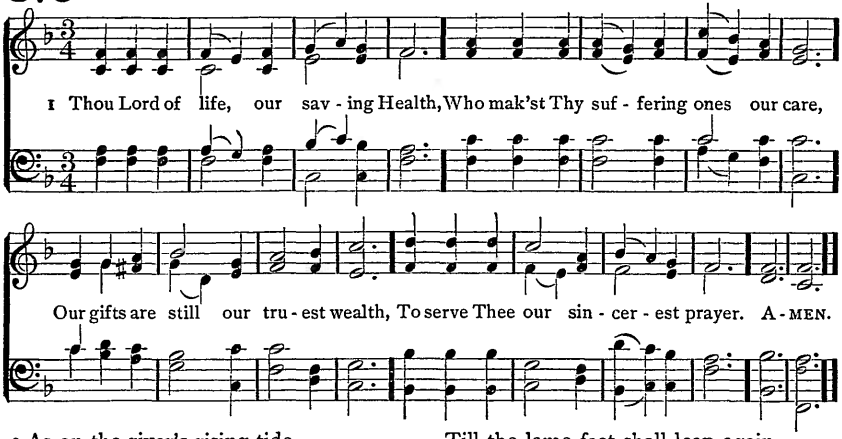
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Croswell, 1831

375 HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861



2 As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
So through the ways our hands provide
May quickening life flow in from Thee,

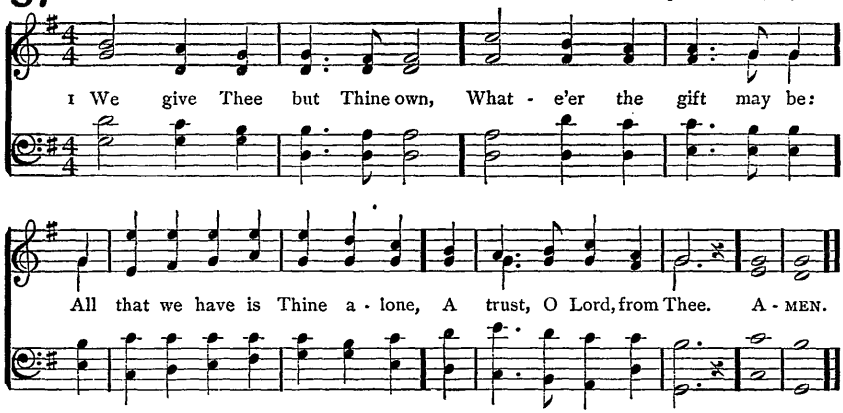
3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Till the lame feet shall leap again,
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned:
Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1886

376 DEDICATION S. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

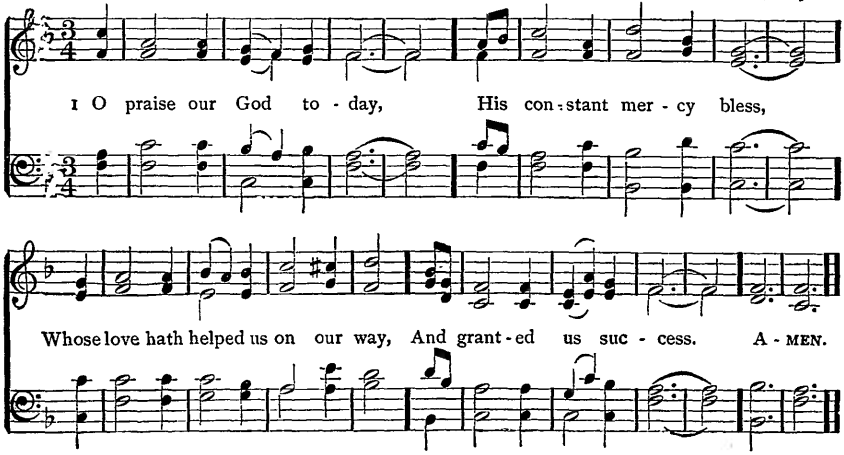
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace, —
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1864

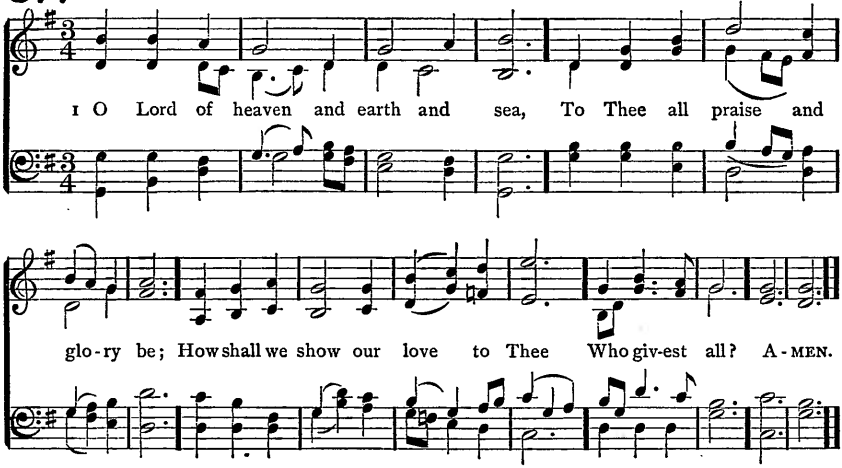
VIGIL S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865



377 ALMSGIVING 8.8.8.4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all;

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863 (Text of 1872)

378 (VIGIL) S. M.

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

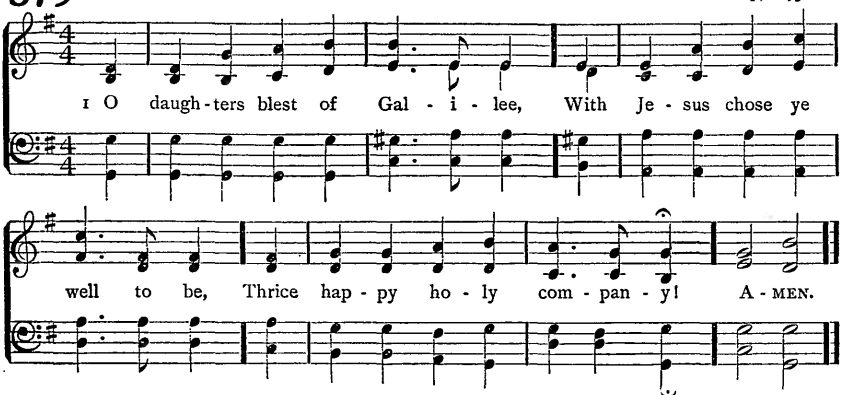
4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 O praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way.
And granted us success.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

379 INASMUCH 8. 8. 8.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895



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2 O joy, to see that Master dear!
O joy, to live with Him so near!
O joy, that gentle voice to hear!

3 O more than joy, to that dear Lord,
In purest, deepest love adored,
All lowly service to afford!

4 Yea, happy was your lot to bring,
In loyal homage to your King,
Each free and gracious offering.

5 O Jesus, throned above the height,
Adoring troops of angels bright
Wait on Thy bidding day and night:

6 Thy sacred form we cannot see,
Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee
Each lowly act of charity.

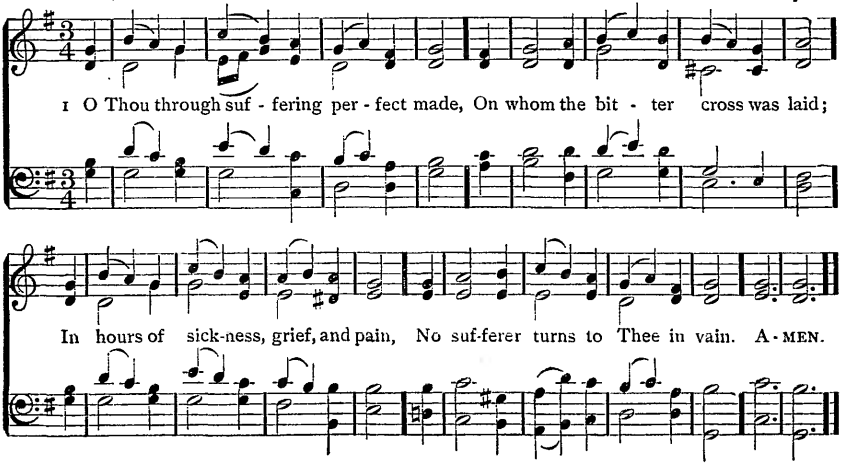
7 For while 'mid want and woe we move,
And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
We minister to Thee above.

8 O gracious Jesus, we confess
Our poor cold love, our nothingness:
Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

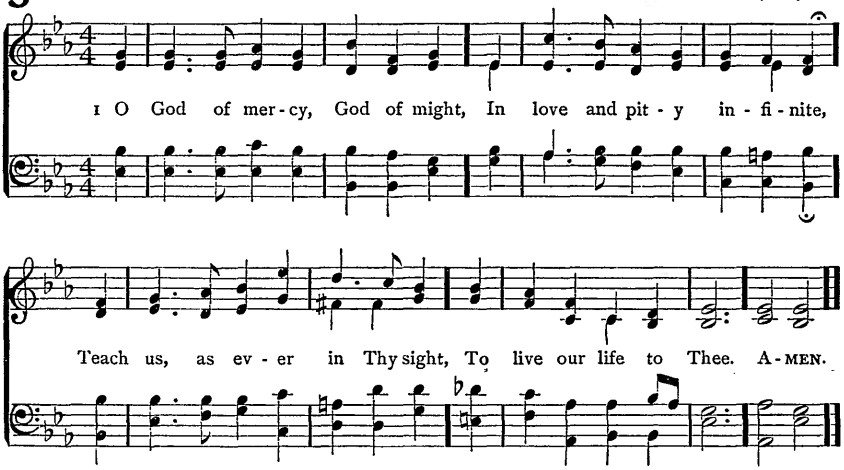
INTERCESSION OLD L. M.

Old Latin Melody



380 ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887



2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who live to Thee.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1877: verse 6, l. 4, alt.

381 (INTERCESSION OLD) L. M.

1 O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, O far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 O heal the bruisèd heart within;
O save our souls all sick with sin;
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1871

382 REDHEAD No. 45 7.7.7.7.

Old French Melody: arr. by R. Redhead, 1853

1 Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright;
Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. A - MEN.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854

ELTHAM 7.7.7.7. D.

Lowell Mason, 1840

FINE

1 { Has - ten, Lord, the glo-rious time When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway, }
{ Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. }
D. C. Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Mightiest kings Heathen tribes D.C.

Mightiest kings His power shall own, Heathen tribes His Name a - dore; A-MEN.

Mightiest kings Heathen tribes

383 THANKSGIVING 7.7.7.7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1862

1 Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar, Or the ful-ness of the sea When it breaks up - on the shore: Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God Om-nip-o- tent shall reign; Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A - MEN.

2 Alleluia! Hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks — 'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery, 1818

384 (ELTHAM) 7.7.7.7. D.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His Name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

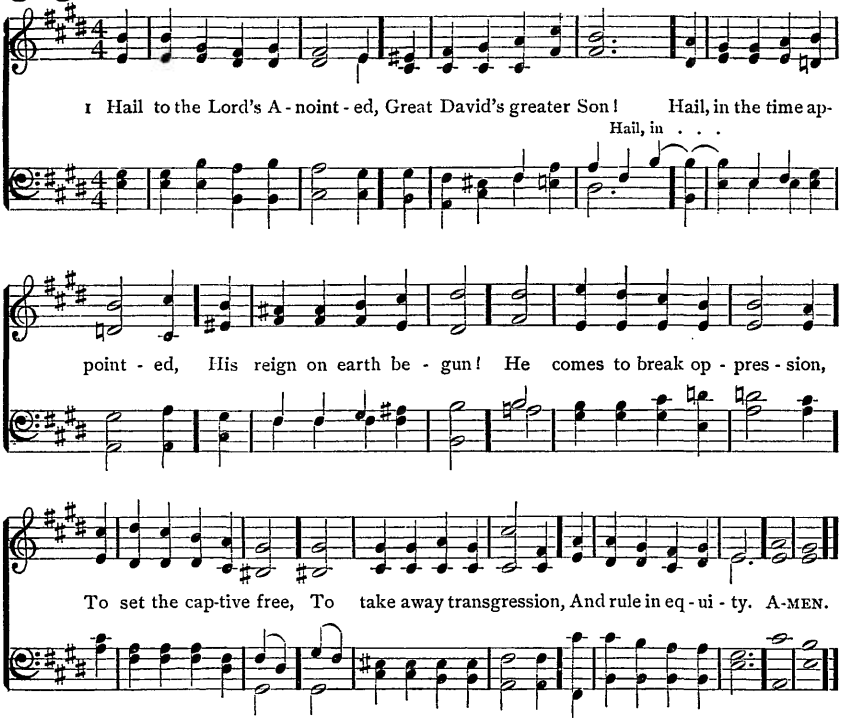
2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829

385 ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868



2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever, —
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821

386 WEBB 7.6.7.6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

1 The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A-MEN.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

387 (WEBB) 7.6.7.6. D.

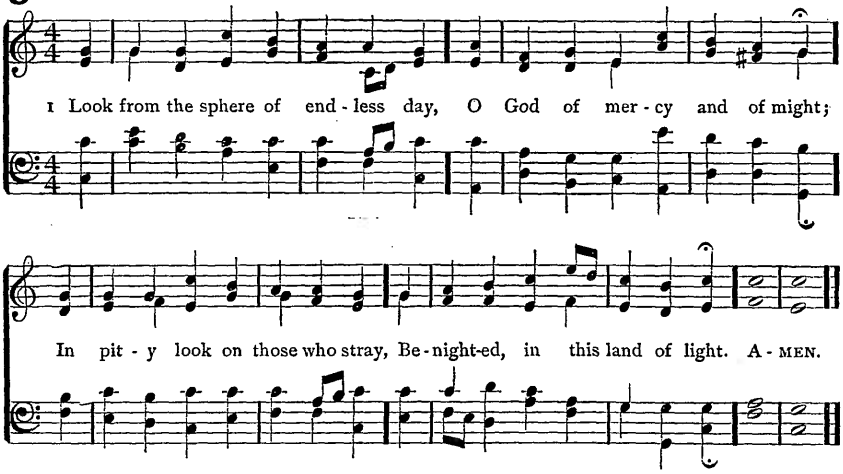
1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

388 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1845



2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

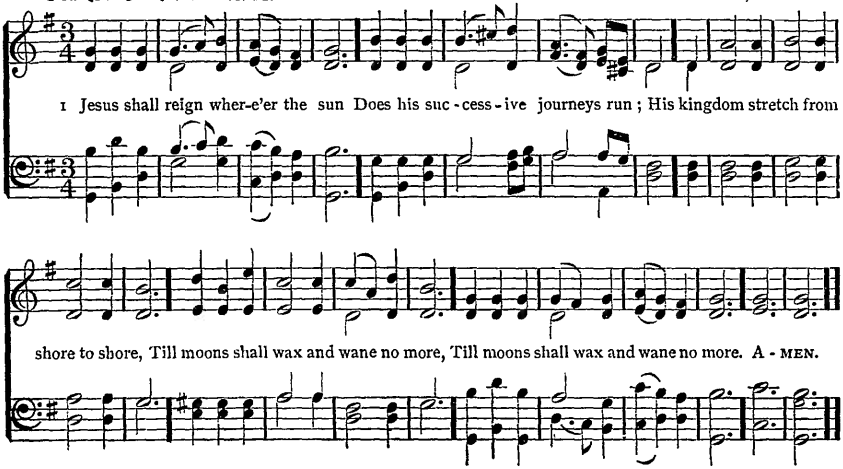
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant, 1859

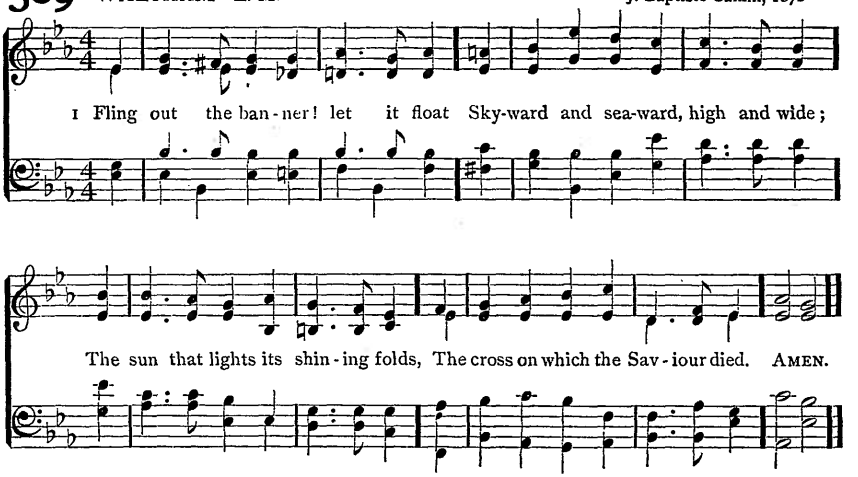
PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810



389 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848

390 (PARK STREET) L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

391 WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn-ing; Zi - on in triumph begins her mild reign. A - MEN.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1831

ST. ETHELWALD S. M.

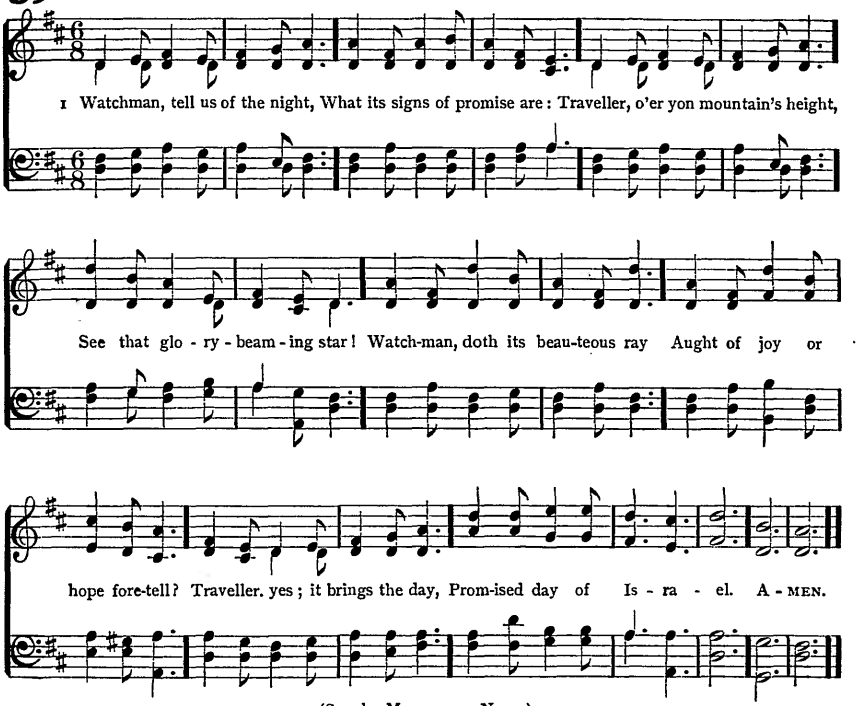
William H. Monk, 1861

1 O Lord our God, a - rise, The cause of truth main - tain, And wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex - tend her bless - ed reign. A-MEN.

(See also SILVER STREET, No. 312)

392 WATCHMAN 7.7.7.7. D.

Lowell Mason, 1830



(See also MAIDSTONE, No. 49)

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring, 1825: verse 1, l. 6, verse 2, l. 8, alt

393 (ST. ETHELWALD) S. M.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Anon. 1800: enlarged in Wardlaw's Selection, 1803

394 WILDERSMOUTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879

1 O'er the gloom - y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,
Sun of Right - eous-ness, a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo - rious day;
Send the gos - pel To the earth's re - mot - est bounds. A - - - MEN.

(See also ZION, No. 226)

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1772: verse 1, re-written; verse 2, l. 2, and verse 3, alt.

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832

1 Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go pro-claim Sal - va-tion through Em-man-uel's Name;
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there. A - MEN.

395 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Lewis Edson, 1782

1 Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,
To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. A-MEN.
bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed

(See also ST. JOHN, No. 90)

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750

396 (MISSIONARY CHANT) L. M.

1 YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's Name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Rev. Bourne H. Draper, 1803: verse 1, ll. 1, 3, verse 2, l. 1, alt.

397 SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Schubert by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 And is the time ap - proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?
Shall ev - ery i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?
And ev - ery prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A - MEN.

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2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

398 LIGHT OF THE WORLD 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895

With spirit

1 Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush-ing the east - ern skies;

Nev - er shall dark - ness veil . . Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;

Too long, a - las! with - hold - - en, Now spread from shore to shore;

Organ

Thy light, so glad and gold - - en, Shall set on earth no more. A - MEN.

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2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in Thy splendor
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to Thee again.

3 Light of the world, before Thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore Thee,
Thou Light, the Life of all;
With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made;
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's Divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from Love and Thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

399 FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1 Sav - iour, sprin - kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee:
Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A-MEN.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest:
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting;
Stretched the hand, and strained the [sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1851

400 MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1823

1 From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - MEN.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

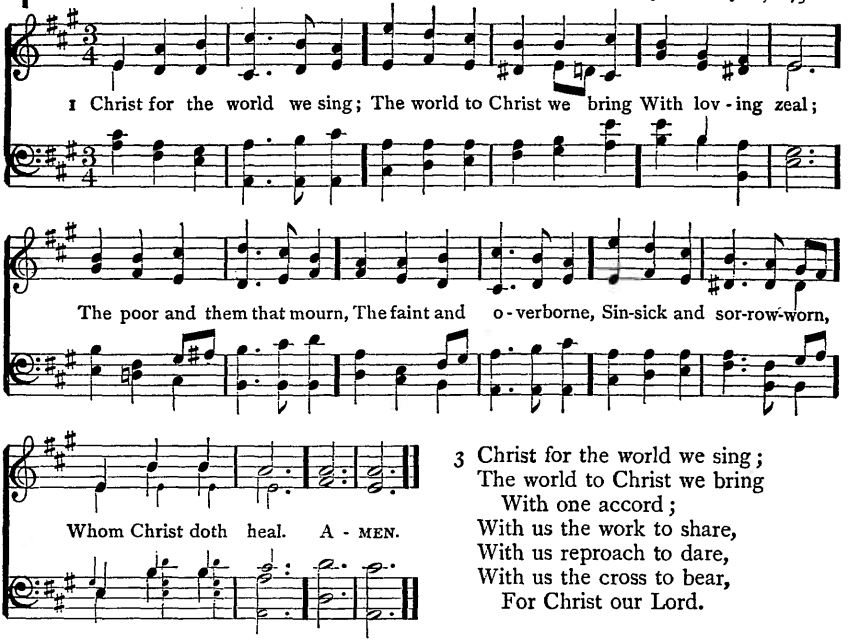
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819

401 FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



1 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal. AMEN.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, 1869

402 (STOBEL) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

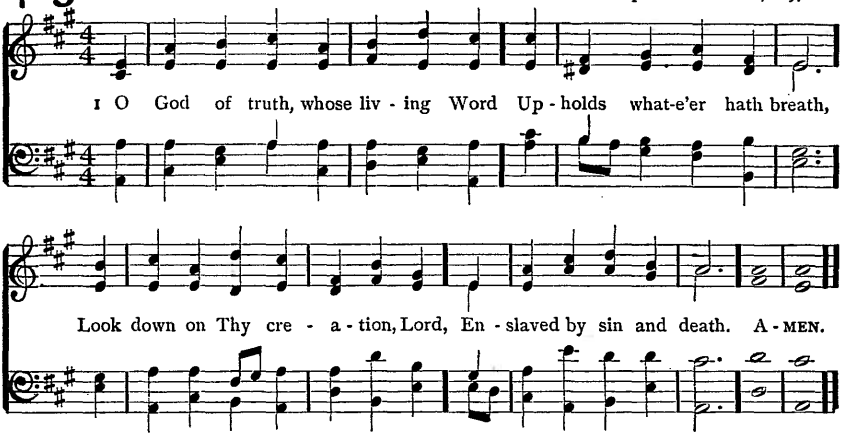
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

Rev. John Marriott, c. 1813: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

403 ST. JAMES C. M.

Raphael Courteville, 1697



2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

4 We fight for truth, we fight for God, —
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

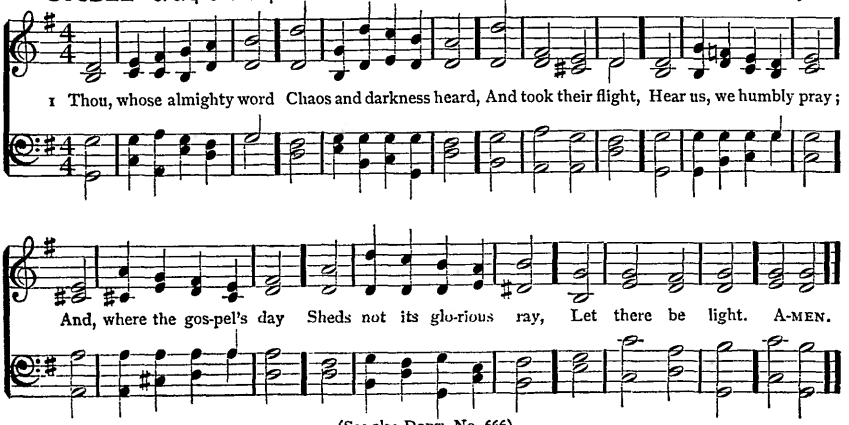
6 Still smite; still burn; till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

7 Yea, come: then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes, 1859

STOBEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

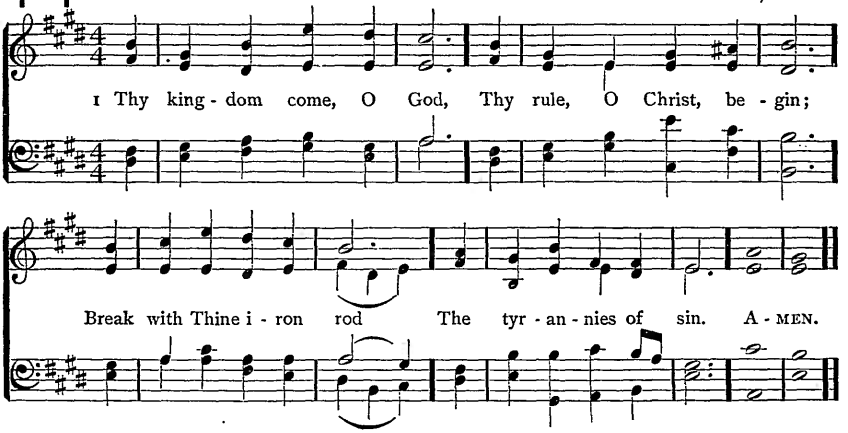
Old German Melody



(See also DORT, No. 666)

404 EDEN 6. 6. 6. 6.

Rev. Oswald M. Feilden, 1862



2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee Thy face before?

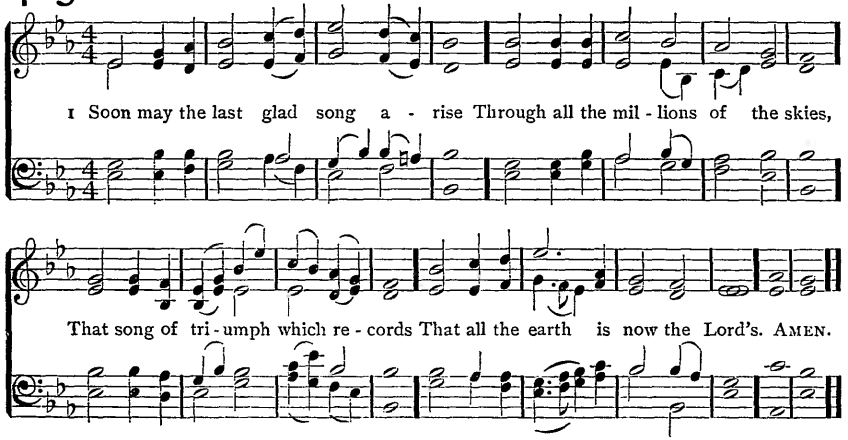
4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Rev. Lewis Hensley, 1867

405 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1793



2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land and stream and main
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Anon. Ascribed to Mrs. Vokes, 1816

406 PRESBYTER C. M. D.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

1 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,
And let the King of Glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:
That ban - ner, bright - er than the star That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far His serv-ants to the fight. A - MEN.

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2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post:

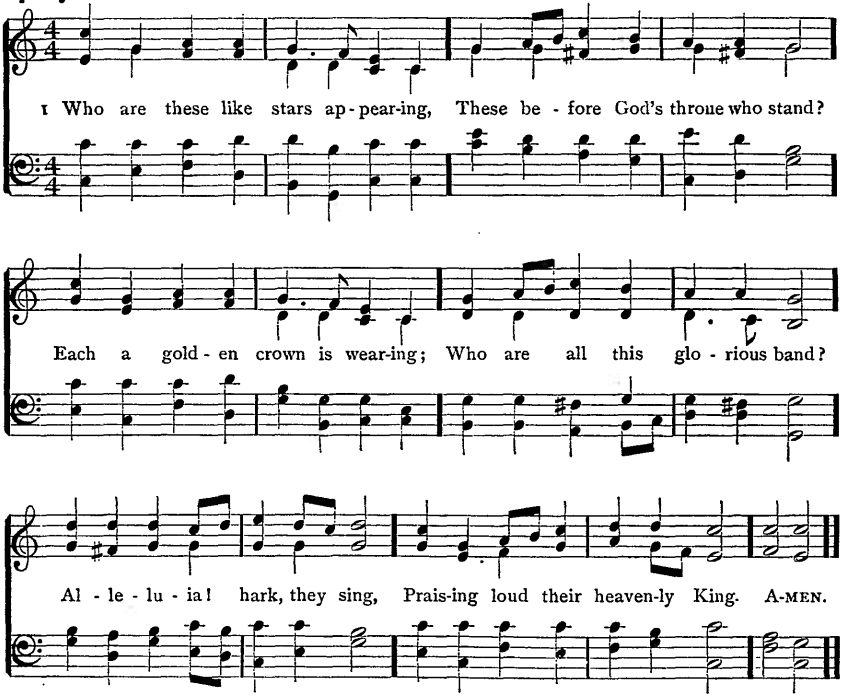
3 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.

4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery, 1843: verse 4, ll. 2, 3, alt.

407 ALL SAINTS OLD 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698:
arr. by J. G. C. Störl, 1711



2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

6 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
By the living fountains there;
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free He gives the cooling stream.

Rev. Heinrich T. Schenk, 1719. Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841, 1864

408 THE GOLDEN CHAIN 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1887

1 We come un-to our fathers' God: Their Rock is our sal-va-tion; The eternal arms, their dear a-bode, We make our hab-i-ta-tion; We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought, We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought In ev-ery gen-er-a-tion. A-MEN.

(See also LUTHER'S HYMN, No. 266)

2 The fire Divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us,
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued.
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing,
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

409 SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-sus, be for ev-er blest. *f* Al-le-lu-ia! *f* Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

Bishop William W. How, 1864

The Communion of Saints

410 OLIVANT 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

1 From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed:

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might conquerors be; . . .

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A - MEN.

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2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the Throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1864

411 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790

1 Chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-MEN.

(See also UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, No. 360)

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick, 1742

ROSEFIELD 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1834

1 { Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood;
{ They are ran-somed from the grave, Life e-ter-nal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty. A MEN.

412 CULFORD 7.7.7.7. D.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867

1 What are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng
Round the al - tar night and day, Hym-ning one tri - um-phant song? "Worthy is the
Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power, Wis-dom, rich - es, to ob - tain,
New do - min-ion ev - ery hour." A - MEN.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God
Sealed with His almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819

413 (ROSEFIELD) 7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 BLESSÈD are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

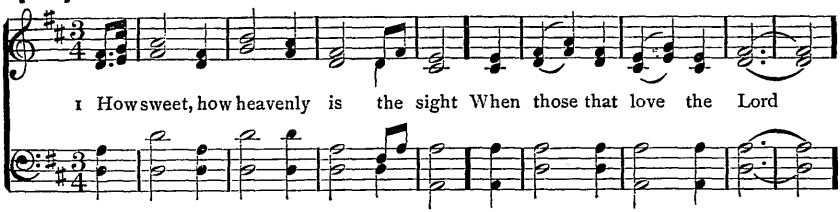
2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

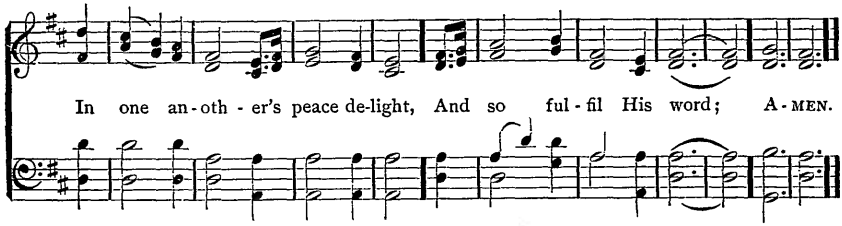
3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys, 1743: arr and verse 2, l. 2, alt.

414 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842





2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part,
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

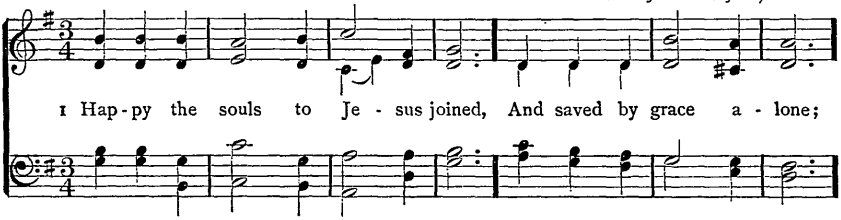
4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

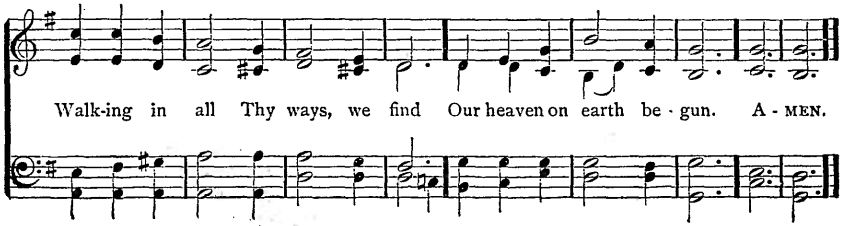
5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Rev. Joseph Swain, 1792

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866





415 ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872

1 Al-le-lu-ia, song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy, e-ter-nal lay;

Al-le-lu-ia is the an-them Of the choirs in heaven-ly day,

Which the an-gels sing, a-bid-ing In the house of God al-way. A-MEN.

(See also CORINTH, No. 517)

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother ever blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters,
Sit in bondage and distressed.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all our heart's deep longing
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

Anon. (Latin, 11th cent.) Tr. verses 1, 2, 4, Rev. John M. Neale, 1851; verse 4, l. 3, alt.; verse 3, Cooke and Denton's Hyl., 1853

416 (ST. AGNES) C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all Thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne,
We in the kingdom of Thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev Charles Wesley, 1745

417 SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871

1 Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!

Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars, in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - tory in their hands. A-MEN.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner
They have triumphed, following
Thee the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

The Communion of Saints

418 ST. ASAPH 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William S. Bambridge, 1872

1 Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom-ised land:
Clear be - fore us through the dark- ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step-ping fear - less through the night. A- MEN.

(See also LUX EOI, No. 238)

2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade:
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann, 1825
Tr. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867, 1875

419 ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865

1 Fa - ther of all, from land and sea The na - tions sing, "Thine,
Lord, are we; Count-less in num - ber, but in Thee May we be one." A - MEN.

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high with low, join young with old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

6 So, when the world shall pass away,
We shall awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1871

WESTMINSTER C. M.

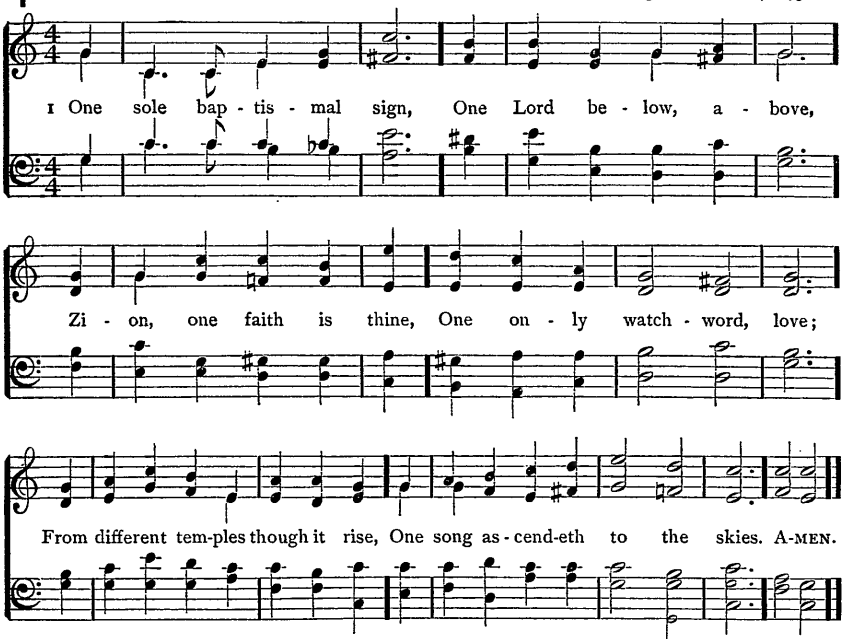
James Turle, 1843

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, And bright their glo-ries be. A - MEN.

(See also DEDHAM, No. 148)

420 UNITY 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

R. Huntington Woodman, 1895



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(See also CHRIST CHURCH, No 192)

2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson, 1842: verse 2, ll. 5, 6, alt.

421 (WESTMINSTER) C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

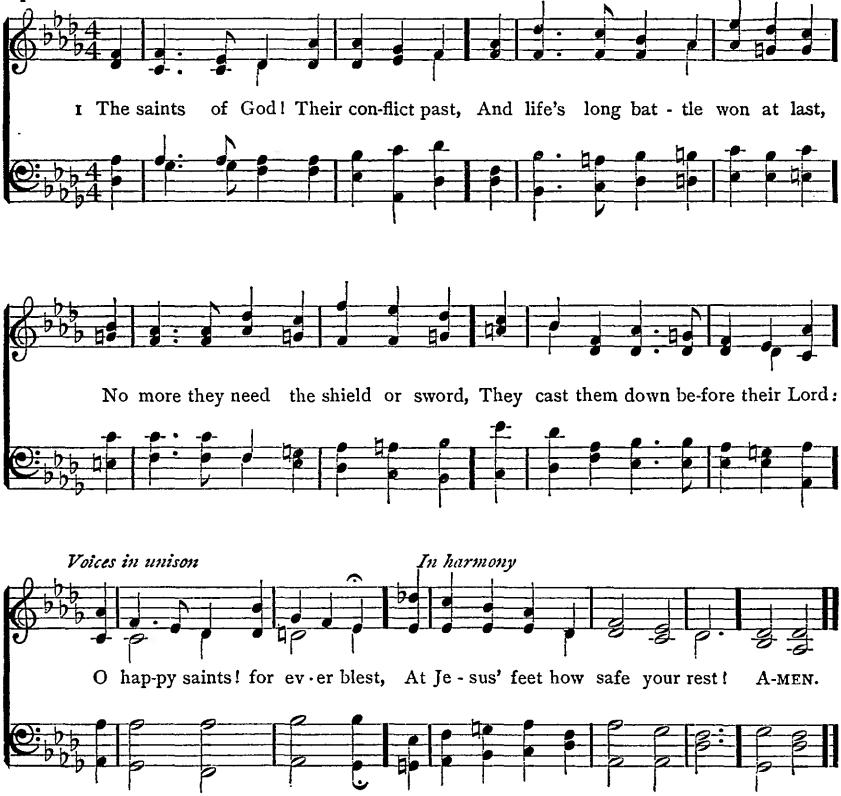
4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

422 REST (STAINER) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Sir John Stainer, 1875



2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

Archbishop William D. Maclagan, 1870

423 PRESBYTER C. M. D.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

1 Come, let us join our friends a - bove That have ob - tained the prize,
And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise;
Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing With those to glo - ry gone,
For all the serv-ants of our King In earth and heaven are one. A - MEN.

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(See also LAND OF REST, No. 455)

2 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

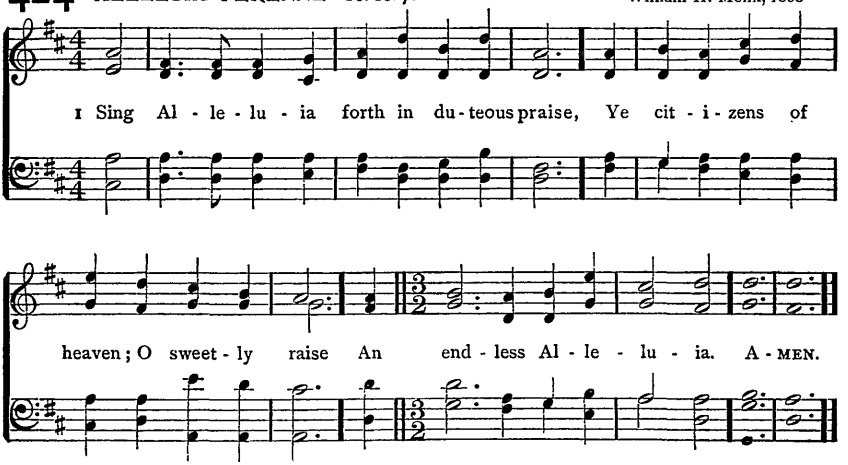
3 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land:
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound:
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759

424 ALLELUIA PERENNE 10. 10. 7.

William H. Monk, 1868



2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia;

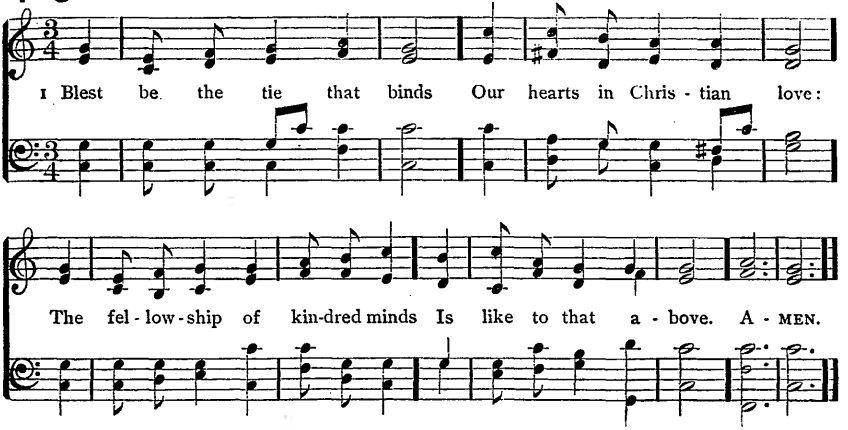
8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Anon. (Latin, c. 5th cent.) Tr. Rev. John Ellerton, 1865 (Text of 1868)

425 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

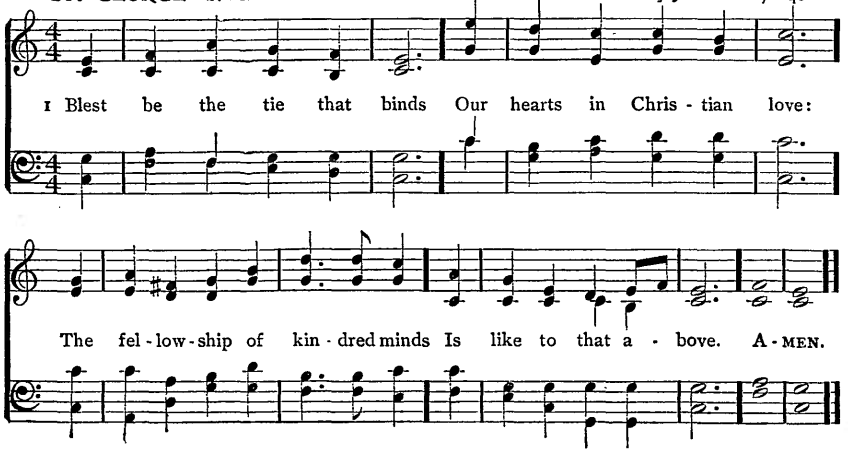
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

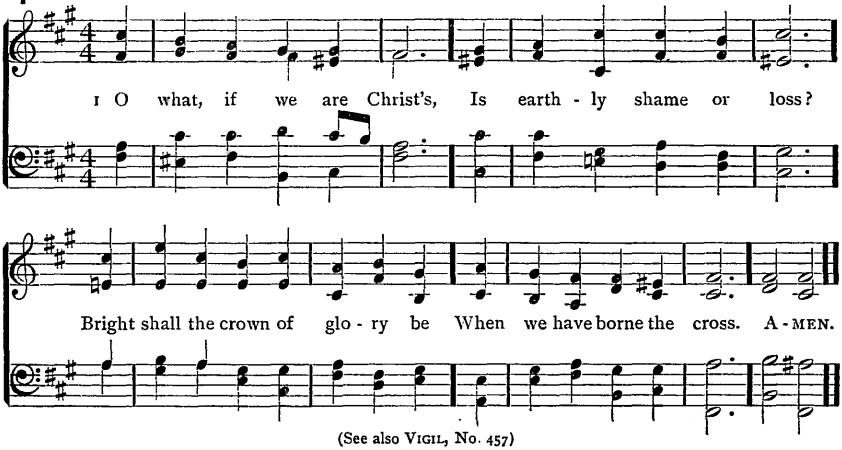
ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



426 ABERYSTWYTH S. M.

Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., 1861



(See also VIGIL, No. 457)

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

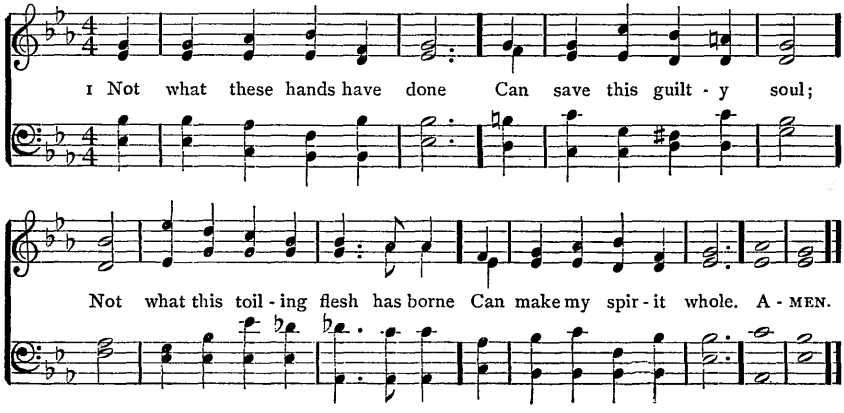
5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1852

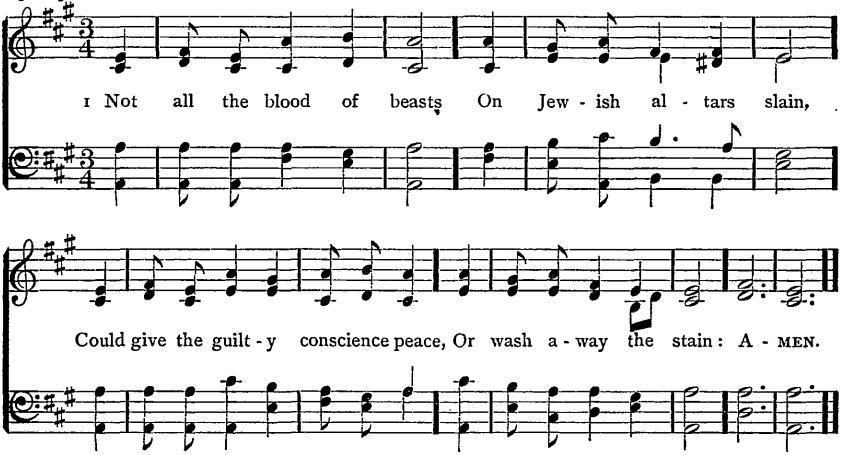
ST. ANDREW S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866



The Grace of God in Christ

427 **OLMUTZ** S. M. Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

428 **(ST. ANDREW)** S. M.

1 NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

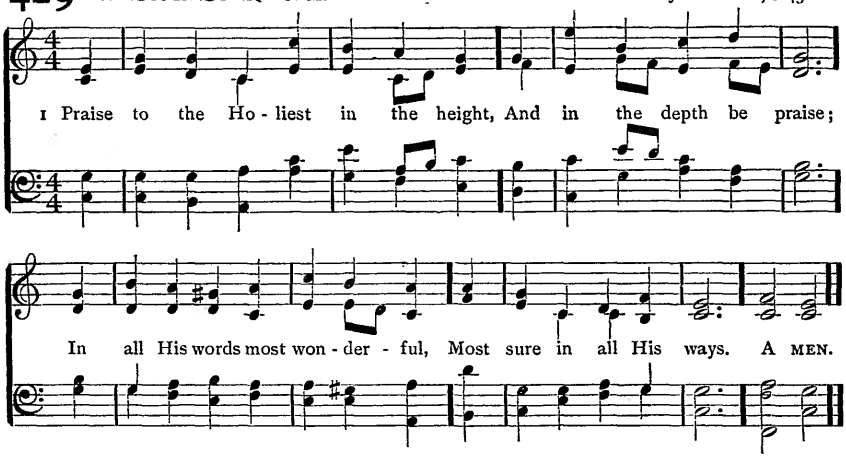
5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1861

429 WESTMINSTER C. M.

James Turle, 1843



2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all-Divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

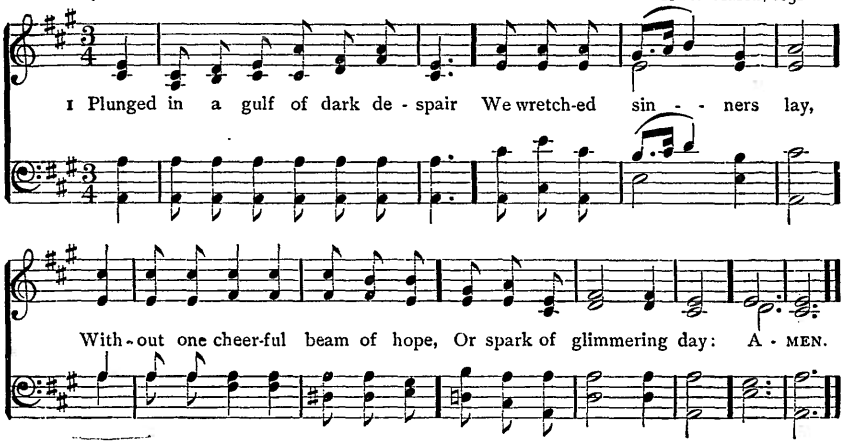
6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1865

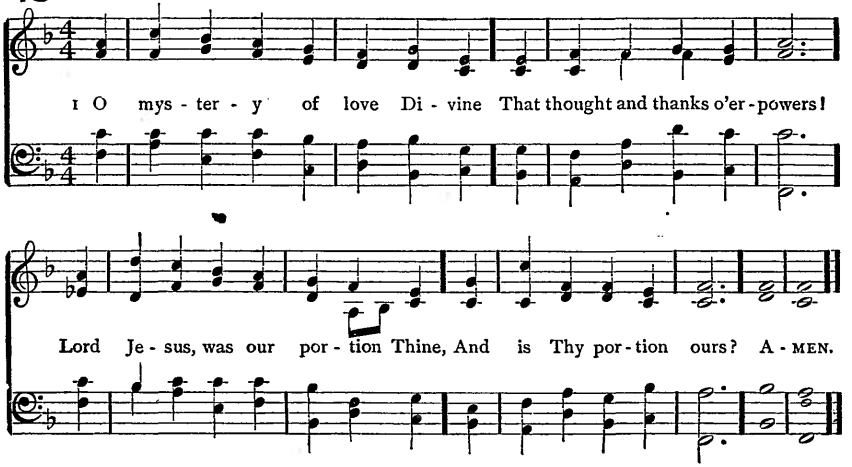
HERMON C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



430 ALBANO C. M.

Vincent Novello, 1868



2 Emmanuel, didst Thou take our place
To set us in Thine own?
Didst Thou our low estate embrace
To lift us to Thy throne?

3 Didst Thou fulfil each righteous deed,
God's perfect will express,
That we the unfaithful ones might plead
Thy perfect faithfulness?

4 On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom
In that drear garden rise?
Are ours the brightness and the bloom
Of Thine own Paradise?

5 For Thee the Father's hidden face?
For Thee the bitter cry?
For us the Father's endless grace,
The song of victory?

6 Our load of sin and misery
Didst Thou the Sinless bear?
Thy spotless robe of purity
Do we the sinners wear?

7 Lord Jesus, is it even so?
Have we been lovèd thus?
What love can we on Thee bestow
Who hast exchanged with us?

8 Thou, who our very place didst take,
Dwell in our very heart:
Thou, who Thy portion ours dost make,
Thyself, Thyself, impart.

Thomas H. Gill, 1864

431 (HERMON) C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day:

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — O amazing love! —
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

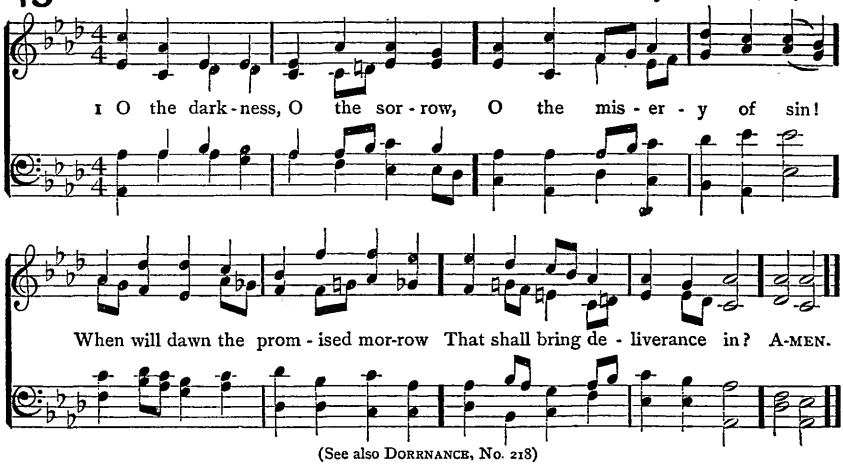
4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

432 CROSS OF JESUS 8.7.8.7.

Sir John Stainer, 1887



(See also DORNANCE, No. 218)

2 One there was ordained to languish,
Guiltless, in Gethsemane;
One there was who died in anguish,
Innocent, on Calvary.

3 Jesus was the Burden-bearer,
God's own Son the Sacrifice;
Of the griefs of man the Sharer,
Of his soul the Ransom-price.

4 'Tis the Christ, the Ever-living,
Ever-loving, Ever-blest,
By the Comforter still giving
Pardon, holiness, and rest.

5 Can the love so freely given,
Can the blood so freely shed,
Fail to draw the earth to heaven,
Fail to bring alive its dead?

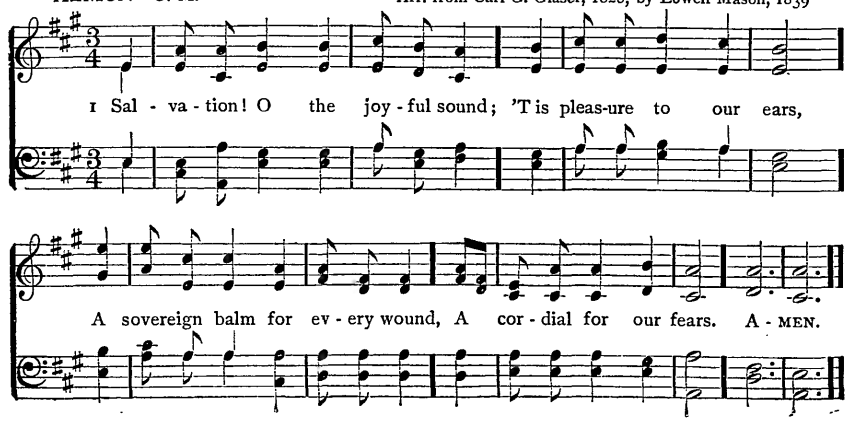
6 Rise, O children of the Father,
Stand, ye brothers of the Son,
In unyielding ranks together
Till the crown of Christ be won;

7 Till the lands of sin and sorrow,
Darker than the ancient night,
Shall behold the promised morrow
Beam on them with saving light.

Thomas MacKellar, 1886

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from Carl G. Gläser, 1828, by Lowell Mason, 1839



433 DEVOTION 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Thy life was given for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead:
rit.
Thy life was given for me; What have I given for Thee? A - MEN.

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2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love:
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1858: recast, Church Hymns, 1871

434 (AZMON) C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace Divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

435 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844

1 There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins;

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A-MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

William Cowper, 1772

COWPER C. M.

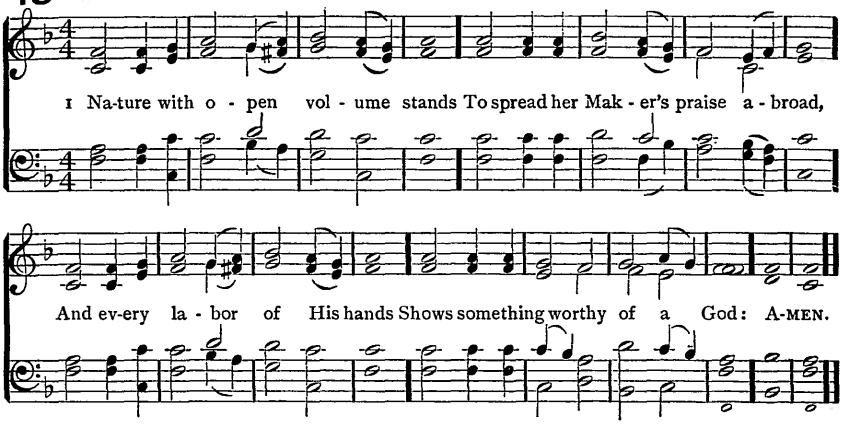
Lowell Mason, 1830

1 There is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A-MEN.

436 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

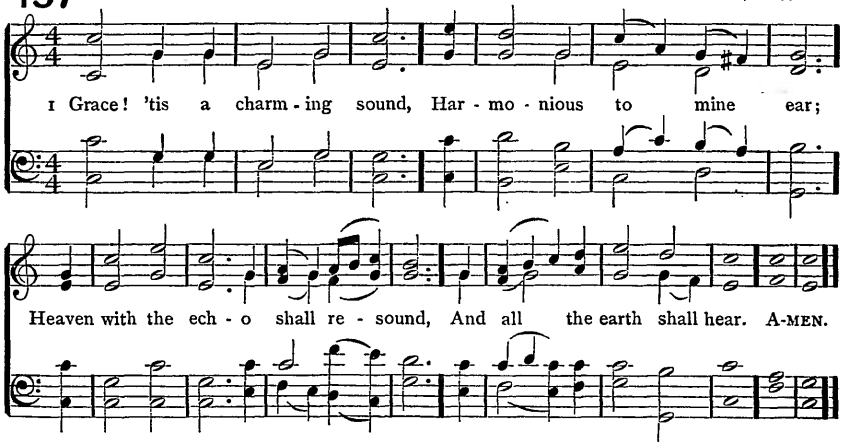
3 O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From His dear wounds and bleeding

4 I would for ever speak His Name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 3, l. 2, alt.

437 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, c. 1770



2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

438 CHAMOUNI 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

George Lomas, 1876

1 Was there ev - er kind-est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet
As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
It is God; His love looks might-y, But is might-ier than it seems:
'Tis our Fa - ther; and His fond-ness Goes far out be-yond our dreams. A - MEN.

(See also CRUCIFER, No. 356)

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood:

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind:
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

4 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854

439 BEEBE 11. 10. 11. 10.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

1 Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-rows that heaven can-not heal. A-MEN.

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2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast prepared; come, everknowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Verses 1, 2, Thomas Moore, 1816, alt.; verse 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

ALMA 11. 10. 11. 10.

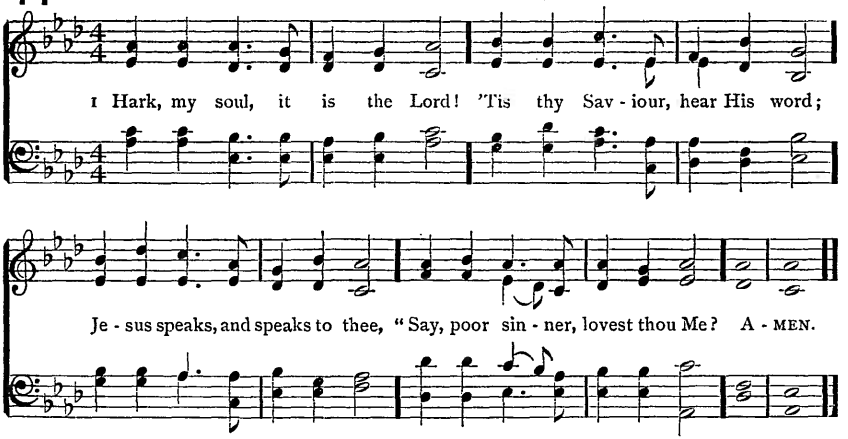
Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

1 Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel:

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal. A-MEN.

440 ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

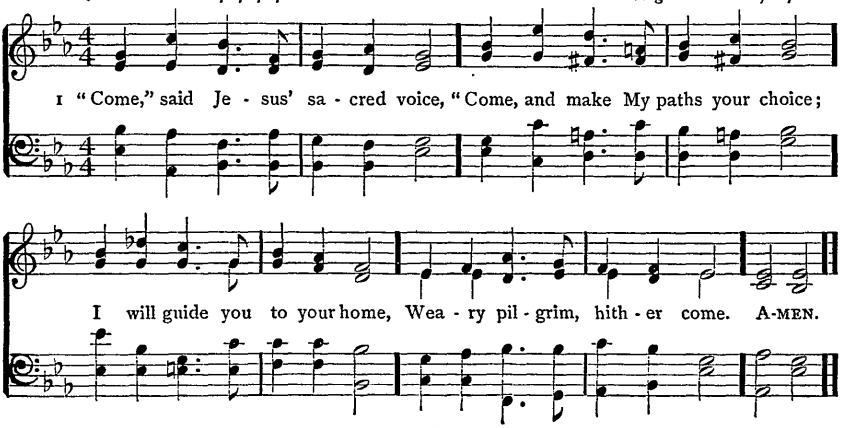
5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

FORGIVENESS 7.7.7.7.

George M. Garrett, 1872



441 INVITATION 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee; In true re-
pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee He wait - eth to be - stow
Sal - va - tion, peace, and love, True joy on earth be - low,
A home in heaven a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are;
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call,
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.

John M. Wigner, 1871

442 (FORGIVENESS) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 "COME," said Jesus' sacred voice,
"Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

Anna L. Barbauld, 1792; verse 4, l. 1, alt.

443 RETURN L. M.

William H. Squires, 1895

1 Return, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa-ther's face;

Those warm de - sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re - claim-ing grace. A - MEN.

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2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812

ZEPHYR L. M.

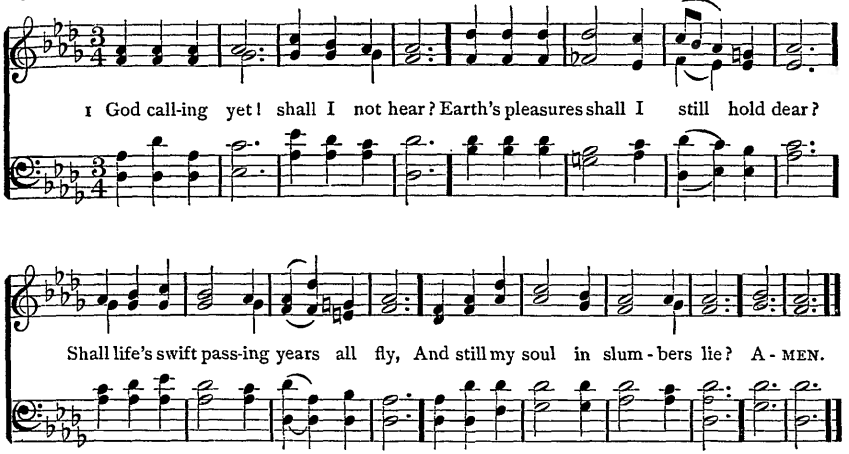
William B. Bradbury, 1844

1 Be - hold! a Stran - ger's at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - MEN.

444 CLOLATA L. M.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893



(See also ROCKINGHAM OLD, No. 321)

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735 Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855: recast, Sabbath Hy. Bk., 1858

445 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev Joseph Grigg, 1765: verse 4, l. 3, alt.

446 COME UNTO ME 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

Org.

1 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

p

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus Which comes to hearts op - pressed!

mf

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

f

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. A-MEN.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

William C. Dix, 1867

447 BLAIRGOWRIE 7.6.7.6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1872

1 To-day Thy mer-cy calls me To wash a-way my sin;
How-ev-er great my tres-pass, What-e'er I may have been,
How-ev-er long from mer-cy I may have turned a-way,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to-day. A-MEN.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What shall I do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Oswald Allen, 1861

448 EVANGELIST 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry,
Of Je - sus and His love: Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
For I am weak and wea-ry, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto-ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love,
Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

After each verse

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2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin:
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

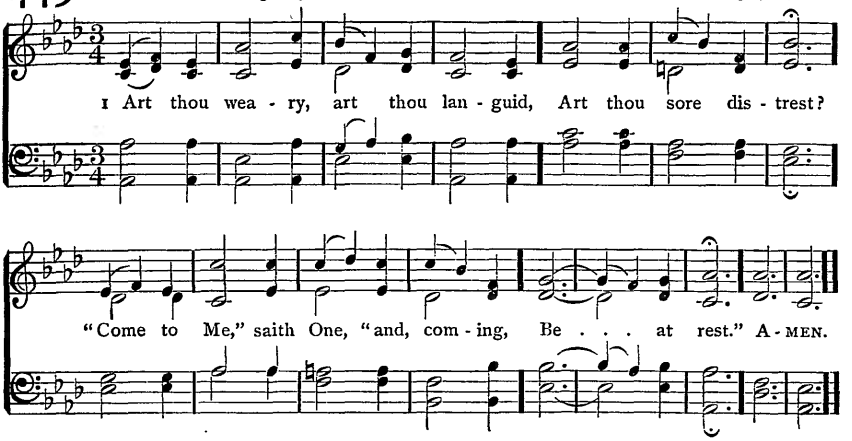
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save:
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear:
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Katherine Hankey, 1866: refrain added

449 BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

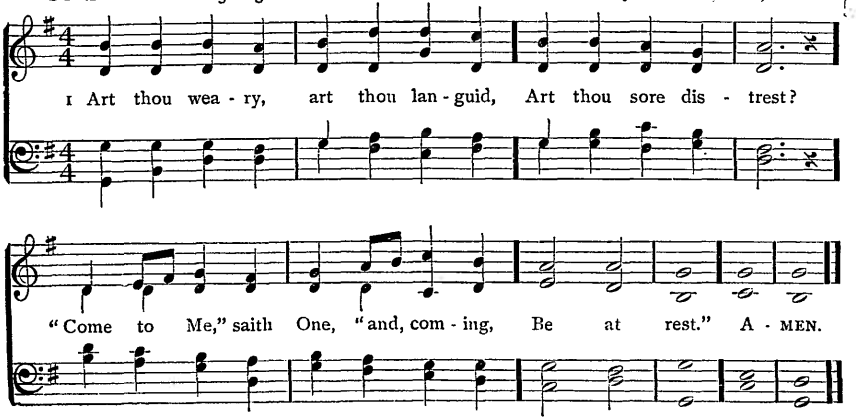
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862: verse 7, l. 3, alt.

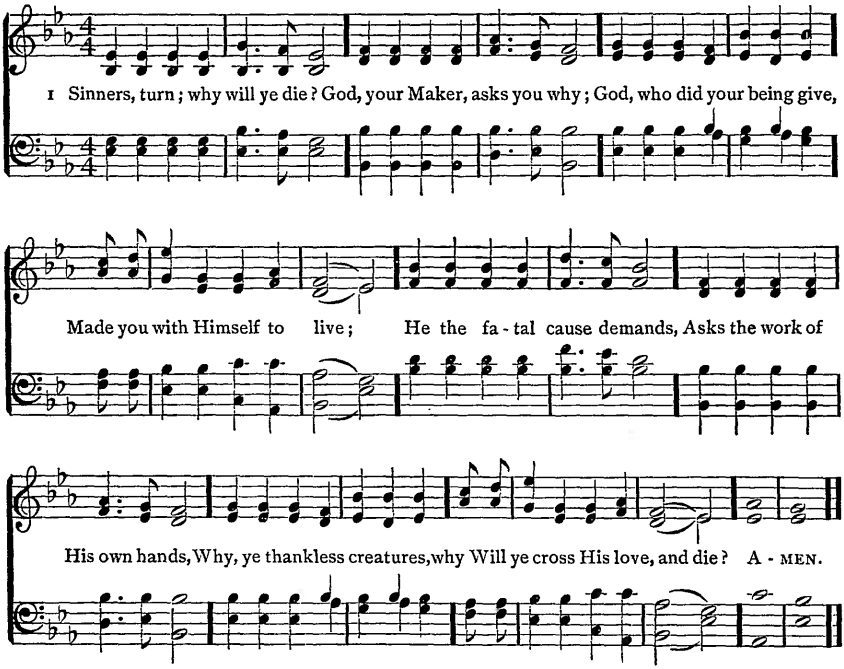
STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868



450 BENEVENTO 7.7.7.7. D.

Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792



2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1741

451 (QUEBEC) L. M.

1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

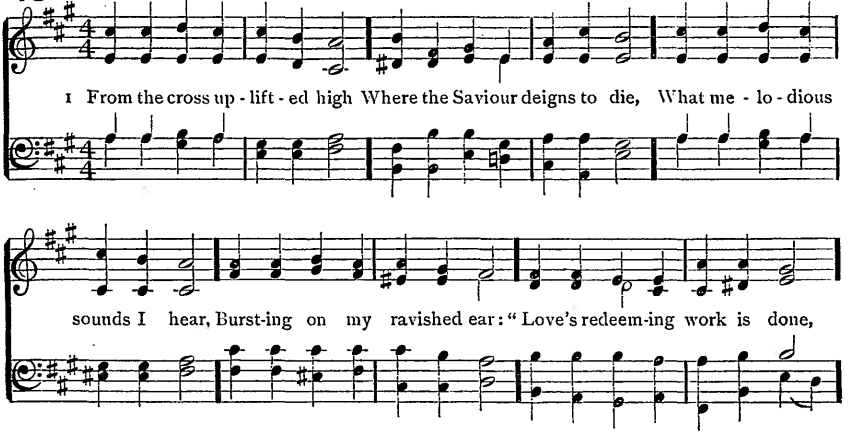
4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

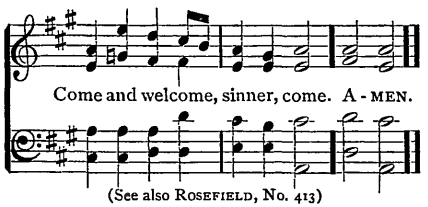
5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles W Everest, 1833

452 ROCK OF AGES 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Sir George J. Elvey (1816–1893)





(See also ROSEFIELD, No. 413)

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

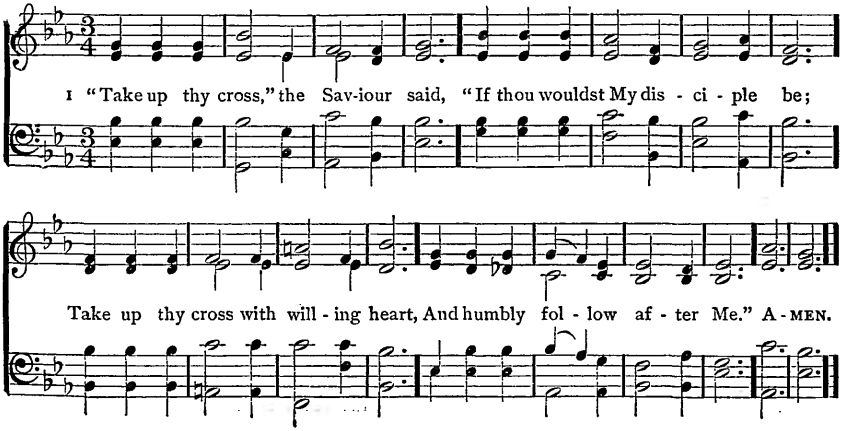
3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to My eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792

QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



453 ST. EDITH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799, and
Rev. Edward Husband, 1871

1 O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: Shame on us, Chris - tian broth-ers,
His Name and sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame up - on us,
To keep Him standing there! A - MEN.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

454 (TO-DAY) 6. 4. 6. 4.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

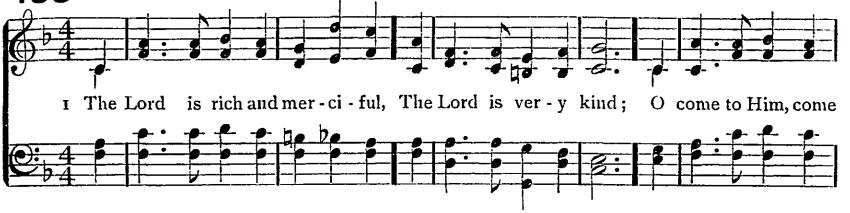
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

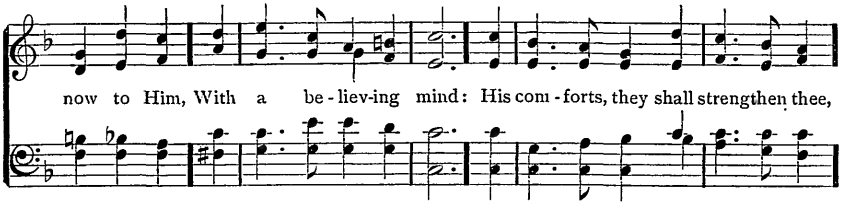
Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1831: alt. Thomas Hastings

455 LAND OF REST C. M. D.

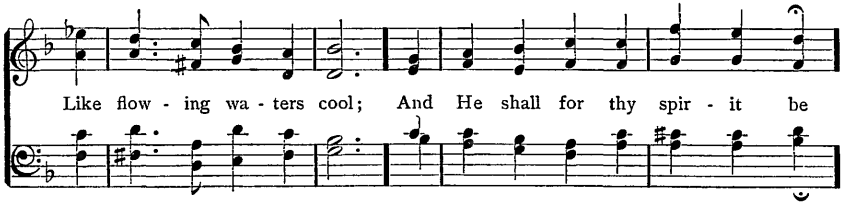
Richard S. Newman, 1879



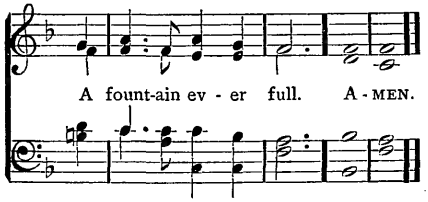
1 The Lord is rich and mer - ci - ful, The Lord is ver - y kind; O come to Him, come



now to Him, With a be - liev-ing mind: His com - forts, they shall strengthen thee,



Like flow - ing wa - ters cool; And He shall for thy spir - it be



A fount-ain ev - er full. A - MEN.

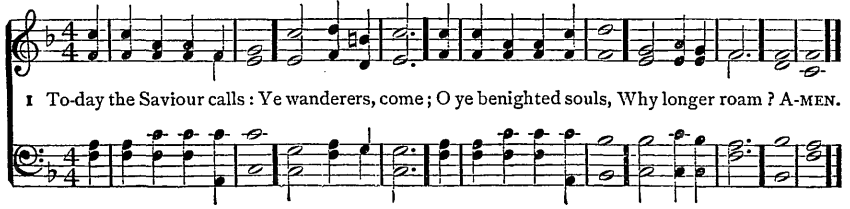
2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security:
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well;
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1868

TO-DAY 6. 4. 6. 4.

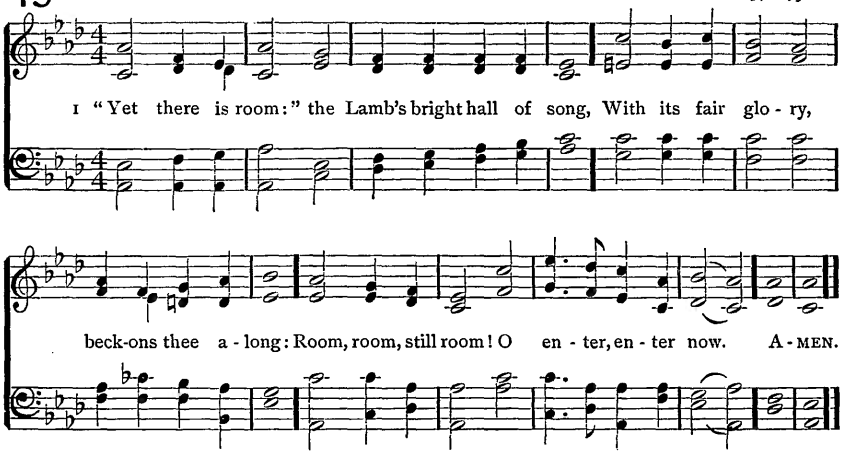
Lowell Mason, 1831



1 To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam? A-MEN.

456 CANTUS 10. 10. 10.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895



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2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

5 Yet there is room: still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

6 O enter in; that banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting joy is free:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

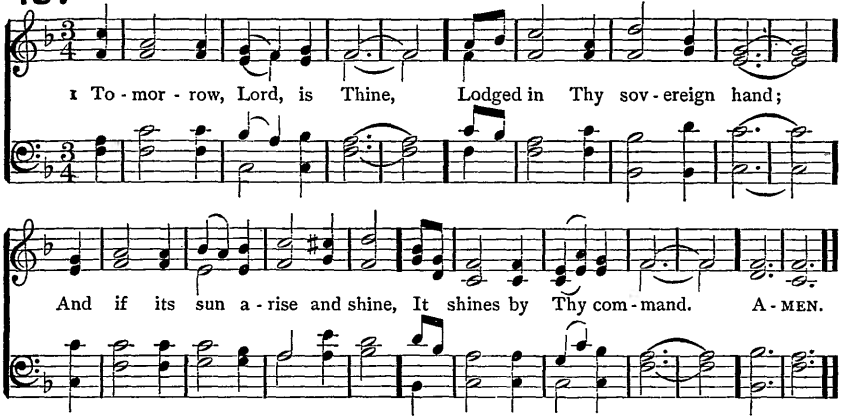
8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
No room, no room! O woeful cry, "No room!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1879

457 VIGIL S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865



2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

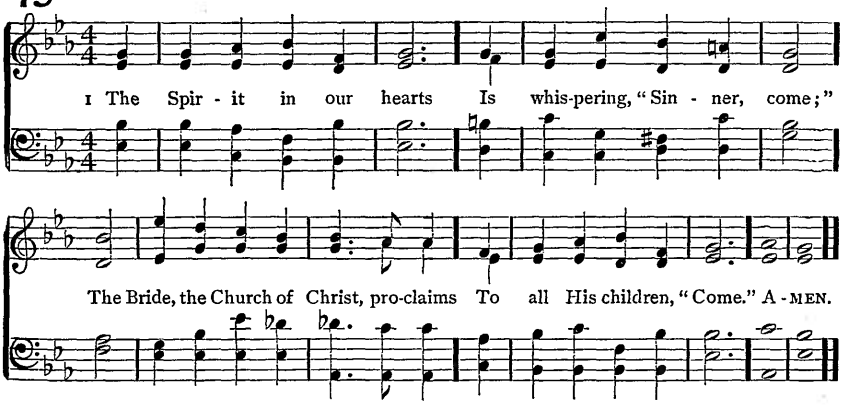
4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

458 ST. ANDREW S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866



2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ the Fountain come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come."
Lord, even so; I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Bishop Henry U. Onderdonk, 1826

459 WOODMAN 7.7.7.7.

R. Huntington Woodman, 1895

1 Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;
Wea - ry, wait - ing for my rest: God be mer - ci - ful to me. A - MEN.

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2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
God be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
God be merciful to me.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1857

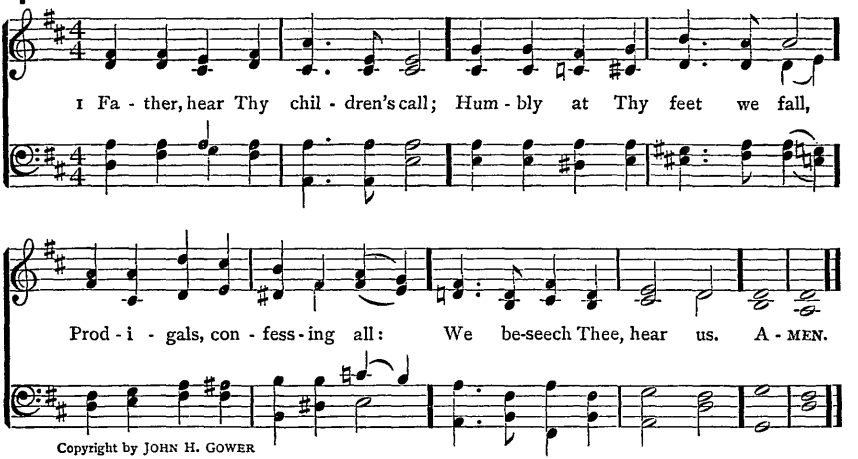
SEYMOUR 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826

1 Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? A - MEN.

460 GOWER'S LITANY 7.7.7.6.

John H. Gower, 1891



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2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou who hearest each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1875

461 (SEYMOUR) 7.7.7.7.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

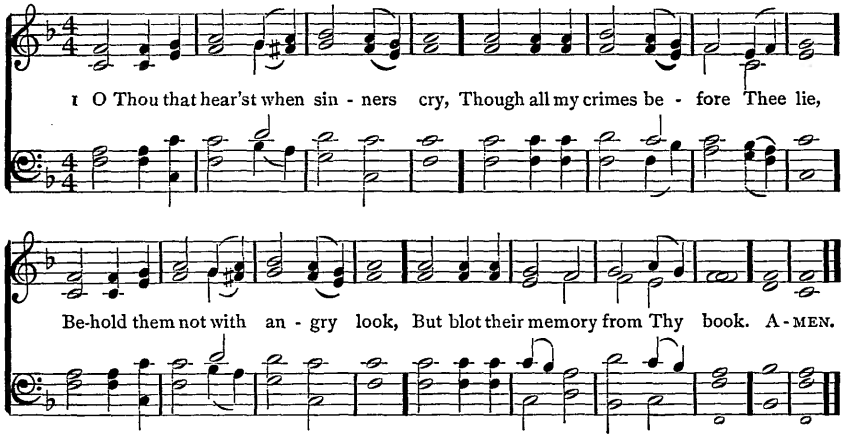
3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love: I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

462 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

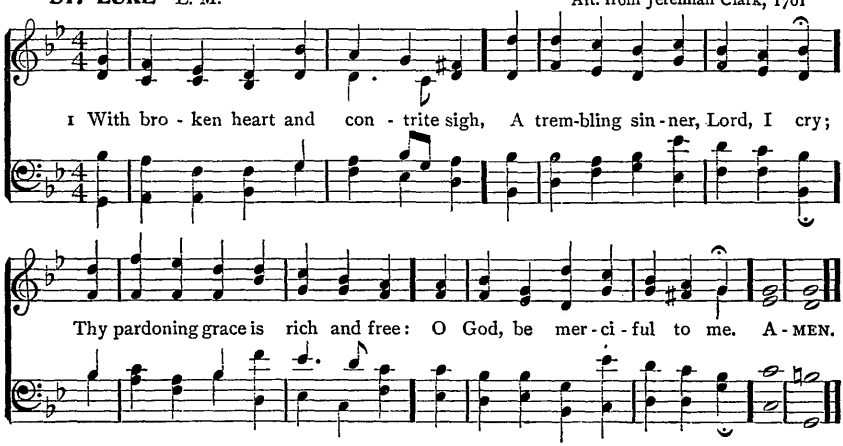
6 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

7 O may Thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

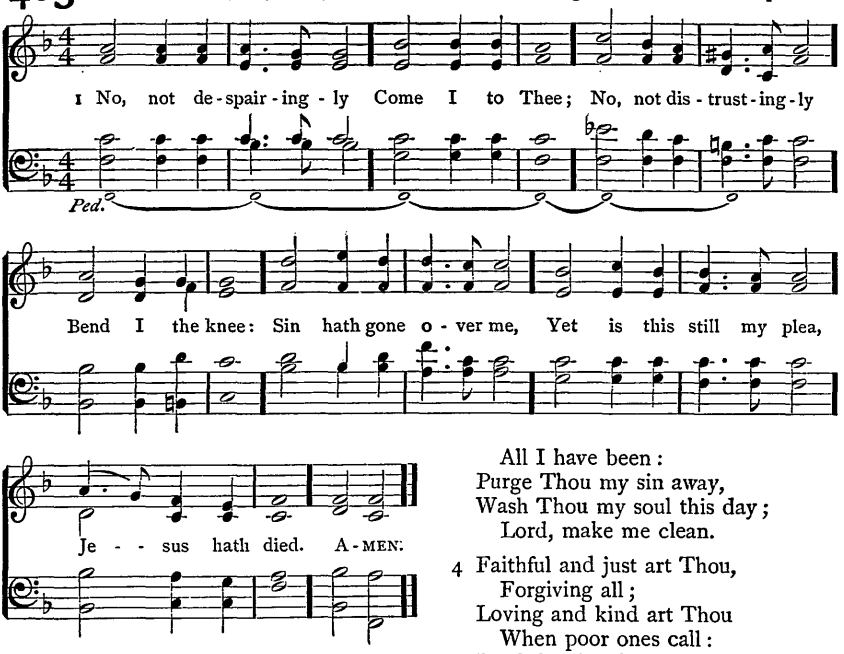
ST. LUKE L. M.

Alt. from Jeremiah Clark, 1701



463 KEDRON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

English: ascribed to A. B. Spratt



2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson has been,
Infinite, infinite
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been:
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

464 (ST. LUKE) L. M.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
"God has been merciful to me."

Rev. Cornelius Elven, 1852

465 PASTOR BONUS S. M. D.

Alfred J. Caldicott (1842–)

1 I was a wan-dering sheep, I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.
I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A - MEN.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

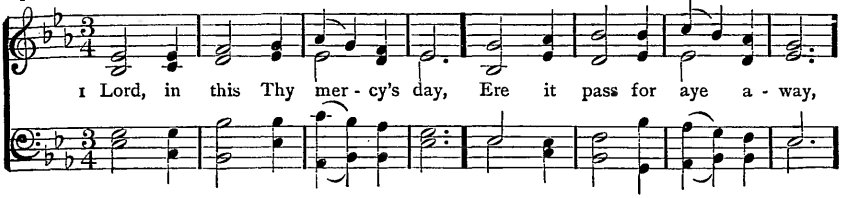
3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

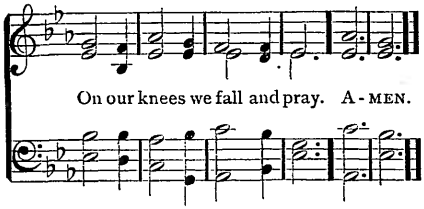
4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

466 ST. PHILIP 7.7.7.

William H. Monk, 1861





(See also MELFORD, No. 330)

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

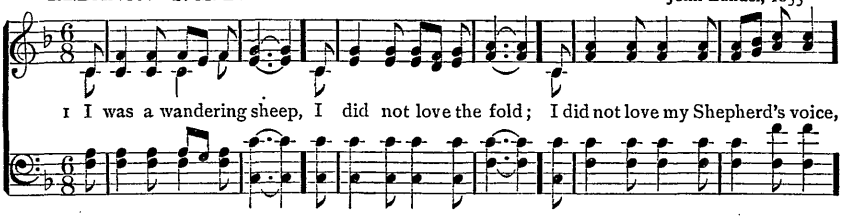
5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

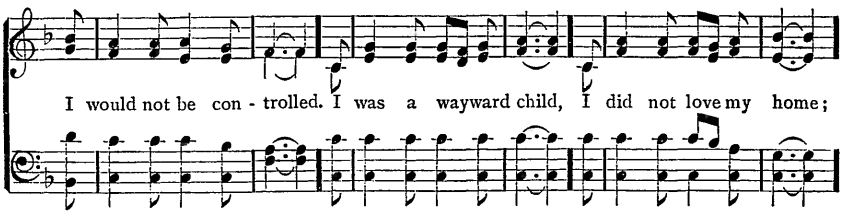
6 'Neath Thy wings let us have place
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

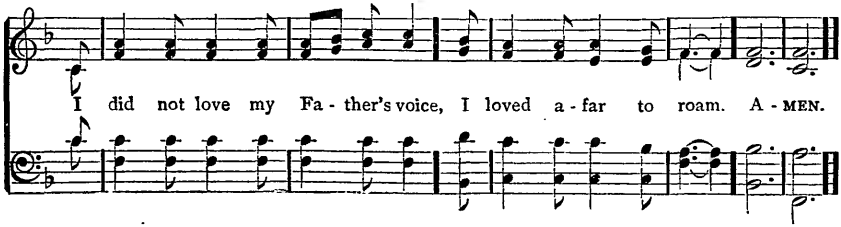
Rev. Isaac Williams, 1844: verse 3, ll. 1, 2, alt.

LEBANON S. M. D.

John Zundel, 1855

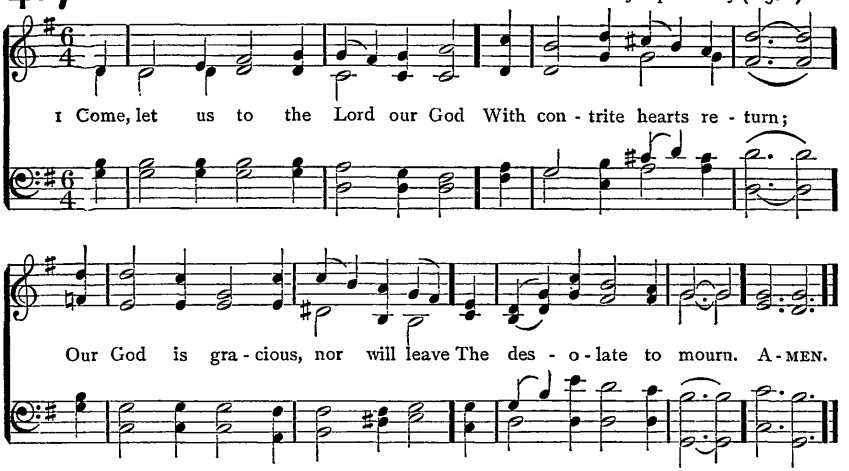






467 SOHO C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-)



2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

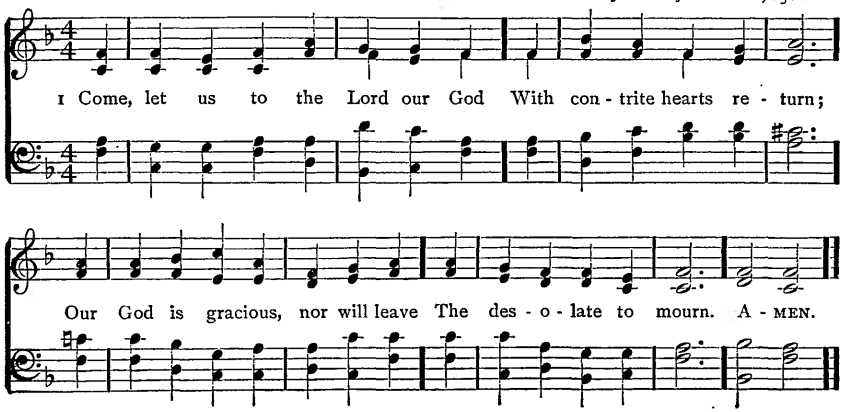
5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

Rev. John Morison, 1781

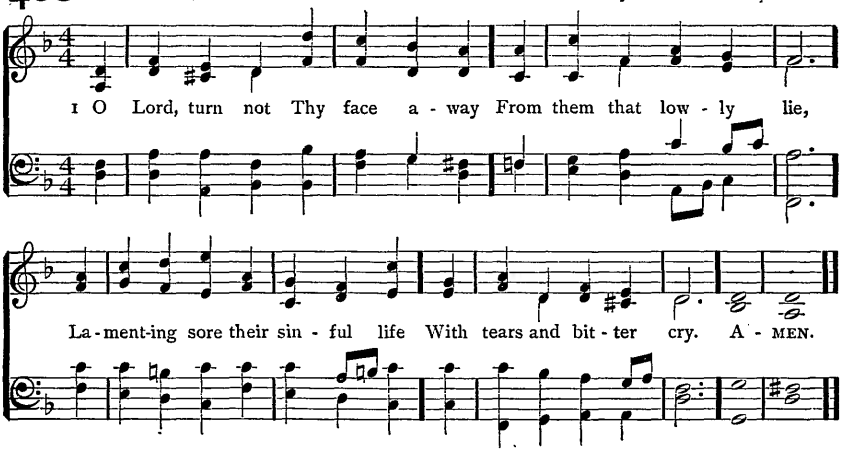
ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Abr. from John Daye's Psalter, 1562



468 ST. MARY C. M.

Alt. from Prys's Welsh Psalter, 1621



2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

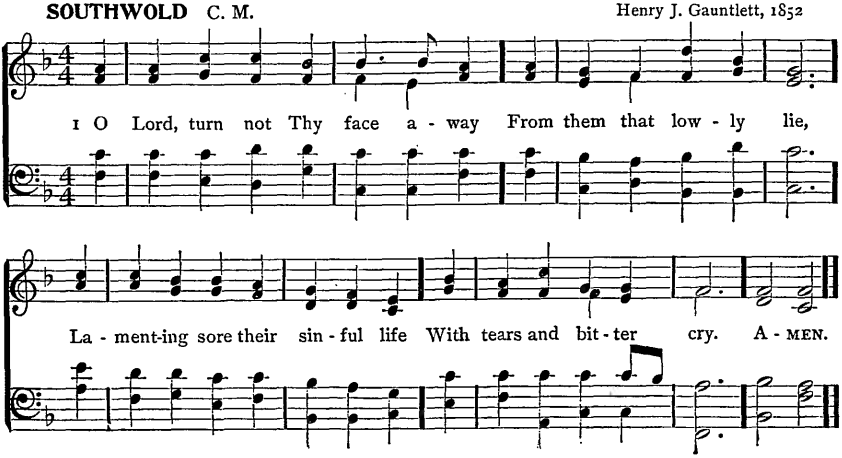
5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come.

Rev. John Marckant, 1561: recast by Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

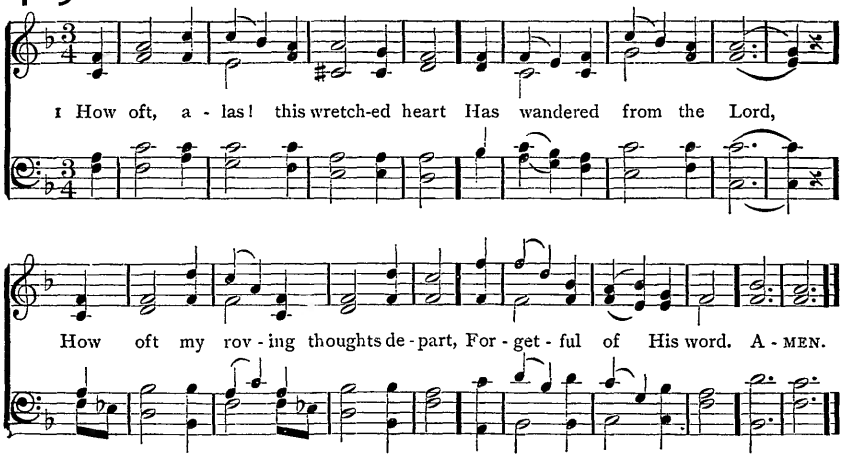
SOUTHWOLD C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



469 SALZBURGH C. M.

Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737–1806)



2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

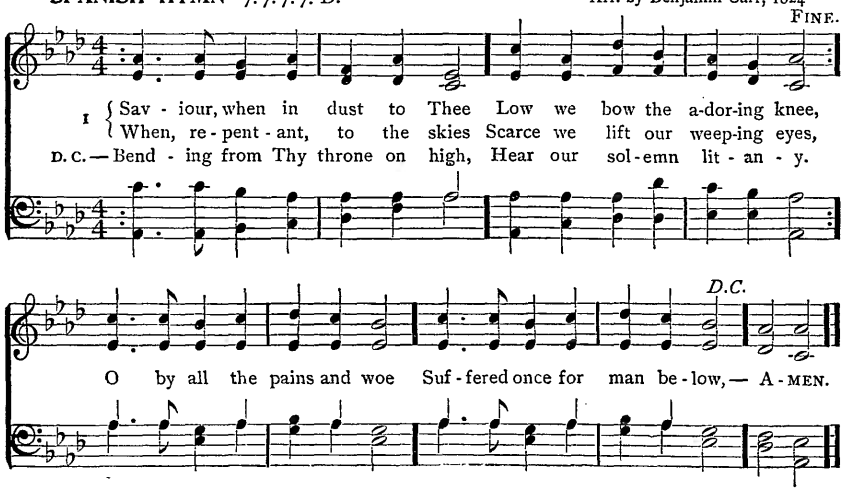
4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how Divine!
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760

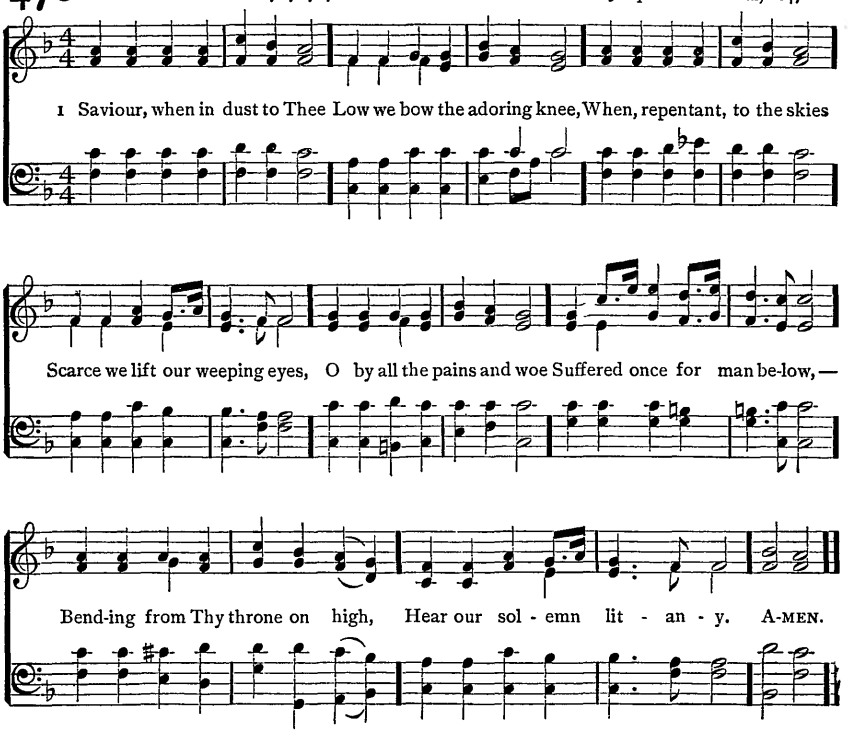
SPANISH HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1824



470 BLUMENTHAL 7.7.7.7. D.

Arr. from Jacques Blumenthal, 1847



2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power, —
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold, —
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God, —
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815

471 LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1862

1 Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - MEN.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

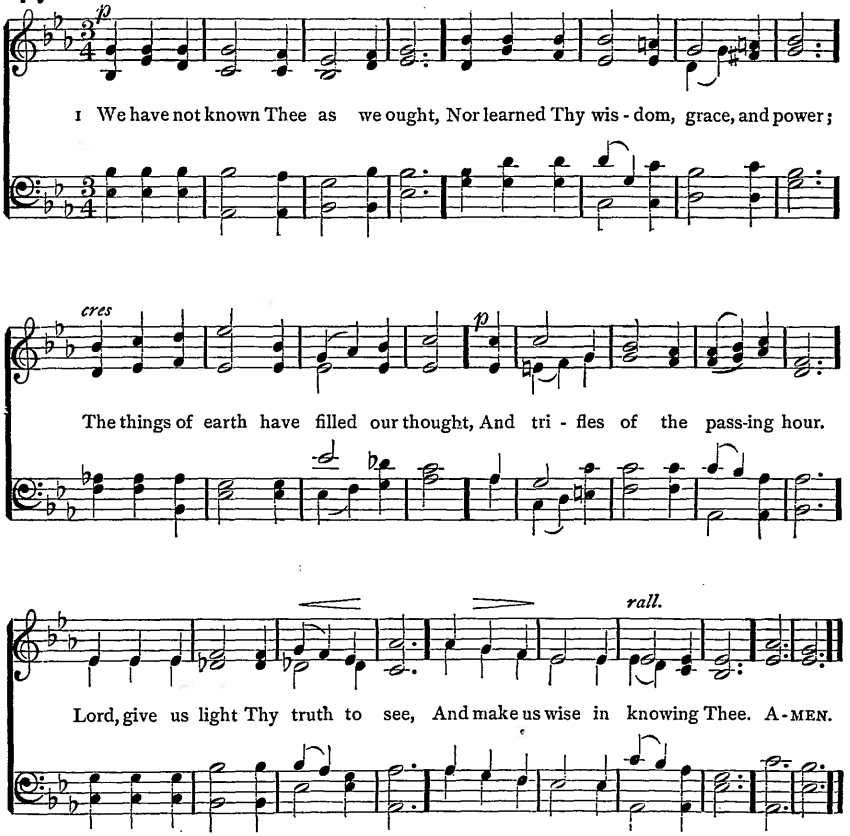
5 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

472 JESU, DOMINE 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872



2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

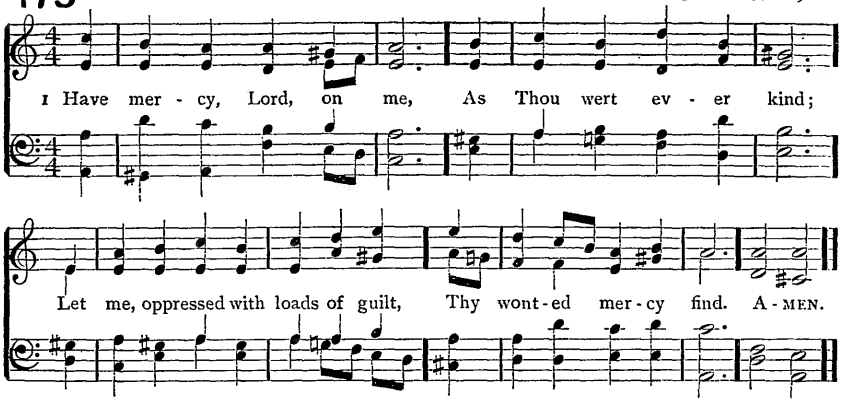
4 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1889

473 ST. IGNATIUS S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869



2 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight, [demned
Have I transgressed; and though con-
Must own Thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

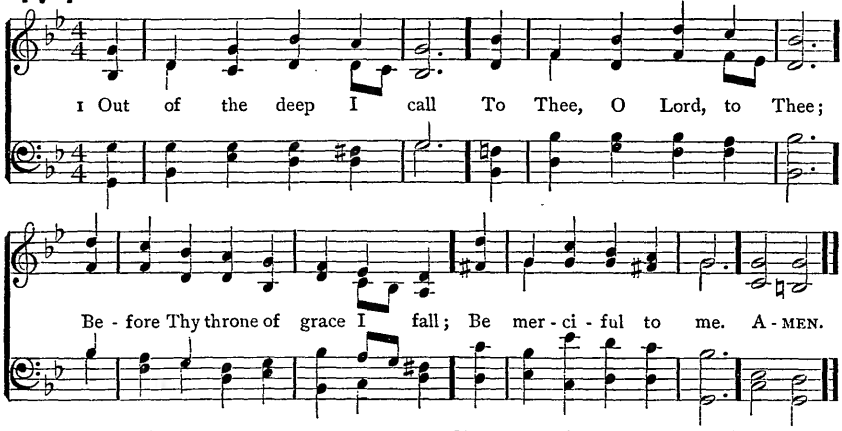
4 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy Thy favors give
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Tate and Brady's New Version, Ed. of 1698

474 ST. BRIDE S. M.

Samuel Howard, 1762



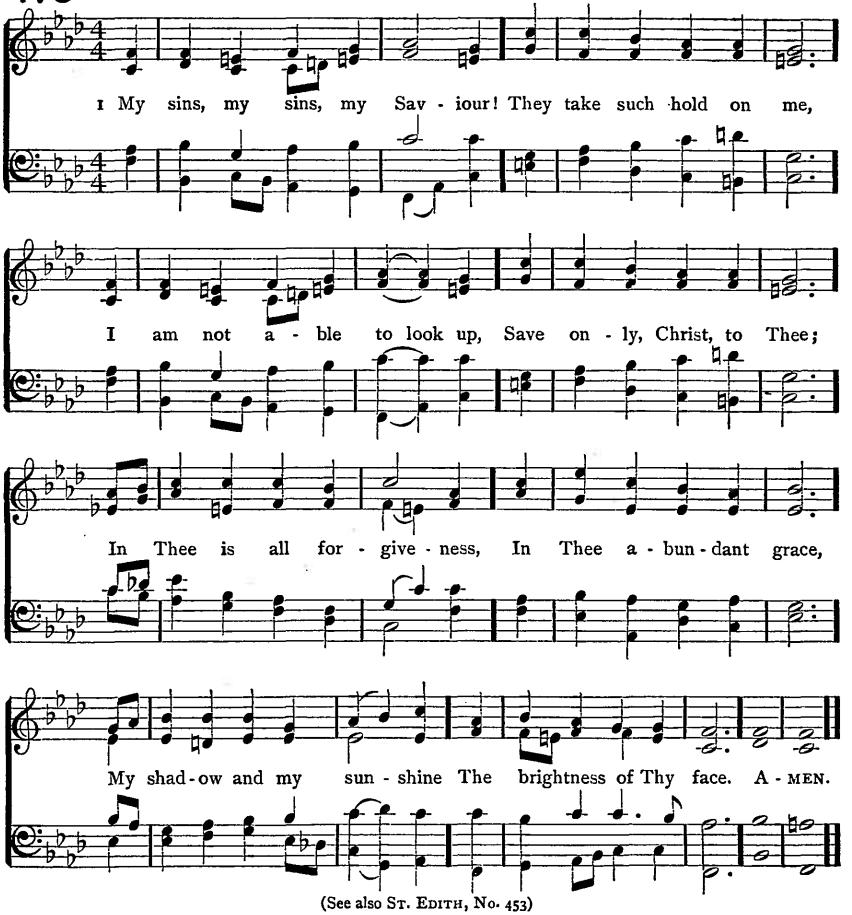
2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868

475 MONSELL 7.6.7.6. D.



(See also ST. EDITH, No. 453)

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall;
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

476 RAMOTH 7.7.7.7. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1 Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe - ty fly;
There, as pen - i - tents, to learn How to live and how to die.
Sin - ful on our knees we fall; Hear us, as for help we plead;
Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need. A-MEN.

(See also MARTYN, No. 489)

2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, Lord, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.
Though the road be oft-times dark,
Though the feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, Saviour, as the ark
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love displayed;
Guard us in that darksome hour,
Lead us to the land of rest,
Where, secure from Satan's power,
We may lie upon Thy breast.

Rev. Albert E. Evans, 1867

477 JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

Slower

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A-MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

WOODWORTH 8. 8. 8. 6.

William B. Bradbury, 1849

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

478 RELIANCE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-MEN.

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2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776: verse, 4, l. 2, alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1815

TOPLADY 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830

FINE D.C.

1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; { Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed, } AMEN.
D.C. Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

479 ST. CATHERINE 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Henri F. Hemy, 1865:
altered by J. G. Walton, 1871

1 Forth from the dark and storm - y sky, Lord, to Thine al - tar's shade we fly;

Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav - iour, we seek Thy shel - ter here:

Wea-ry and weak, Thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a - way. A - MEN.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

AJALON 7.7.7.7.7.7.

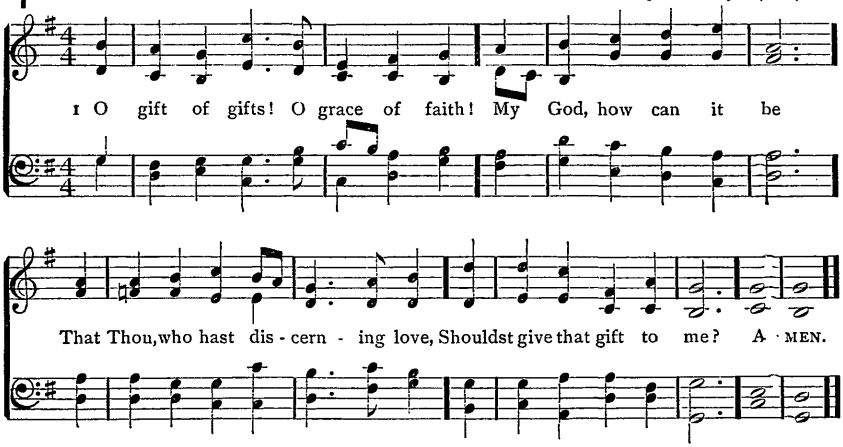
Richard Redhead, 1853

1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,

From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-MEN.

480 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867



2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come;
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 How can they live, how will they die.
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not yet the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

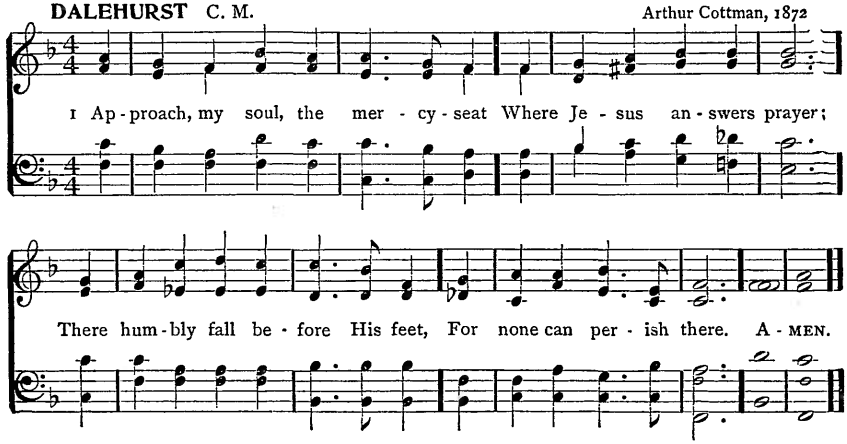
5 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

6 O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849

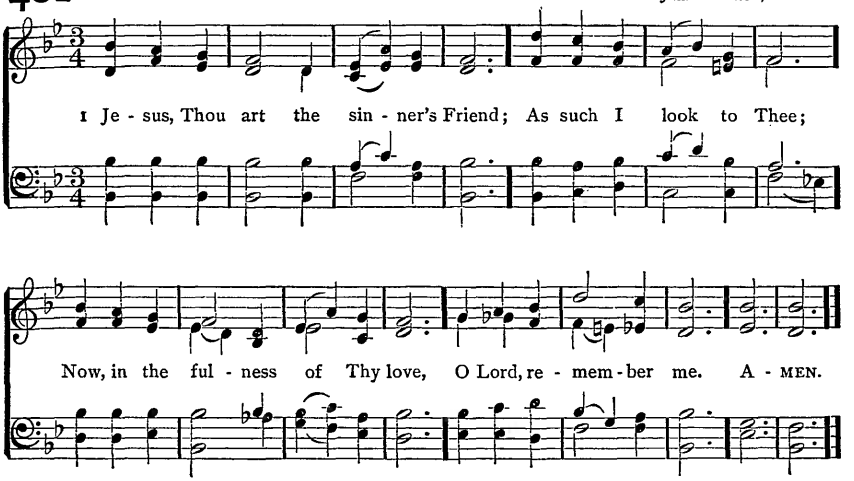
DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



481 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree,
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796: verses 1, 4, alt.

482 (DALEHURST) C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

Rev. John Newton, 1779

483 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

p *mf*

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

cres.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,

cres. *f*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - MEN.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

484 MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1825

1 O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My Rock and Hid - ing - place,
By storms of sin and sor-row tossed, I seek Thy sheltering grace. A - MEN.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1849

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME C. M. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875

Voices in Unison

Organ

1 I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

p Voices in Harmony

Thy head upon My breast." I came to Je-sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;

f

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. A - MEN.

485 MOSCOW 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A - MEN.

(See also WARING, No. 527)

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

486 LAMBETH C. M.

Not too fast.

1 Lord, I be - lieve; Thy power I own, Thy word I would o - bey;
I wan - der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A - MEN.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
Help Thou mine unbelief.

Rev. John R. Wreford, 1837

MIRIAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us
From the ac-curs - ed load: I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A - MEN.

487 MARGARET Irregular

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king-ly crown When Thou cam-est to earth for me,

But in Beth-lehem's home Was there found no room For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty:

O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A-MEN.

NOTE.—The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require

2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
And the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

488 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day. A-MEN.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me:
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess, —
The wonders of His glorious love
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, publ. 1872

489 HOLLINGSIDE 7.7.7.7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

Faith in Christ

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

FINE

1 { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A-MEN.

NEW ST. ANDREW 7. 7. 7. 7. D. John Gill

1 Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the nearer wa-ters roll,

While the tem-pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of

life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last. A - MEN.

490 HOPE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William H. Squires, 1895

1 My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eousness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name.
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink - ing sand. A-MEN.

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2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote, c. 1834: verse 1, arr.

491 THE HYMN TO JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1824

1 Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me; Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.
Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to Thy love, my God. A-MEN.

(See also FALFIELD, No. 399)

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee:
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1864

492 OLIVET (MASON) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - MEN.

(See also BRAUN, No. 156)

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830

493 (HEINLEIN) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 HOLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

494 SEFTON L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates, Be - hold, the King of Glo - ry waits;
The King of kings is draw - ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. A-MEN.

(See also MENDON, No. 340)

2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

5 Redeemer, come: I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide.
Let me Thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign; enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won.

Rev. Georg Weissel, 1642. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855: each verse abr.; verse 6, arr.

HEINLEIN 7.7.7.7.

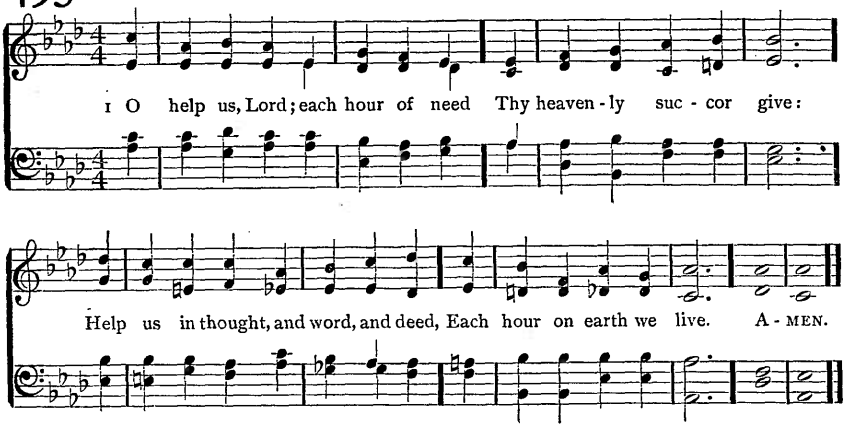
Nürnberger Gebetbuch, 1677

1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;
Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh: Fa - ther, Sav-iour, Spir - it, hear. A - MEN.

(See also SOLITUDE, No. 72)

495 ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876



2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

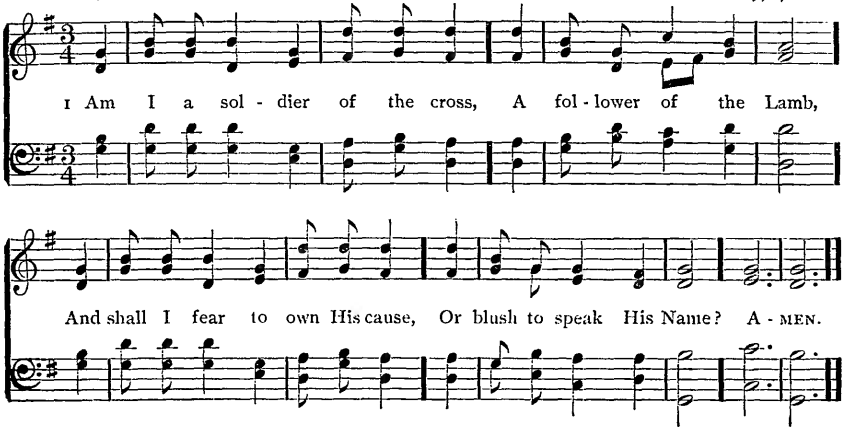
5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

6 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827

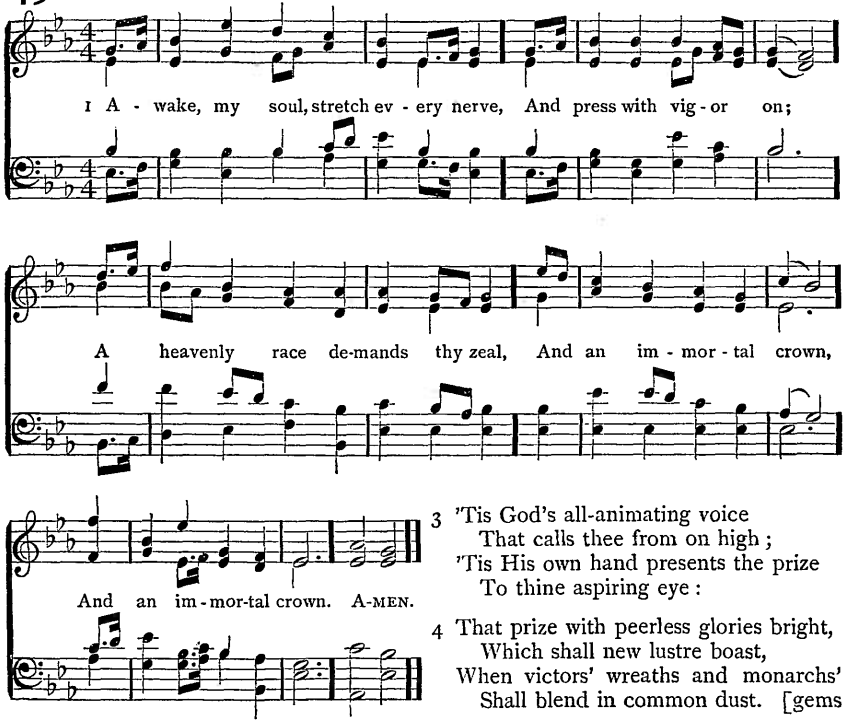
MARLOW C. M.

Rev. John Chetham's Psalmody, 1718



496 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1728



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

497 (MARLOW) C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1727

498 PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee:

When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . .

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - MEN.

By per. of Rev. C. L. Hutchins

(See also MARY MAGDALENE, No. 648)

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

Conflict with Sin

499 **ST. AUSTIN** 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arr. from Gregorian Chant for Bristol Tune Book, 1876

1 Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heaven Thy gra - cious ear;
While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:
By Thy mer - cy, O de - li - ver us, good Lord. A - MEN.

(See also ETON, No. 79)

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

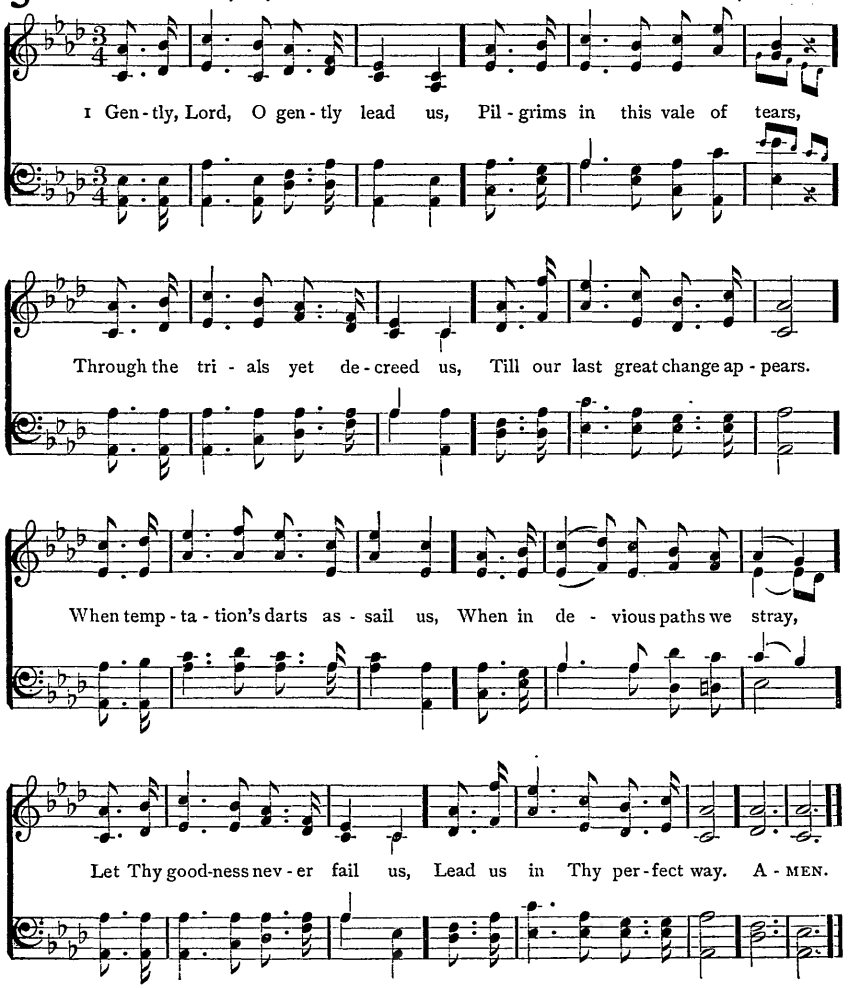
4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

John J. Cummins, 1839

500 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D. Louis von Esch, c. 1810



2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1831, 1850

501 NEED 6. 4. 6. 4. with Refrain

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

1 I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Sav - iour,— I come to Thee. A - MEN.

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2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, etc.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.
I need Thee, etc.

Annie S. Hawks, 1872: refrain added by Rev. Robert Lowry

EVERY HOUR 6. 4. 6. 4.

The Refrain is to be omitted

Rev. Philip R. Sleeman, 1863

1 I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford. AMEN.

502 PILOT 7.7.7.7.7.7.

John E. Gould, 1871

1 Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - MEN.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871

503 (VIGILATE) 7.7.7.3.

1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

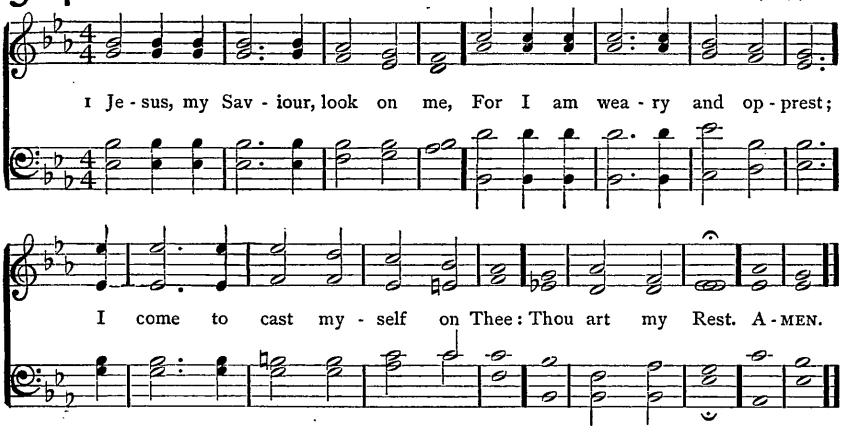
5 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

504 HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my Rock.

5 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

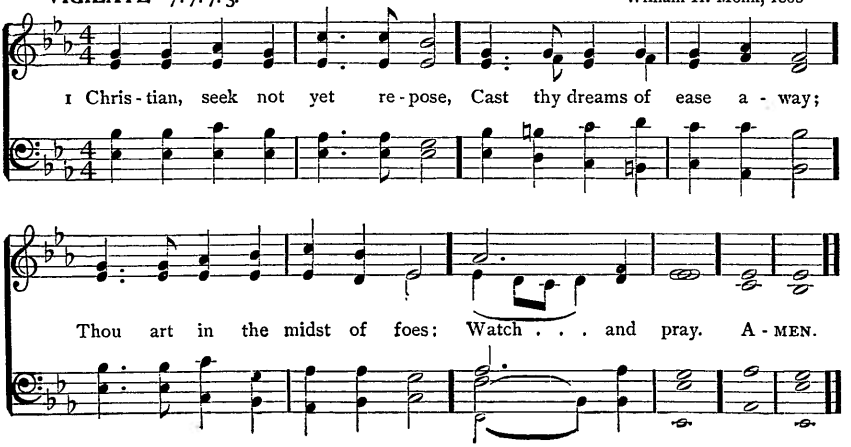
6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Charlotte Elliott, 1869

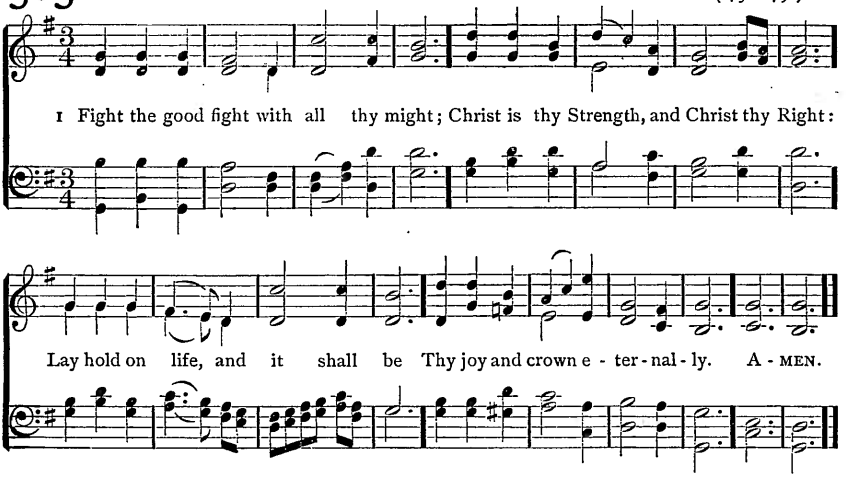
VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3.

William H. Monk, 1868



505 MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart (1756–1791)



2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize.

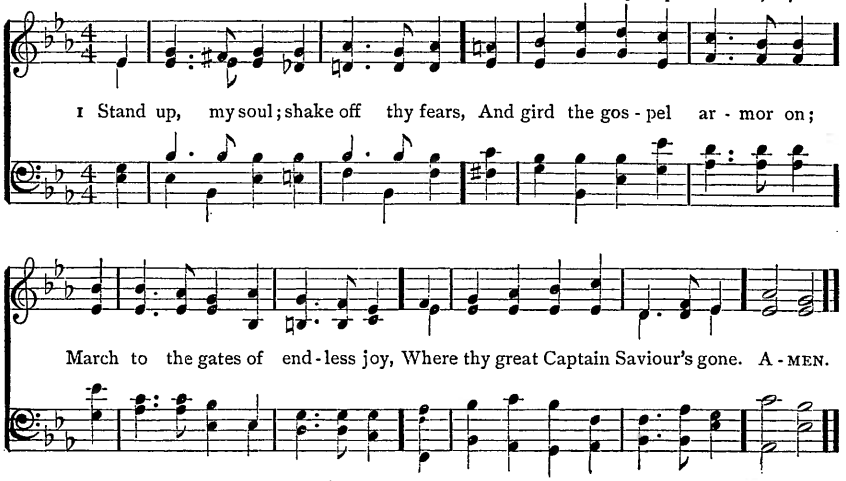
3 Cast care aside;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love.

4 Faint not, nor fear,
His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



(See also MENDON, No. 663)

506 BORTHWICK 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won;

cres.

And, al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol - low, calm and fear-less:

f *p*

Guide us by Thy hand To our fath - er - land. A-MEN.

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2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1721: arr. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1846

507 (WALTHAM) L. M.

1 STAND up, my soul; shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

508 SUNDERLAND S. M.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise,
A host of sins are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - MEN.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781: verse 3, ll. 2, 4, verse 4, alt.

509 LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky; A - MEN.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil, —
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762

Conflict with Sin

510 WAVERTREE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William Shore, 1840:
Har. by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 { Sur-round-ed by un - num-bered foes, A-gainst my soul the bat - tle goes; }
{ Yet though I wea - ry, sore dis - trest, I know that I shall reach my rest: }

I lift my tear - ful eyes a-bove, — His ban-ner o - ver me is love. A - MEN.

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2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light:
I lift my brightening eyes above, —
His banner over me is love.

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him;
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near:
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey, 1869

Trust

511 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1836

1 Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sove-reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - MEN.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760: alt. Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776

512 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8.7.8.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

1 The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev-er. A-MEN.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Wait, my soul, up-on the Lord, To His gra-cious prom-ise flee,

Lay-ing hold up-on His word, "As thy days thy strength shall be." A-MEN.

513 TENNENT 7.6.7.6.D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 God is my strong Salvation; What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temptation

My Light, my Help is near: Though hosts en-camp a-round me, Firm to the fight I

stand; What ter-ror can con-found me, With God at my right hand? A-MEN.

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2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1822

514 (ST. BEES) 7.7.7.7.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

William F. Lloyd (1791–1853)

515 NEUMARK 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

Georg Neumark, 1657

1 If thou but suf-fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He 'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee, And bear thee through the e-vil days:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love Builds on the rock that naught can move. A-MEN.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-deserving love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word, — though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Georg Neumark, 1641. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855, 1863

516 SPRINGFIELD 7.7.7.7.

Edward Minshall, 1887

1 Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, On-ly lean up-on His word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His e-ter-nal faith-ful-ness. A-MEN.

2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From His grace are never moved.

3 Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion, love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

4 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of His will.

5 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

Anon. in Rowland Hill's Ps. and Hy., 1783

MERCY 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867

1 Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, On-ly lean up-on His word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His e-ter-nal faith-ful-ness. A-MEN.

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517 CORINTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Samuel Webbe's Collection, 1792

1 Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos - sess-ing ev - ery bless-ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - MEN.

(See also GOUNOD, No. 635)

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1821

518 (GREEN HILL) C. M.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings Divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

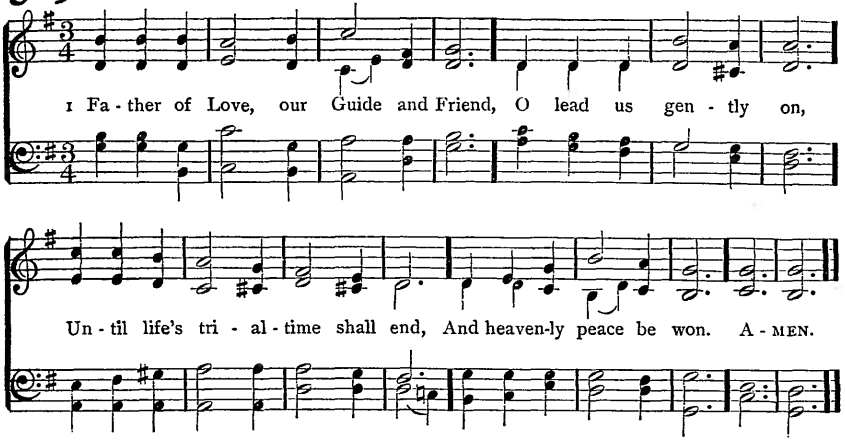
3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth Divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

519 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

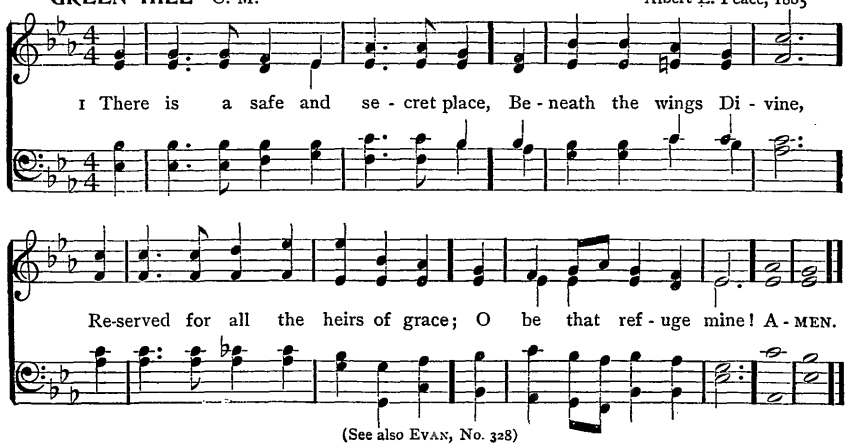
5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

Rev. William J. Irons, 1844

GREEN HILL C. M.

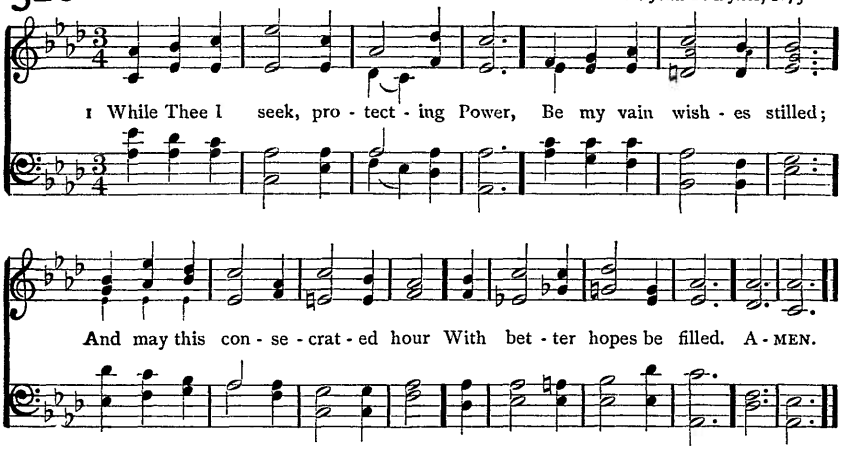
Albert L. Peace, 1885



(See also EVAN, No. 328)

520 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

521 (ST. HUGH) C. M.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

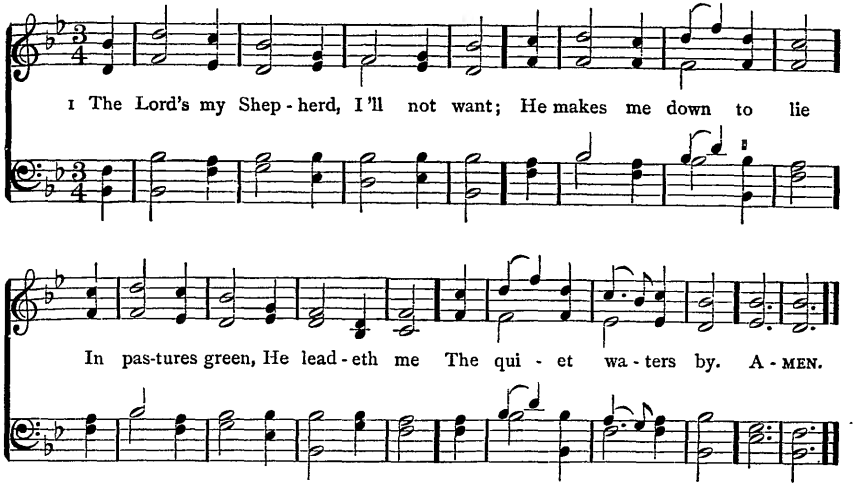
4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Verses 1–4, Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737, recast by Rev. John Logan, 1781: verse 1, l. 1, alt. and verse 5, added, Scottish Trs. and Paraphs., 1781

522 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833



2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

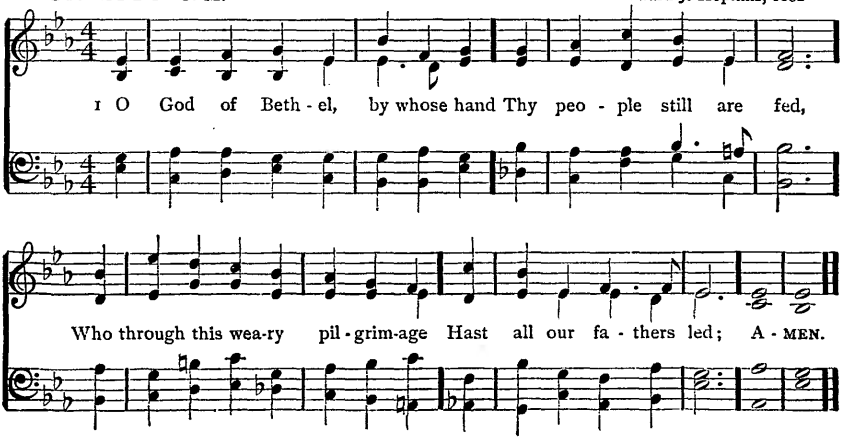
4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650: based on Francis Rous, Sir William Mure, and others

ST. HUGH C. M.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862



523 CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1 Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heaven and earth pos-sess-es;
Who looks in love to Christ a-bove, No fear his heart op-press-es.
In Thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con-sol-a-tion;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal-va-tion. A-MEN.

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us:
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

Verse 1, Rev. Joachim Magdeburg, 1572; verses 2, 3, Anon., 1597.
Tr. Rev. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863: alt. Bishop Wm. W. How, 1864

524 TURNER 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand:
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. A - MEN.

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2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams (Welsh), 1745. Tr. verse 1, Rev. Peter Williams, 1771; verses 2, 3, Rev. Wm. Williams, c. 1772

OLIPHANT 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Arr. from Pierre M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830, by Lowell Mason, 1832

Omit 2nd time

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; } Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, ...

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A-MEN.

525 LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes (1823–1876)

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1833

LUX BEATA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. Albert L. Peace, 1885

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-MEN.

SANDON 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. Charles H. Purday, 1860

1 { Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
{ The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: } Keep Thou my

feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step enough for me. A-MEN.

526 BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John Hullah, 1867

1 Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Chris-tian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who ris-es With heal-ing in His wings:
When com-forts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af-ter rain. A-MEN.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

527 WARING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)

1 In heaven-ly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such con-fid-ing, For noth-ing chan-ges here.
The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid;
But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A-MEN.

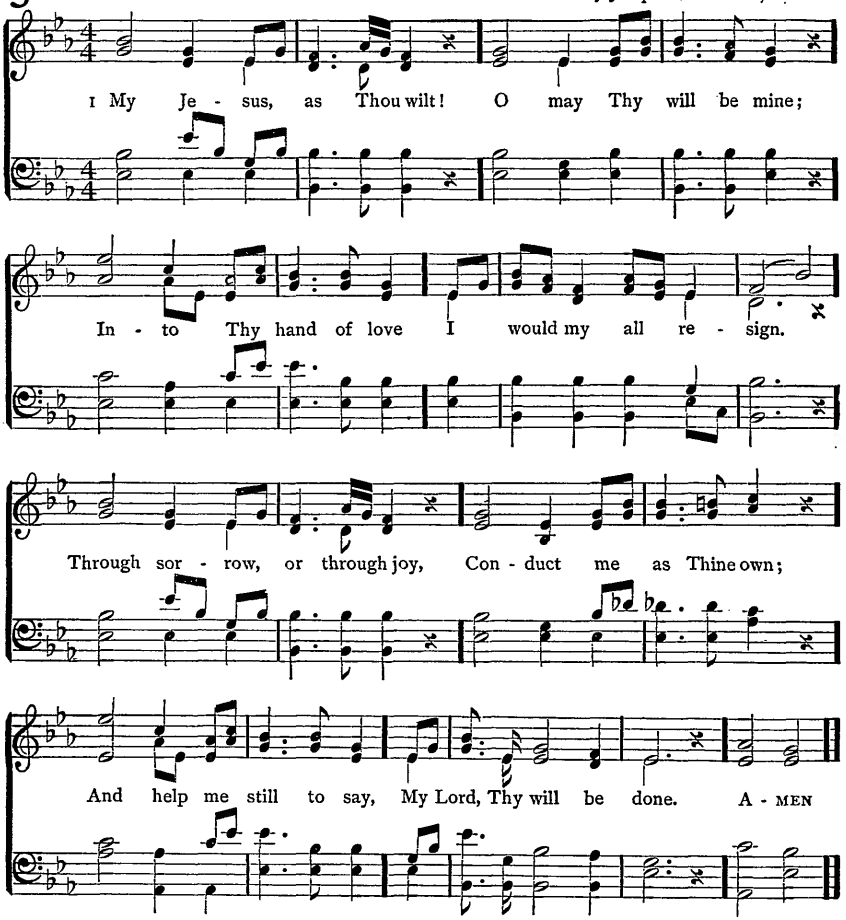
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He tak
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

528 JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Arr. from C. M. von Weber,
by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862



2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854

529 HOLY GUIDE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me. A - MEN.

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2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

VIA RECTE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me. A - MEN.

530 HE LEADETH ME L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1864

1 He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heaven-ly comfort fraught!

What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.

He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me:

His faithful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.

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2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, —
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

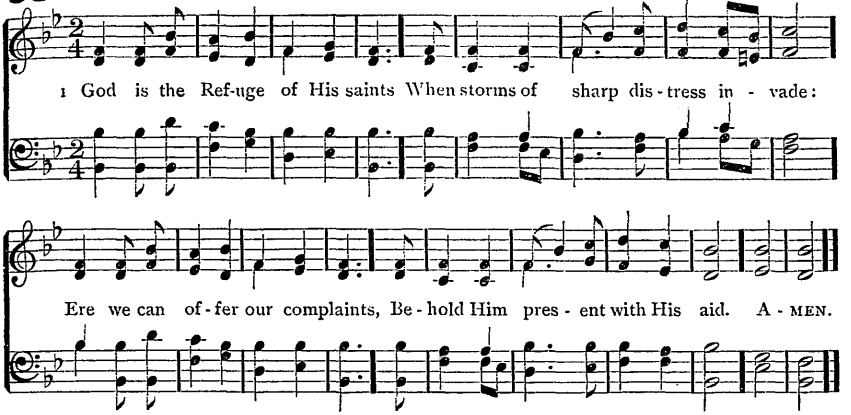
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862: ll. 3, 4, of refrain added

531 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830



2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our Divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

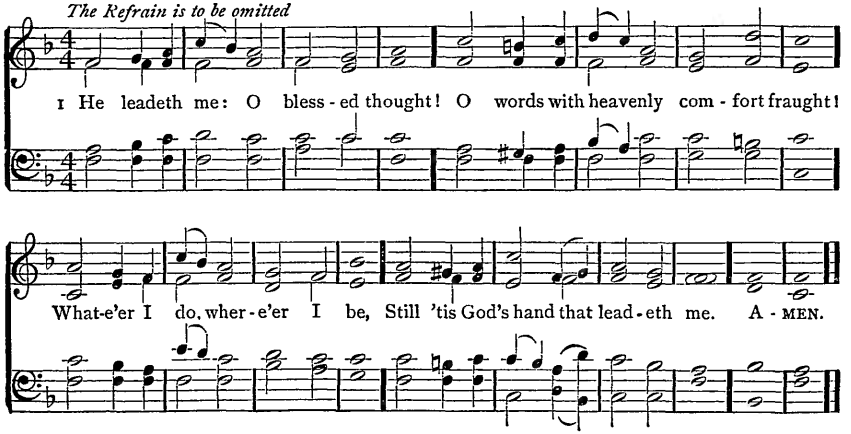
6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719: verse 5, l. 2, alt.

HUMILITY L. M.

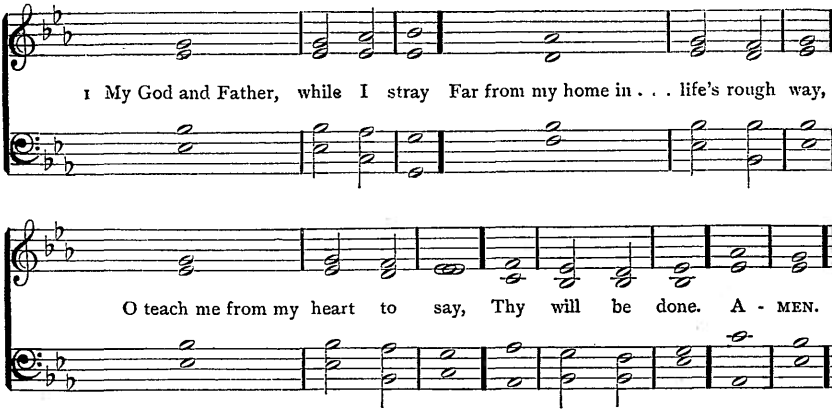
Samuel P. Tuckerman, 1848

The Refrain is to be omitted



532 TROYTE'S CHANT 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857



2 Though dark my path and | sad my | lot,
Let me be still and | murmur | not,
Or breathe the prayer Di-| vinely | taught,
Thy | will be | done.

3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh
For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh,
Submissive still would | I re-| ply,
Thy | will be | done.

4 If Thou shouldst call me | to re-| sign
What most I prize, it | ne'er was | mine;
I only yield Thee | what was | Thine:
Thy | will be | done.

5 If but my fainting | heart be | blest
With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,
My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest;
Thy | will be | done.

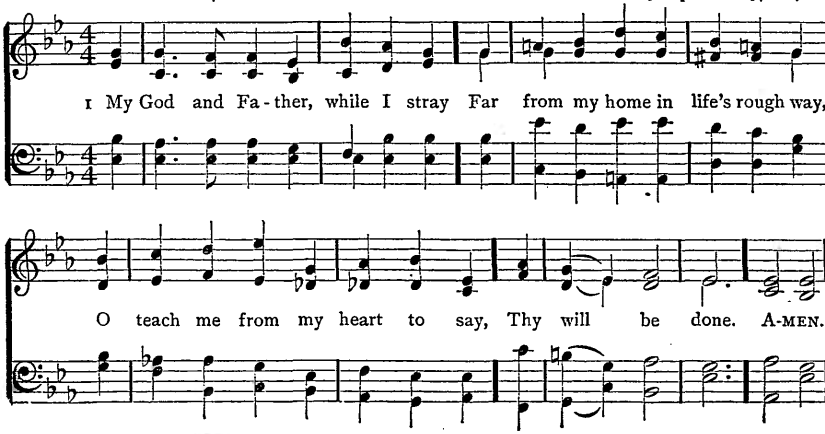
6 Renew my will from | day to | day;
Blend it with Thine, and | take a-| way
All that now makes it | hard to | say,
Thy | will be | done.

7 Then, when on earth I | breathe no | mor
The prayer oft mixed with | tears be-| fore
I'll sing upon a | happier | shore,
Thy | will be | done.

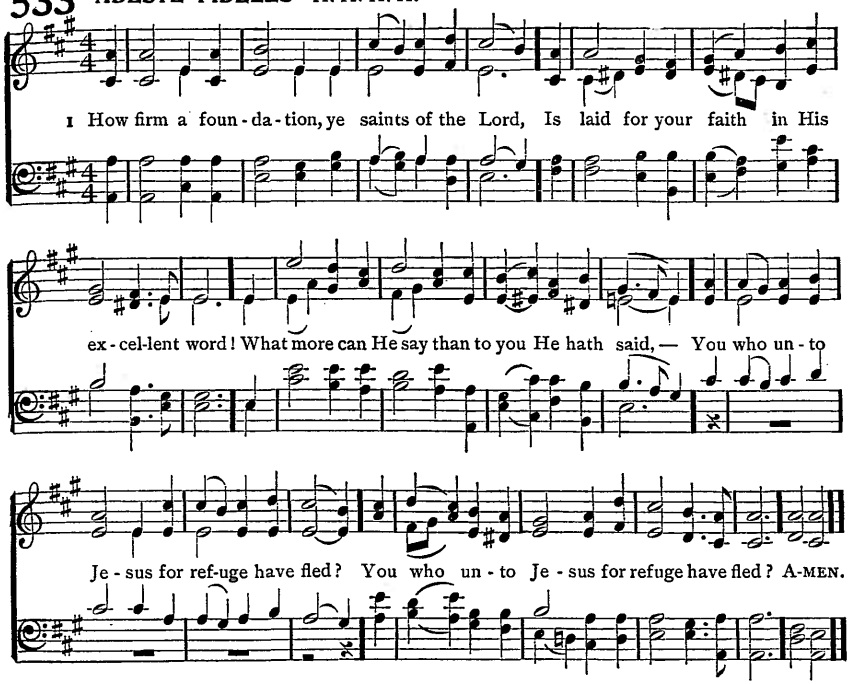
Charlotte Elliott, 183

SUNSET 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1887



533 ADESTE FIDELES 11. 11. 11. 11.



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

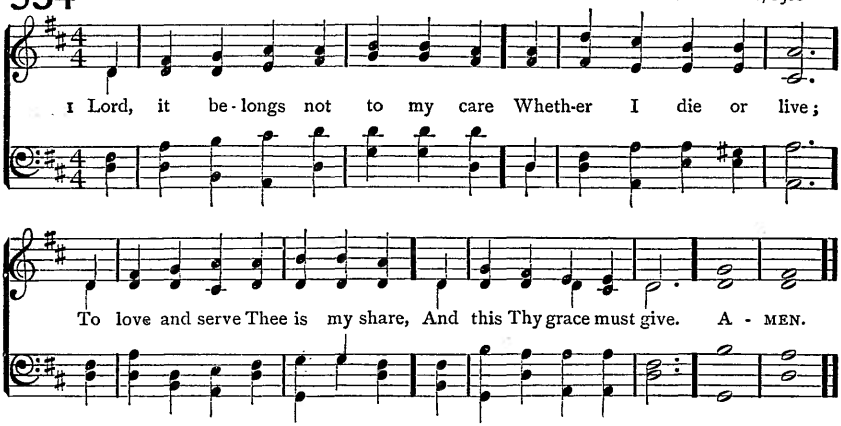
5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K," in Rippon's Selection, 1787

534 TALLIS'S ORDINAL C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560



2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

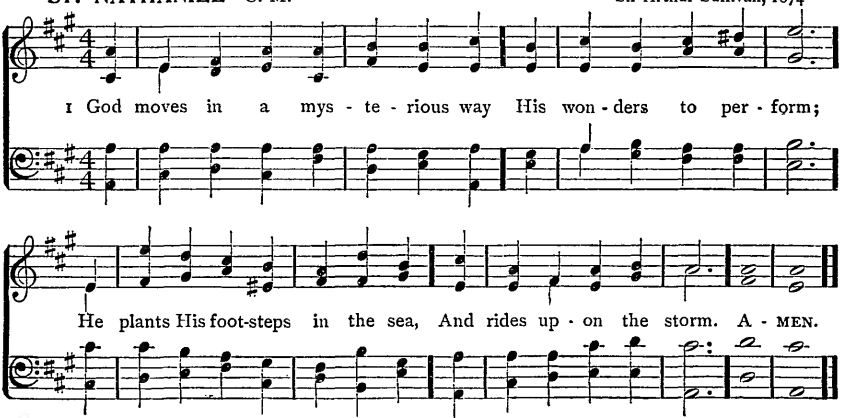
5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Rev. Richard Baxter, 1681: verse 1, l. 1, verse 2, l. 4, alt.

ST. NATHANIEL C. M.

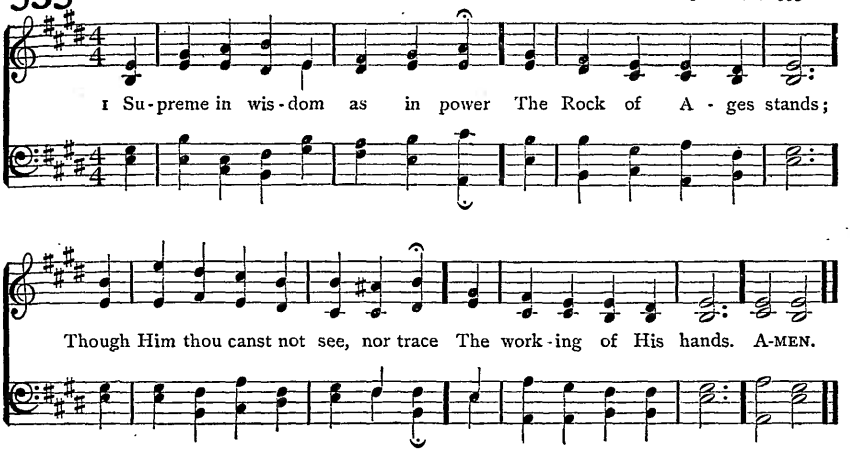
Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



(See also HERMON, No. 431)

535 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life Divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: alt. Scottish Trans and Paraphs., 1745, 1781

536 (ST. NATHANIEL) C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

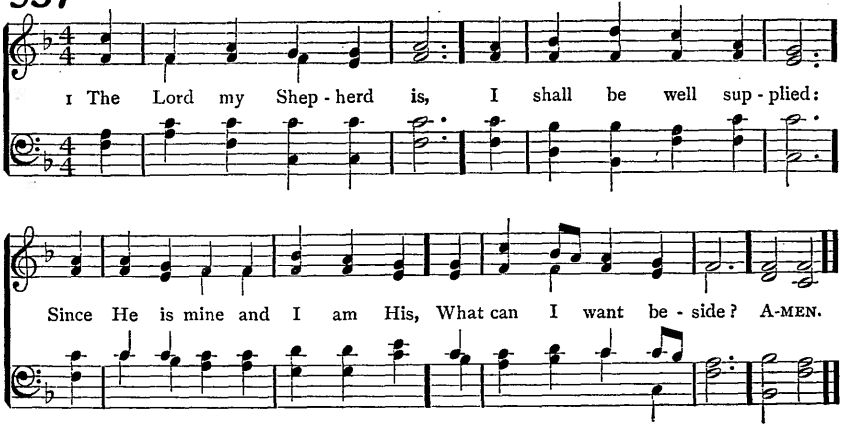
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774

537 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark [shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

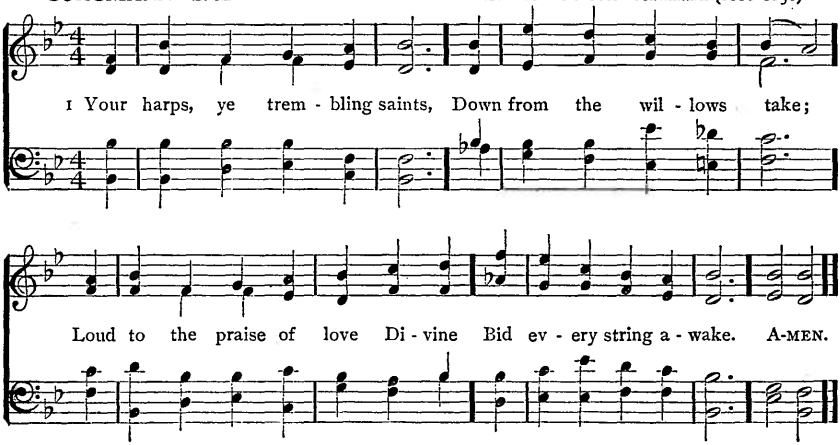
5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

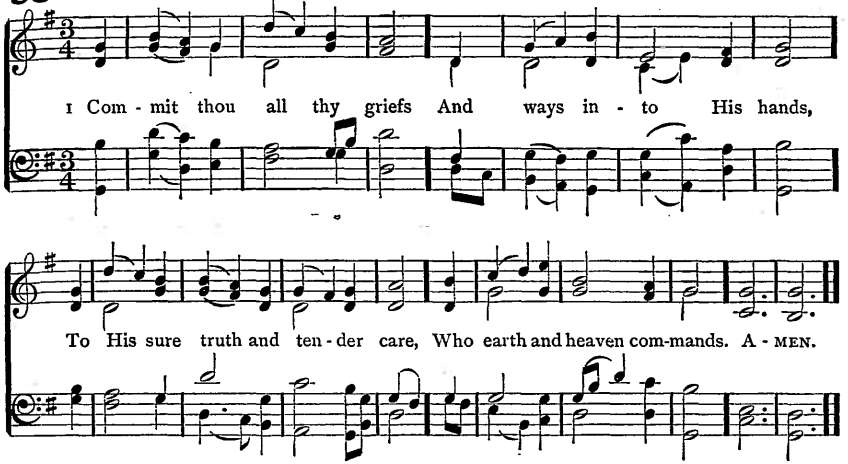
SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810–1856)



538 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1732



2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

7 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739

539 (SCHUMANN) S. M.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love Divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark Divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His Name.

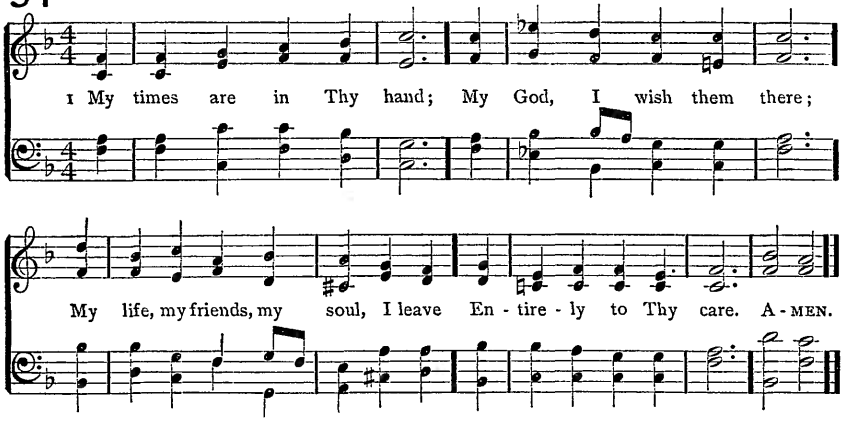
5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772

540 EMMAUS S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1862



2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

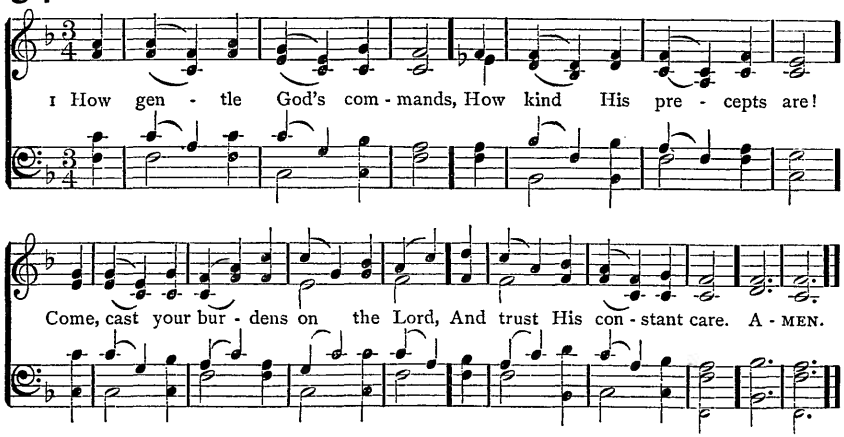
3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

William F. Lloyd, c. 1838

541 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

542 MOULTRIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Gerard F. Cobb (1838–)

1 Call Je - ho - vah thy Sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath the Al-might-y's shade,
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed:
There no tu - mult shall a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;
Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe-guard there. A - MEN.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure Defence:
He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1822

543 MELITA 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 When gathering clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - pe-rienced ev - ery hu - man pain;
He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A-MEN.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant, 1806 (Text of 1812)

544 PATER OMNIUM 8.8.8.8.8.8.

H. J. E. Holmes, 1875

1 The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care;

His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;

My noon-day walks He shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend. A-MEN.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison, 1712

545 AMESBURY C. M. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trem - bling self - dis-trust, A prayer with - out a claim.

2 No offer - ing of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love. A - MEN.

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3 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

4 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

5 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

6 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

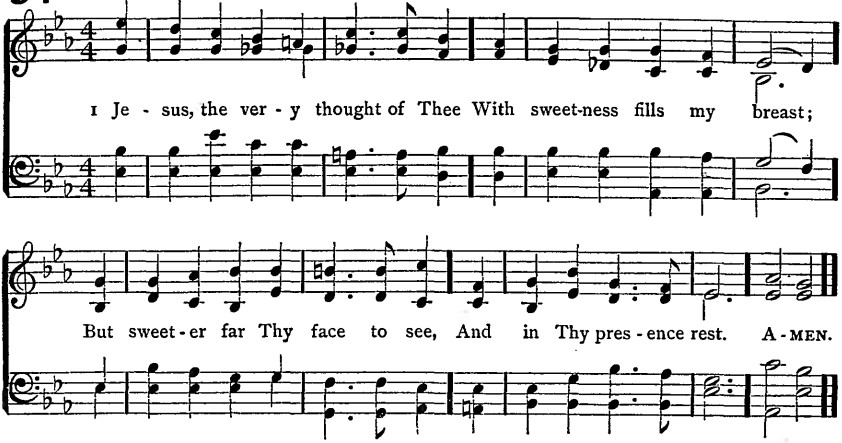
7 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

8 And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

John G. Whittier, 1867: arr.

546 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

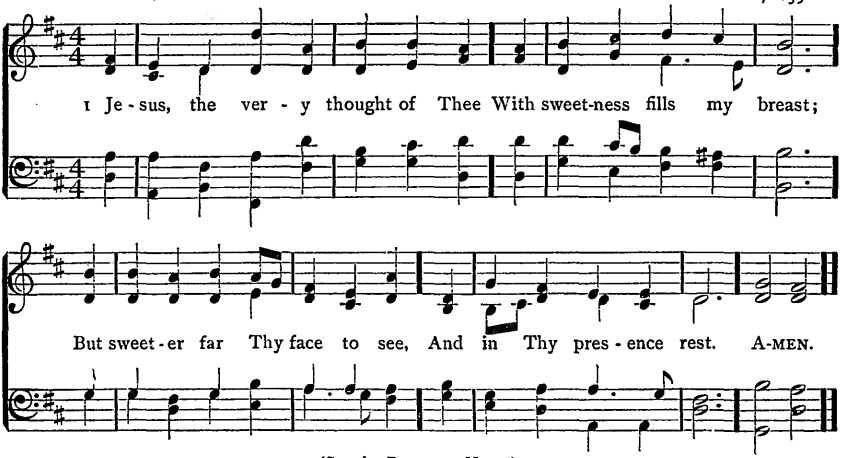
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

METZLER C. M.

Richard Redhead, 1859



(See also BELMONT, No. 36)

547 **MAGDALENA** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Sir John Stainer, 1875

1 I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost, Whose pre-cious blood re-

deemed me At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy par - don, Thy precious blood, must

be My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - MEN.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art All in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

4 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

548 SAVOY CHAPEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

1 To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour, My spir - it turns for rest, My peace is in Thy fav - or,

My pil - low on Thy breast; Though all the world de-ceive me, I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav-iour mine. A - MEN.

(See also FESTUM DEI, No. 332)

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgat or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

549 DERRY 8. 8. 8. 6.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 O Ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,

Help me, throughout life's vary-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A - MEN.

(See also WOODWORTH, No. 477)

2 Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

ECKHARDTSHEIM C. M.

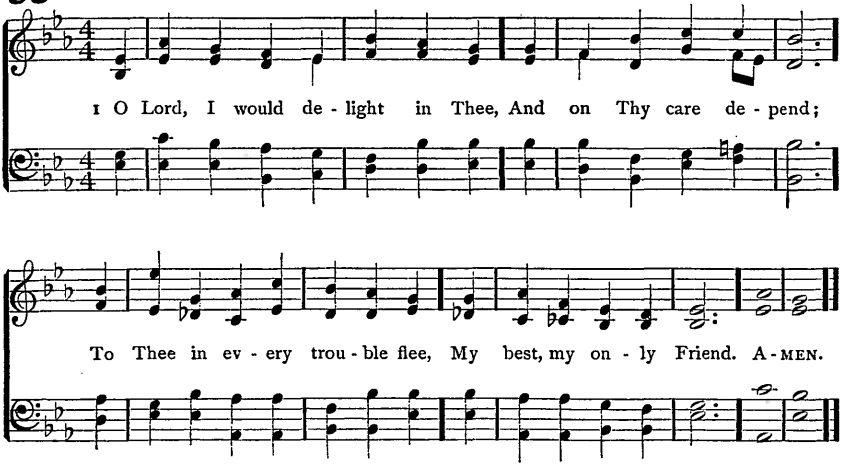
Charles Zeuner, 1833

1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know;

Both pres-ent things and things to come, And grace and glo - ry too. . . A - MEN.

550 ST. FRANCES C. M.

George A. Löhr, 1861



2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

Rev. John Ryland, 1777

551 (ECKHARDTSHEIM) C. M.

1 IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

2 If He is mine, then, though He frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.

3 If He is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

5 If He is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He'll be my Comfort and my Stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Jesus tell me He is mine,
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, publ. 1817

552 CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A-MEN.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

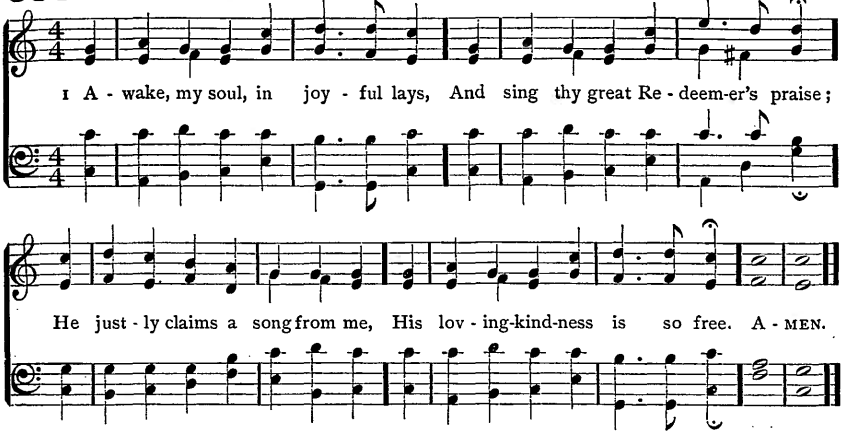
3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

Rev. James G. Small, 1866

553 LAUDS L. M.

Old Latin Melody: arr. by Richard Redhead, 1853



2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

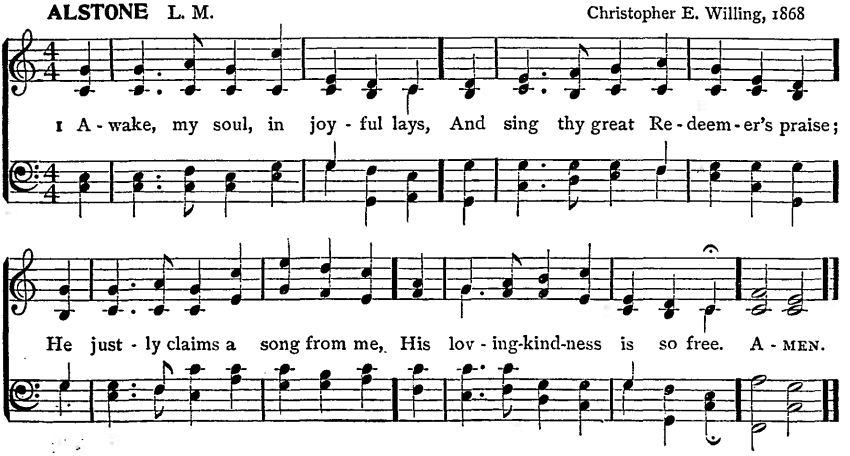
5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1782

ALSTONE L. M.

Christopher E. Willing, 1868



554 HEBER C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838

1 Je - sus, I love Thy charm - ing Name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven should hear. A - MEN.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1717

555 BRADFORD C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1741

1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty. A - MEN.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

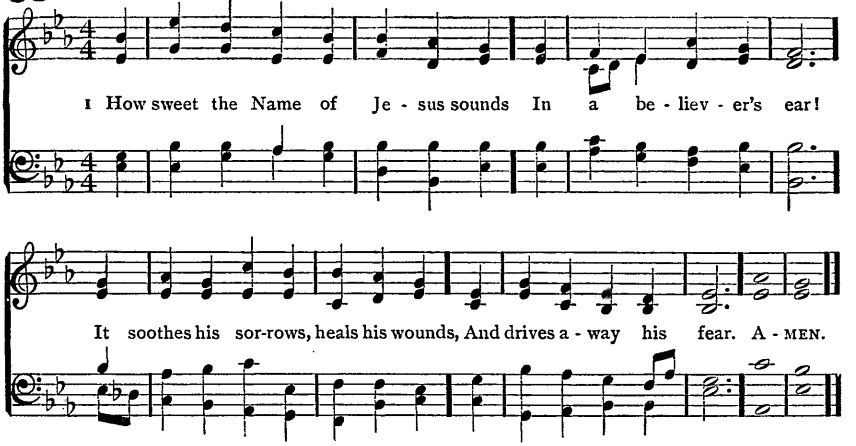
3 He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742

556 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R Reinagle, 1826



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary Rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace;

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

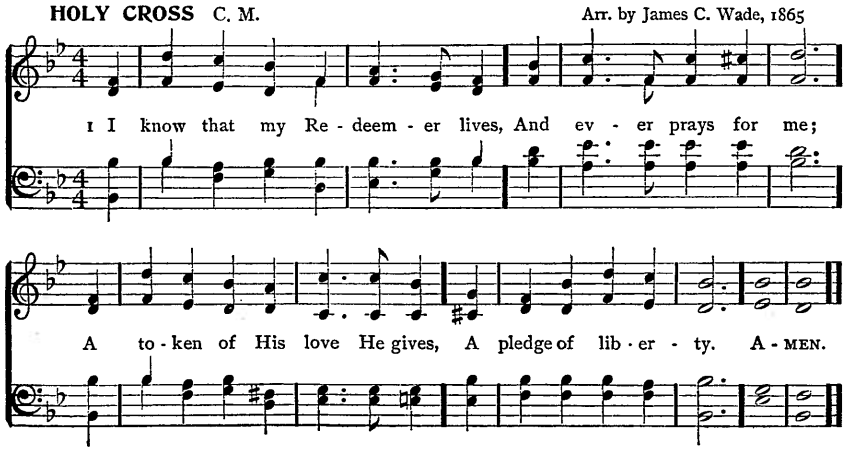
6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779: verse 5, l. 1, alt.

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865



557 FLENSBURG C. M. D.

Louis Spohr: har. by Sir Joseph Barnby, 1867

1 My God, I love Thee, not be-cause I hope for heaven there-by, . . .
Nor yet be-cause who love Thee not Must die e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace; . .
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace; A - MEN.

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

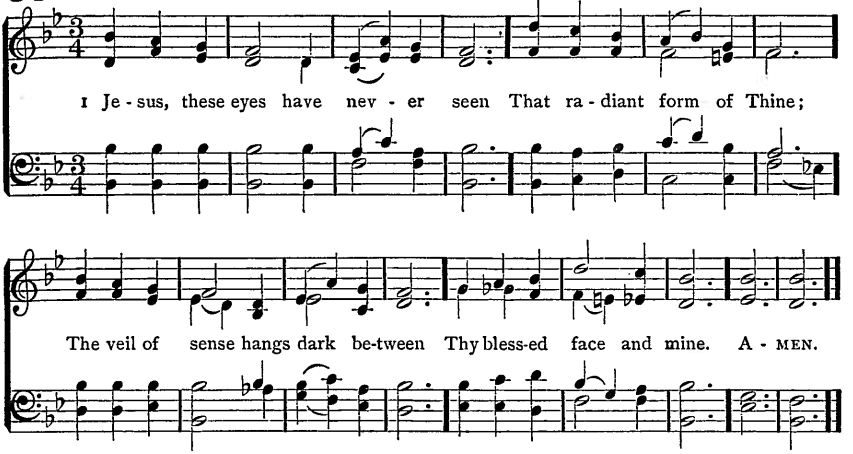
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord?

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Ascribed to Francis Xavier (1506–1552.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849: verse 1, ll. 3, 4, alt.

558 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

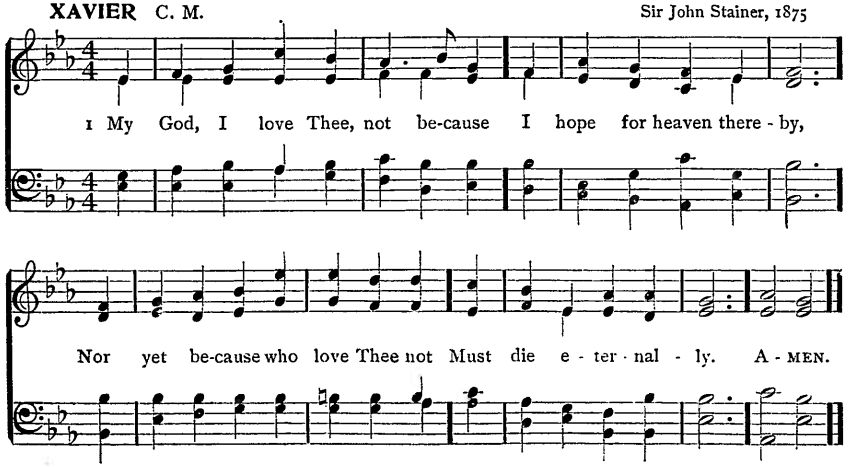
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

XAVIER C. M.

Sir John Stainer, 1875



559 LOVE DIVINE (Le Jeune) 8.7.8.7.D.

George F. Le Jeune, 1887

1 Love Di-vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart. A - men.

(See also Falfield, No. 399)

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:

Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

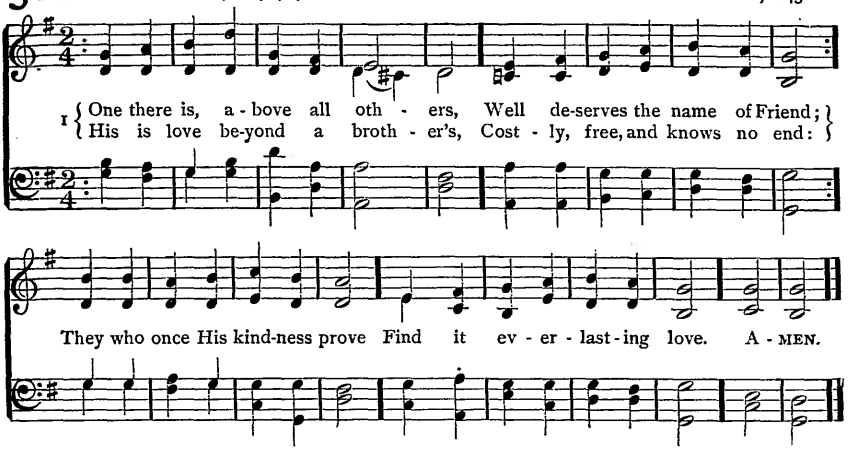
4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747: verse 2, ll. 4, 5, alt.

560 ALBERT 8.7.8.7.7.

Heinrich Albert, 1643



2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

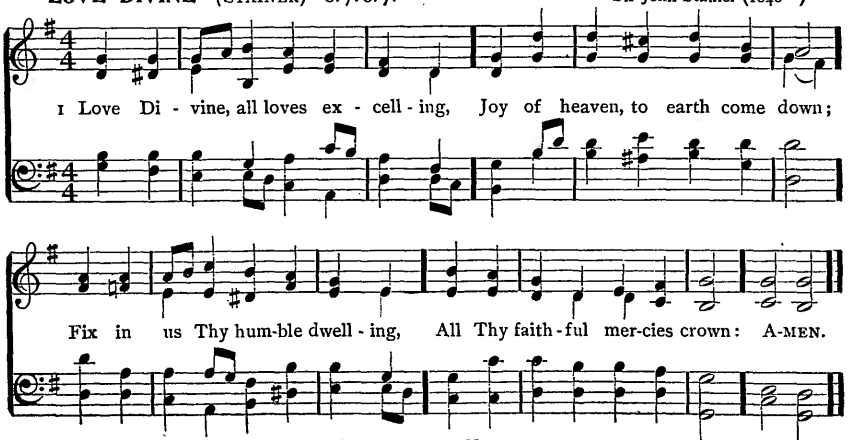
4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

LOVE DIVINE (STAINER) 8.7.8.7.

Sir John Stainer (1840-)



(See also SARDIS, No. 70)

561 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867

1 Im - mor - tal Love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,
For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea! A - MEN.

2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present Help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

7 Our Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John G. Whittier, 1866

HORSLEY C. M.

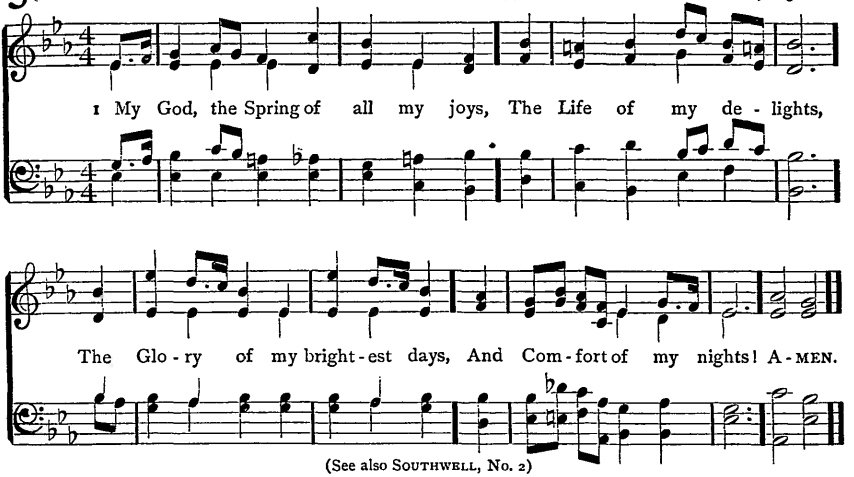
William Horsley, 1844

1 Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;
His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A - MEN.

(See also ORTONVILLE, No. 291)

562 BURLINGTON C. M.

John F. Burrows, 1830



(See also SOUTHWELL, No. 2)

2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord:

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 2, l. 3, alt.

563 (HORSLEY) C. M.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

564 JESU, DOMINE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

p

1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;

cres. *p*

Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing-place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace:

rall.

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

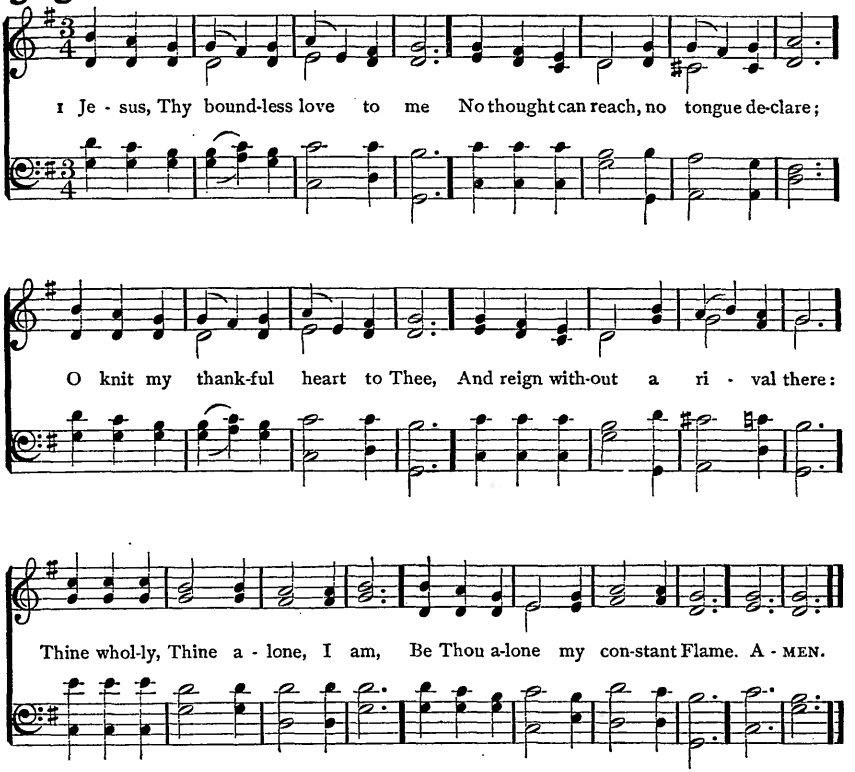
3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Rev. Henry Collins, 1854

565 ST. CATHERINE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Henri F. Hemy, 1865:
altered by J. G. Walton, 1871



2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 6, alt.

566 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7.6.7.6.D.

James Walch, 1875

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side; 'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty

And peace I can a - bide. What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears with-

in! The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. A - MEN.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842

567 (HENDON) 7.7.7.7.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

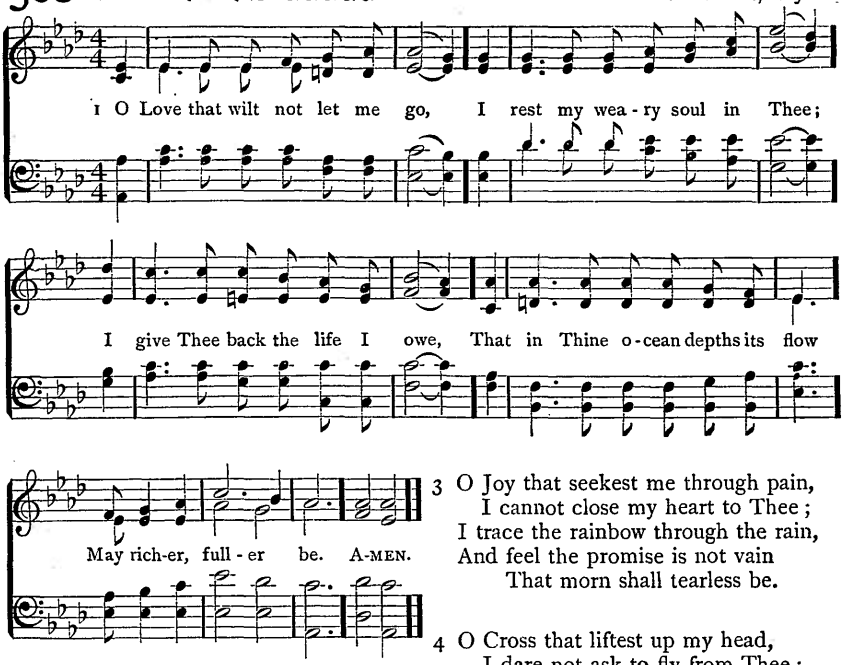
4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, 1817

568 ST. MARGARET 8.8.8.8.6.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

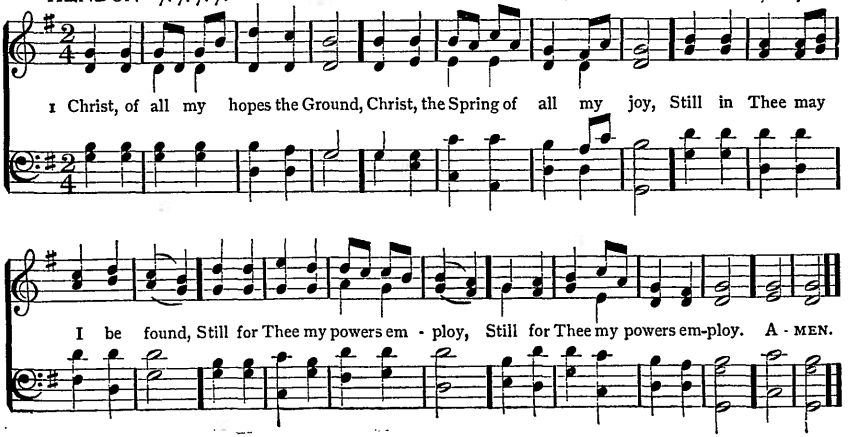
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, 1882

HENDON 7.7.7.7.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1827



569 SUN AND SHIELD 7.6.7.6.7.7.

Horatio W. Parker, 1895

1 Je - sus, Sun and Shield art Thou; Sun and Shield for ev - er:
Nev - er canst Thou cease to shine, Cease to guard us nev - er.
Cheer our steps as on we go, Come be-tween us and the foe. A - MEN.

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2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever:
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on Bread Divine,
Drink we still this heavenly Wine.

3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever:
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever:
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever:
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1861

570 (GORTON) S. M.

1 MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love Divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

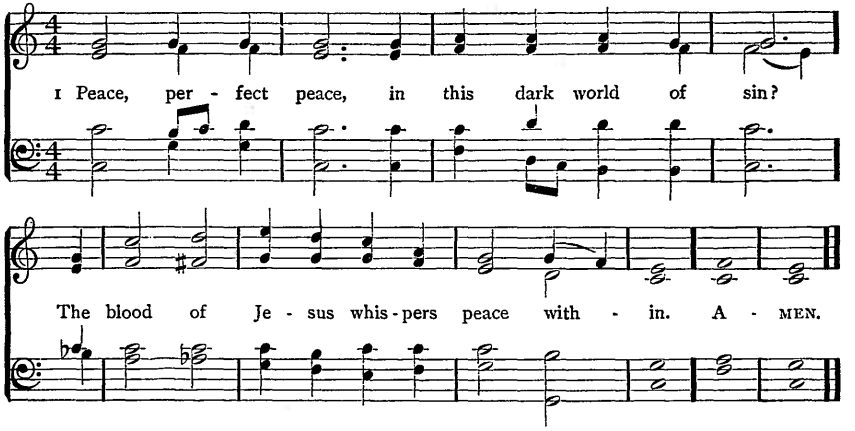
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

571 PAX TECUM 10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

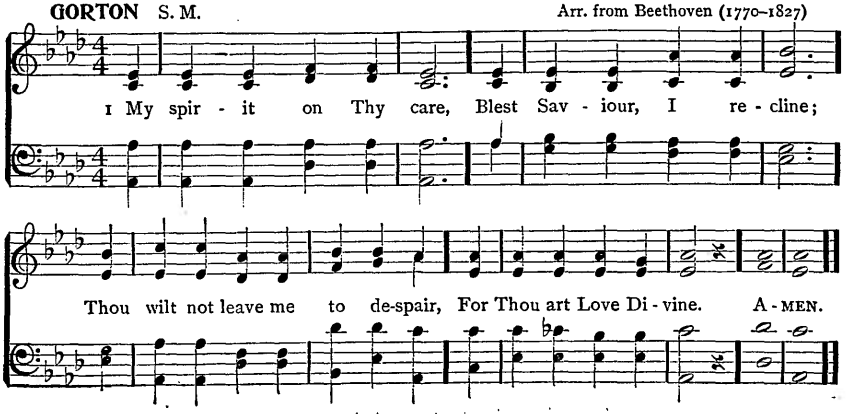
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

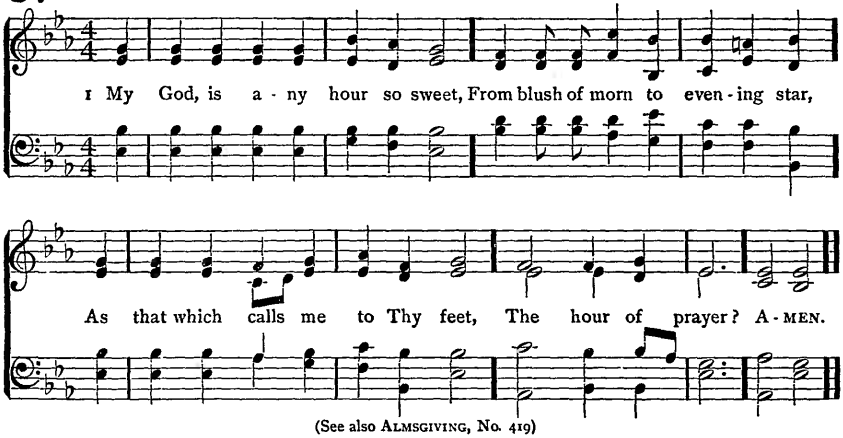
GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



572 HERBERT 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862



(See also ALMSGIVING, No. 419)

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

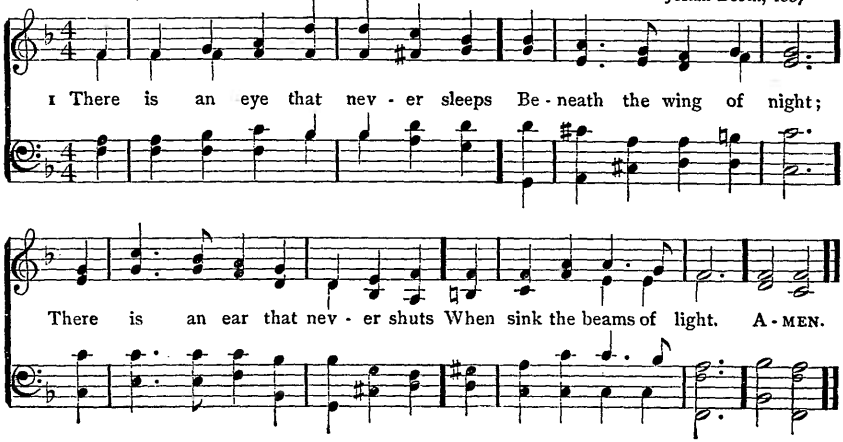
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835 (text of 1836)

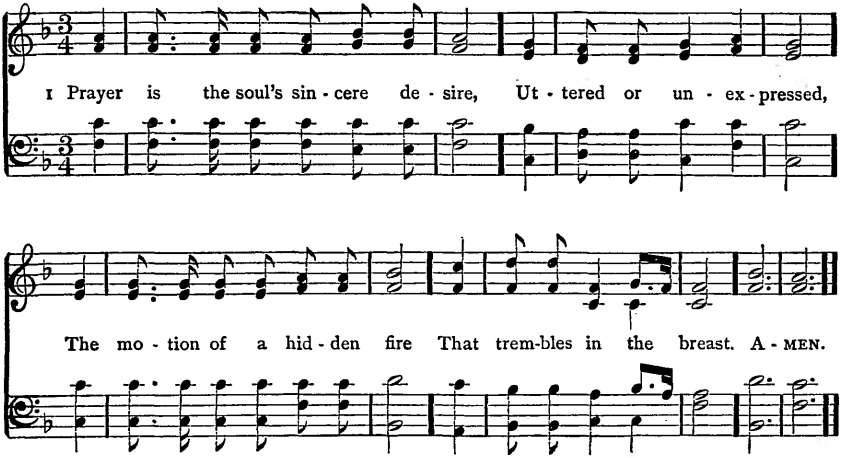
NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887



573 BYEFIELD C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1840



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819

574 (NORTHREPPS) C. M.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light;

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Rev. James C. Wallace (c. 1793–1841)

575 INTERCESSION NEW 7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 5. 8. 8.

William H. Callcott, 1867: the last two lines from Mendelssohn, 1846

1 When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heavy - la-den cast

All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy Name shall call;

When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: . . Hear then in

love, O Lord, the cry In heaven, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A - MEN.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the agèd, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

576 WAVERTON 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Robert Jackson, 1876

1 O Thou that hear-est prayer, At-tend our hum-ble cry,
And let Thy serv-ants share Thy bless-ing from on high:
We plead the prom-ise of Thy word; Grant us Thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Lord. A-MEN.

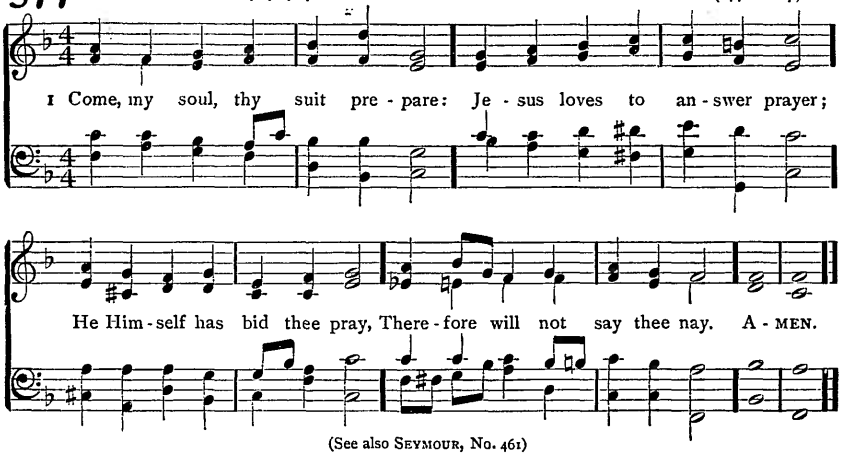
2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, Thou!
We, children of Thy grace!
O let Thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy Name.

4 And send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word;
Till heathen lands shall own Thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

John Burton, Jr., 1824

577 BEETHOVEN 7.7.7.7. Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



(See also SEYMOUR, No. 461)

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

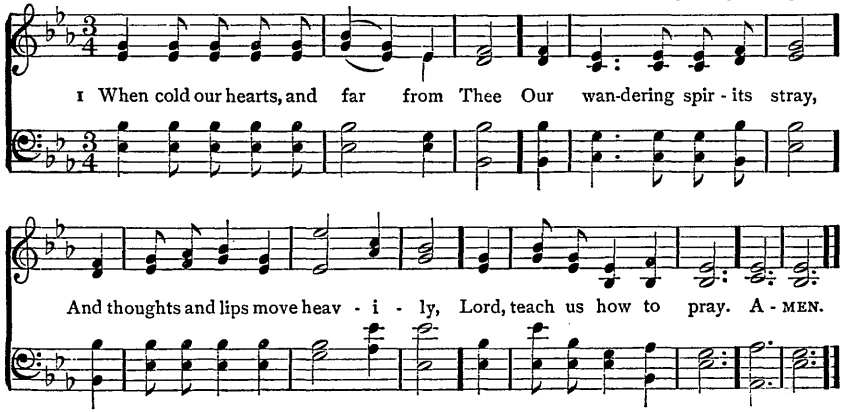
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

ELIZABETHTOWN C. M. George Kingsley, 1838



578 PALGRAVE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

H. de la Haye Blackith, 1893

1 Son of Man, to Thee I cry; By the wond-rous mys - ter - y
Of Thy dwell - ing here on earth, By Thy pure and ho - ly birth,
Lord, Thy pres-ence let me see, Man - i - fest Thy - self to me. A - MEN.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of Glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
Then Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1828: alt. and arr. Cooke and Denton Hyl., 1853

579 (ELIZABETHTOWN) C. M.

1 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy Throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice,—Thy Spirit's groan,—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thine altar lay;
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1827

580 EVEN ME 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1862

1 { Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,
{ Showers the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops de-scend on me,

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops de-scend on me. A - MEN.

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2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave Thy child shall be;
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860: verse 1, l. 4, verse 2, l. 3, alt.

BEATRICE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. William W. Coe, 1895

The Refrain is to be omitted

1 Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,

Showers the thirst - y land re - fresh-ing; Let some drops de-scend on me. A - MEN.

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581 BRESLAU L. M.

Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630

Not too fast

1 From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1827, 1831

RETREAT L. M.

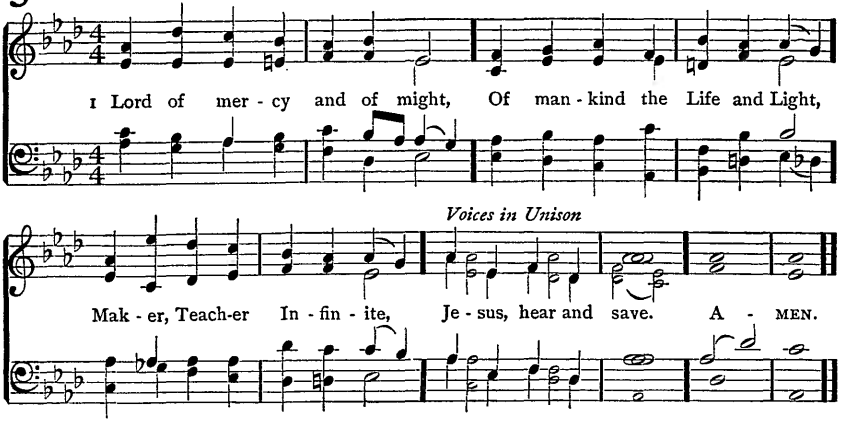
Thomas Hastings, 1842

1 From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A-MEN.

582 CHARITY 7.7.7.5.

Sir John Stainer, 1868



2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

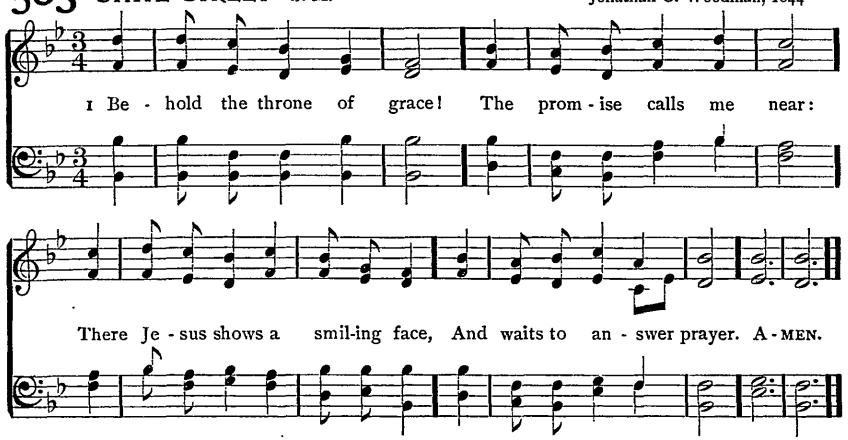
3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811

583 STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844



2 My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

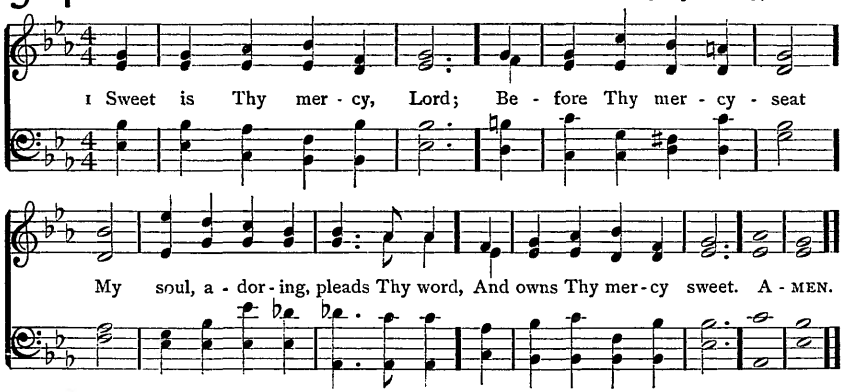
4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

Prayer

584 ST. ANDREW S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866



2 My need and Thy desires
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy Name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

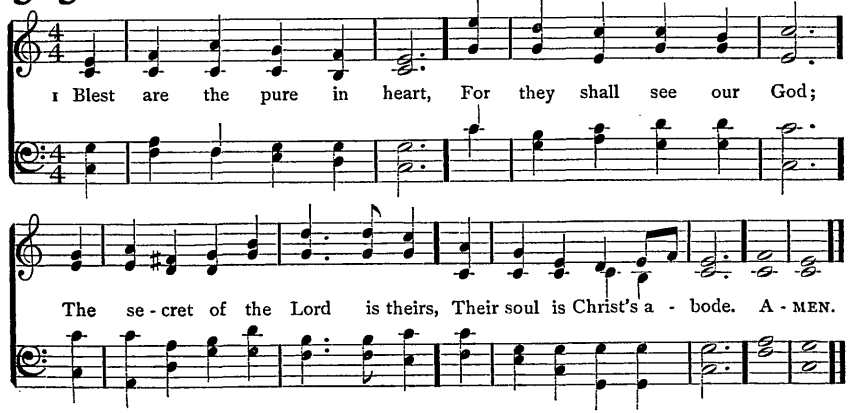
5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862

Aspiration

585 ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

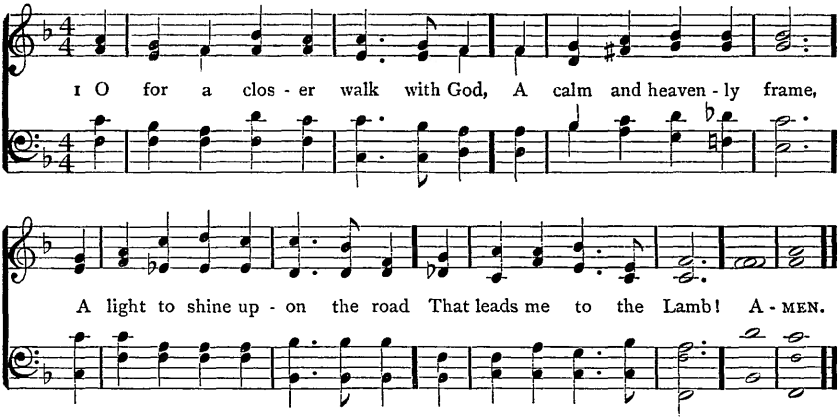
3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

Verses 1, 3, Rev. John Keble, 1819: verses 2, 4, added, Mitre Hy. Bk., 1836

586 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

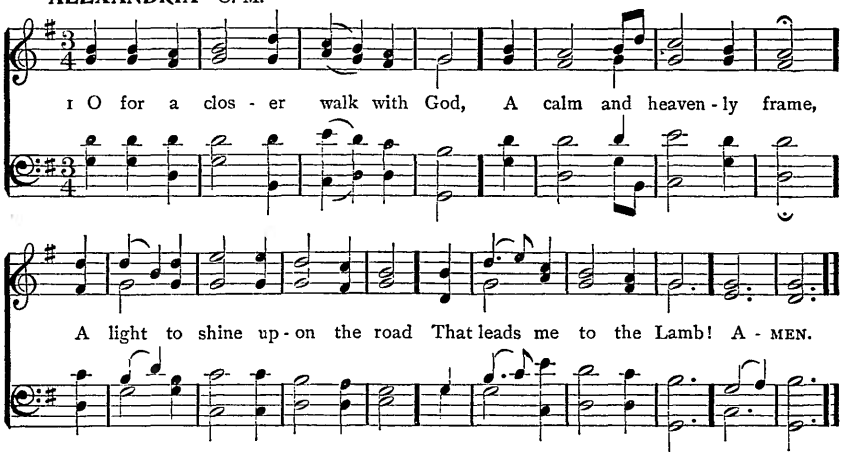
4 Return, O Holy Dove; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

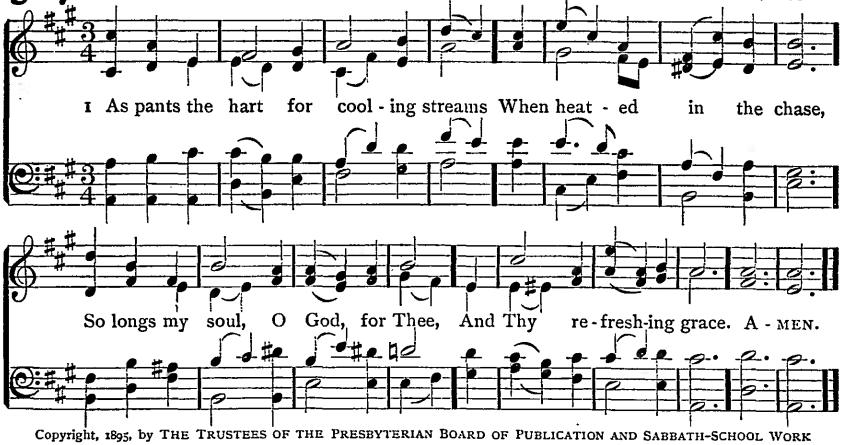
William Cowper, 1772

ALEXANDRIA C. M.



587 COOLING STREAMS C. M.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895



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2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine!

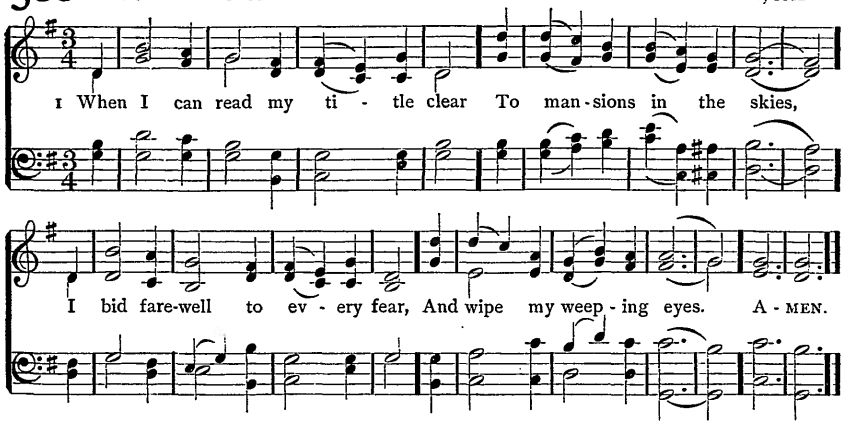
3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; and He'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

588 BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

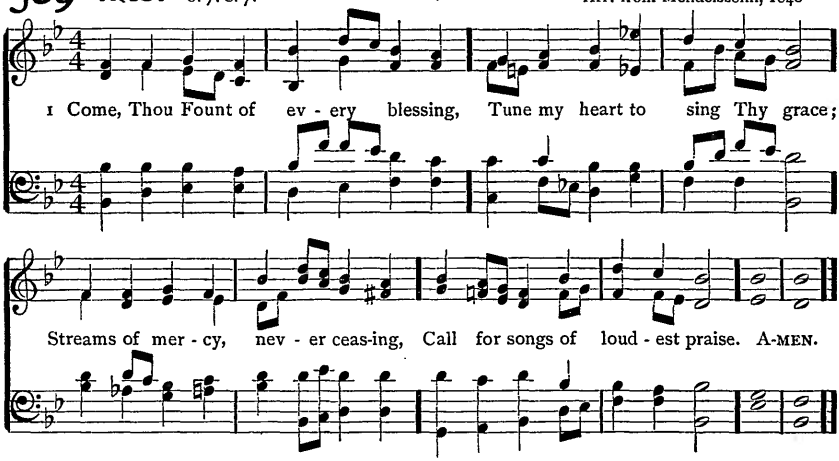
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

589 TRUST 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

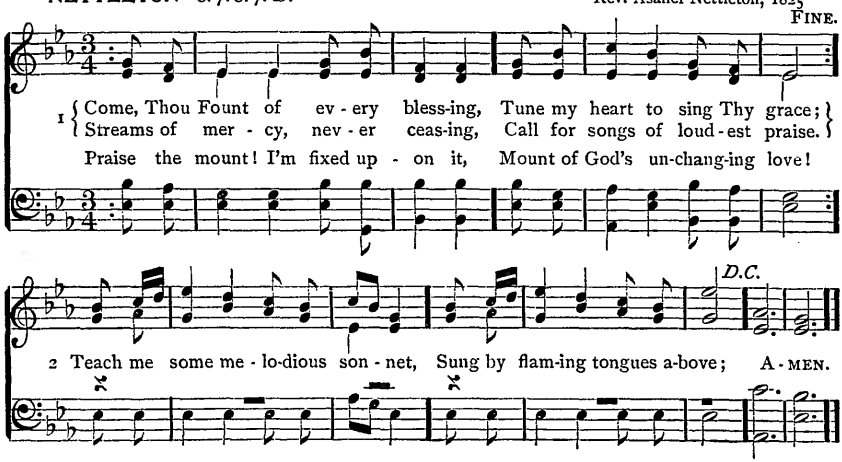
5 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. Asahel Nettleton, 1825



590 AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

The Foundery Collection, 1742

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

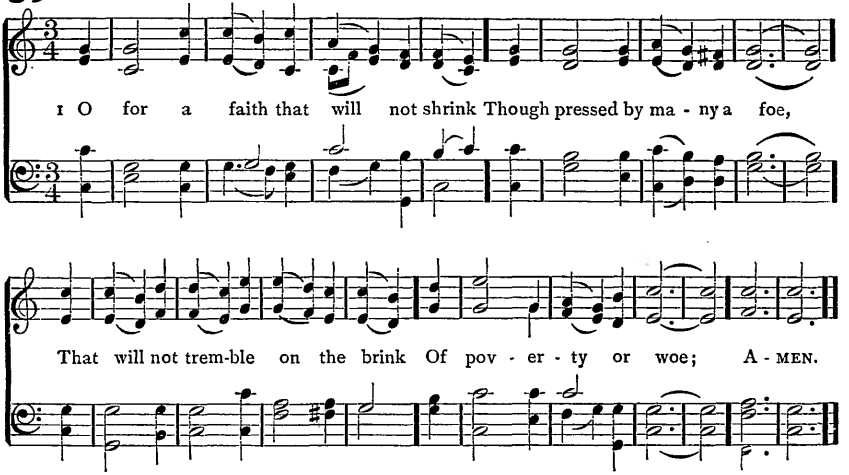
3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Rev. Robert Seagrave, 1742

591 COVENTRY C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1841



2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

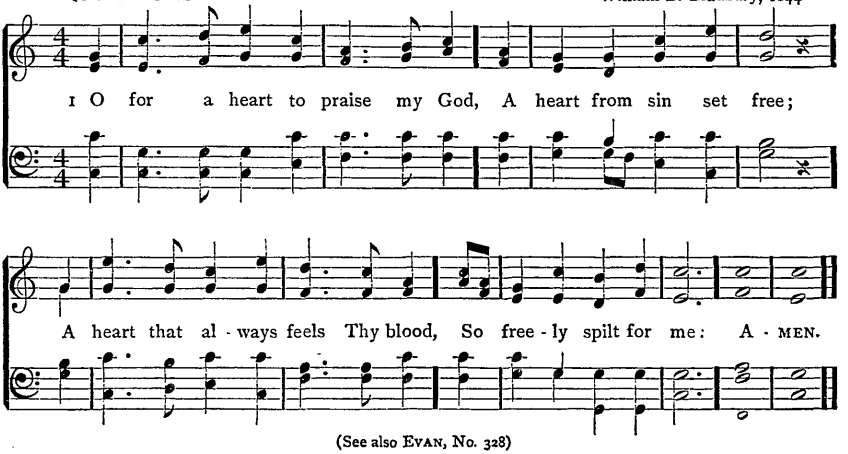
4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. William H. Bathurst, 1831

BROWN C. M.

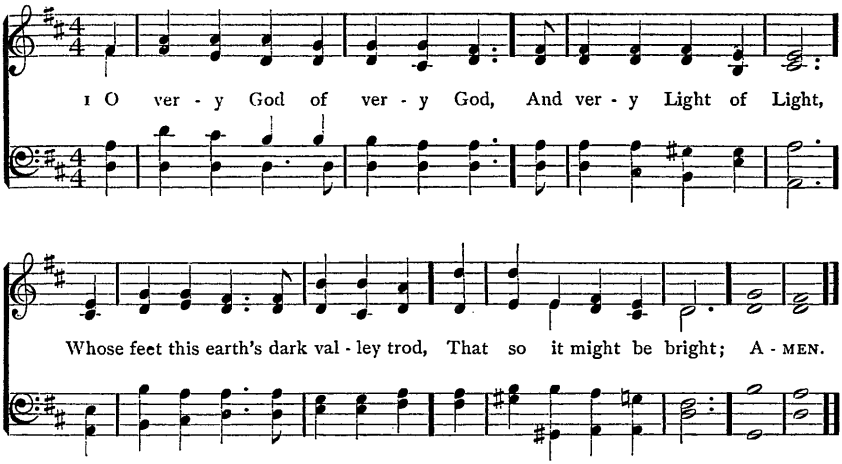
William B. Bradbury, 1844



(See also EVAN, No. 328)

592 ST. MARK C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)



2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O, we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise!

3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.

4 O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

6 To God the Father power and might
Both now and ever be;
To Him that is the Light of Light
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1846

593 (BROWN) C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742 (Text of 1782)

594 FORWARD 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Henry Smart, 1872

1 Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be - fore us,

Not a look be - hind: Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar - my's head;

Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By Je - ho - vah led? Forward through the des - ert,

Through the toil and fight; Jordan flows be - fore us, Zion beams with light. A-MEN.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

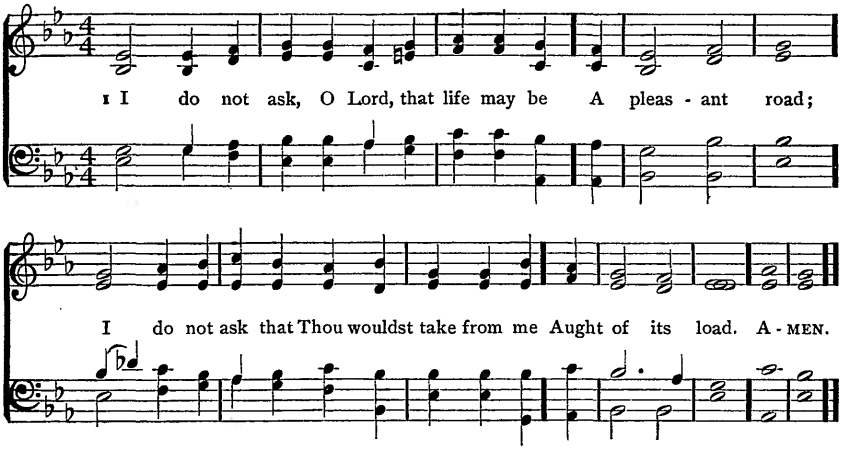
4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

5 To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

Rev Henry Alford, 1871

595 SUBMISSION 10. 4. 10. 4.

Albert L. Peace, 1889



2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord,
I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

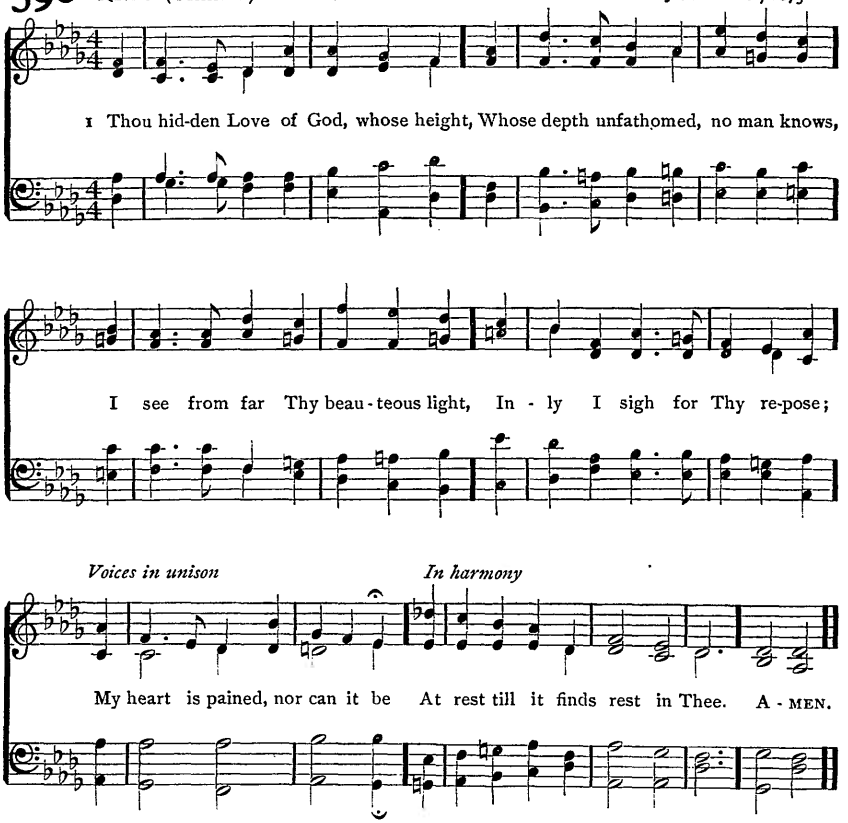
5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace Divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

596 REST (STAINER) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Sir John Stainer, 1875



2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

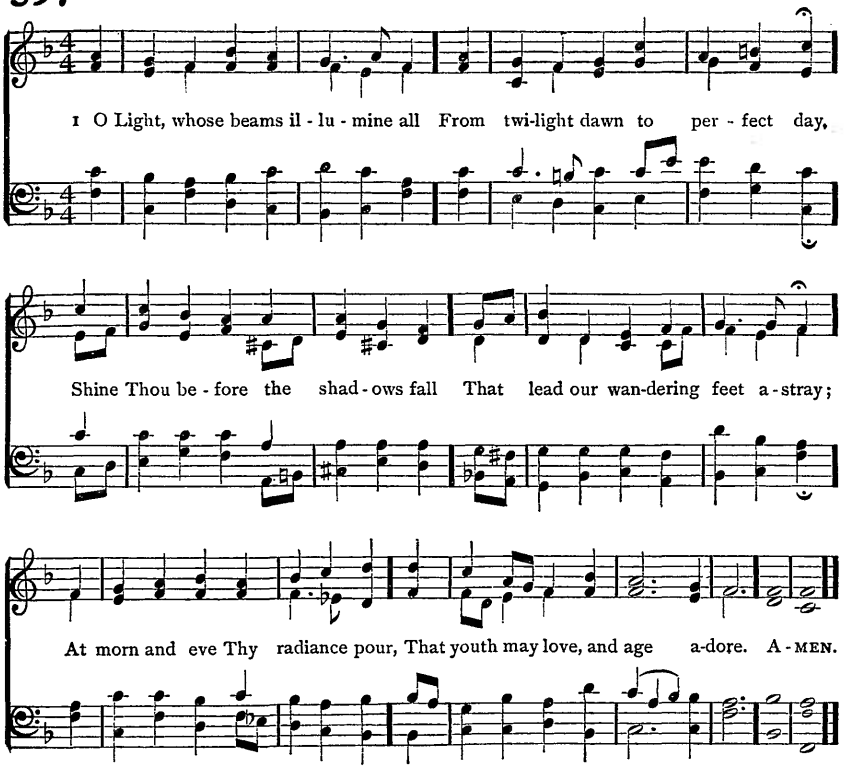
4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729. Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1736 (Text of 1780)

597 ST. MATTHIAS 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William H. Monk, 1861



2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease,
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless Pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

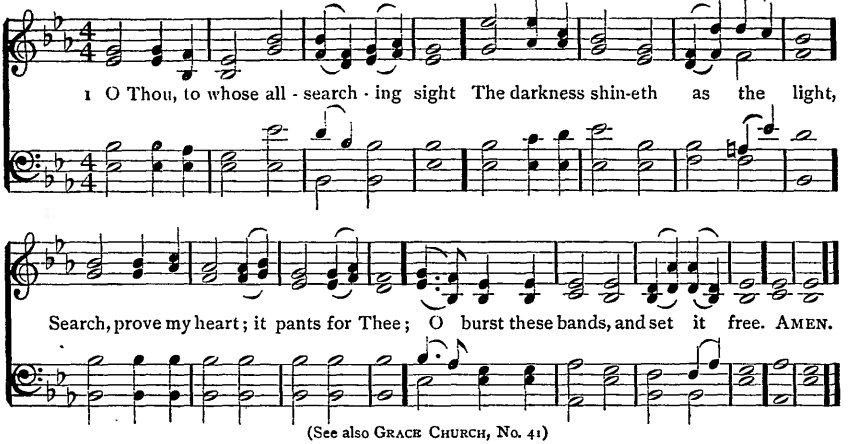
4 O Life, the Well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1865.

598 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849



(See also GRACE CHURCH, No. 41)

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

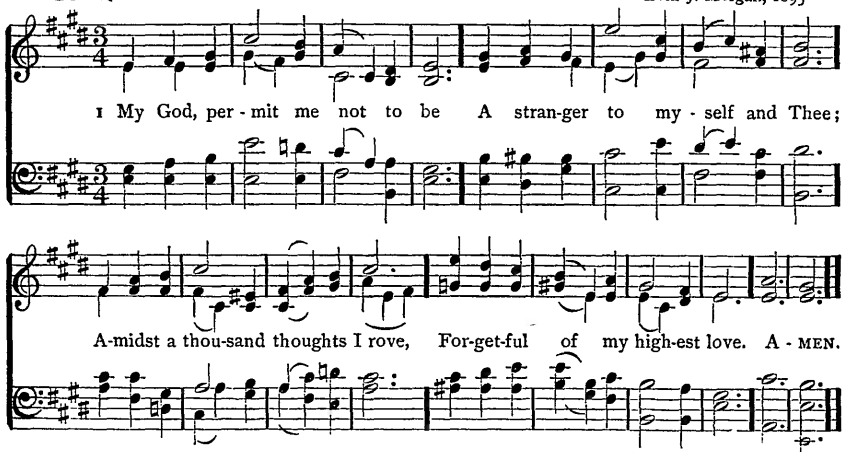
5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1721 (verse 4, Rev. Johann A. Freylinghausen, 1704). Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1738: verse 3, l. 4, alt.

GUARDIAN L. M.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895



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599 LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy guid-ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor-rows still in - crease: Lead us through Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - MEN.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be;
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1868

600 (GUARDIAN) L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

601 HORBURY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

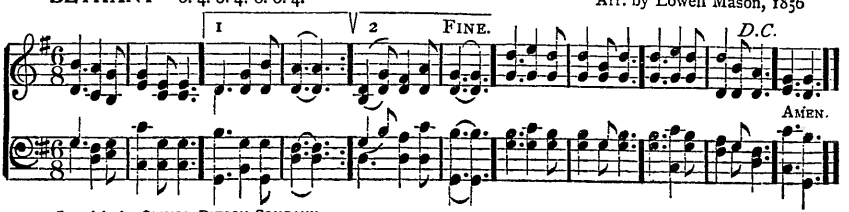
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841: verse 1, l. 5, alt.

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1856



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602 NEARER TO THEE 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

William R. Braine, 1861

1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! AMEN.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

PROPIOR DEO 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee! A-MEN.

603 WARING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838 –)

1 O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,
The Bright - ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light,
O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream - ing now;
The shad - ows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A - MEN.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

Bishop William W. How, 1871

604 (DUKE STREET) L. M.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by Divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

605 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

1 Walk in the light: so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love
His Spir - it on - ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Walk in the light: and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

5 Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

Bernard Barton, 1826

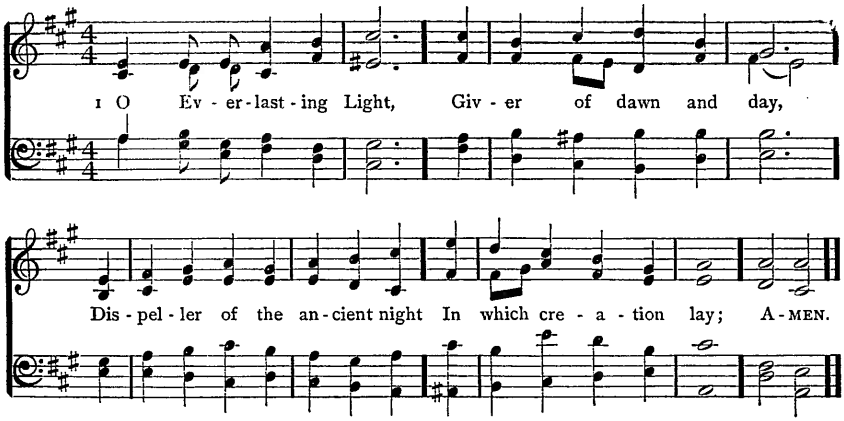
DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1793

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light. A-MEN.

606 DOMENICA S. M.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874



2 O Everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.

3 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.

4 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

5 O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

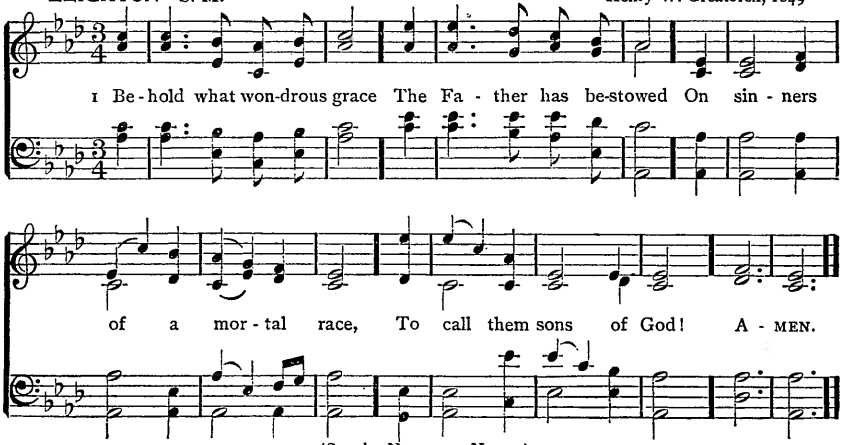
6 O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

7 Thou art in heaven our All,
Our All on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1858

LEIGHTON S. M.

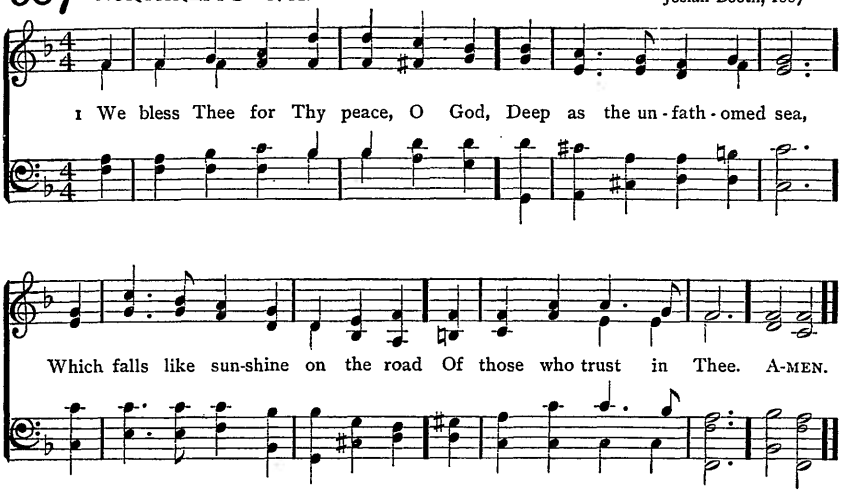
Henry W. Greatorex, 1849



(See also NEWLAND, No. 537)

607 NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887



2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

608 (LEIGHTON) S. M.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

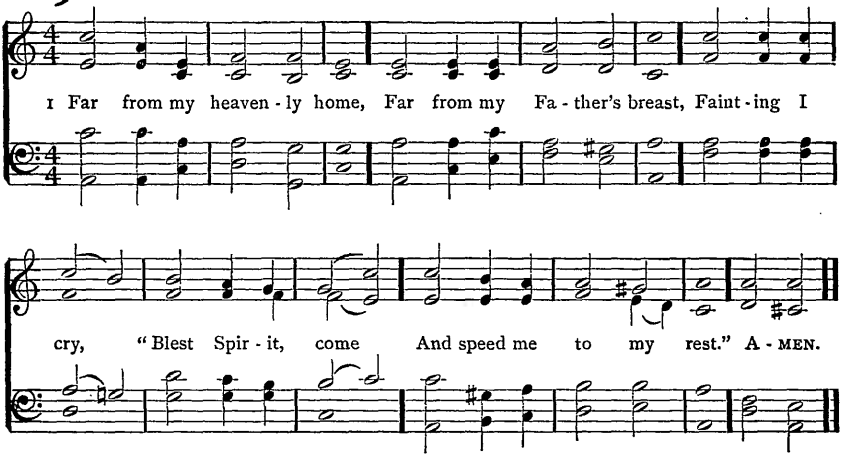
4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

609 LYTE S. M.

John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

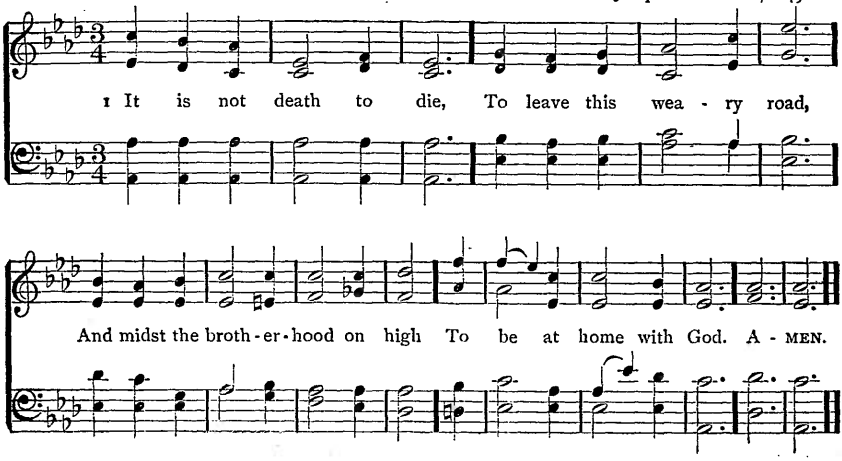
4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



Death

610 WAKEFIELD 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

With feeling William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 No, no, it is not dy - ing To go un - to our God;
This gloom - y earth for - sak - ing, Our jour - ney home - ward tak - ing
A - long the star - ry road. AMEN.

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2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know:
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832. Tr. Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, 1859

611 (GREENWOOD) S. M.

1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die:
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832. Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847

612 LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George William Martin, 1862:
har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Slowly

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way. A-MEN.

(See also CHALVEY, No. 722)

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

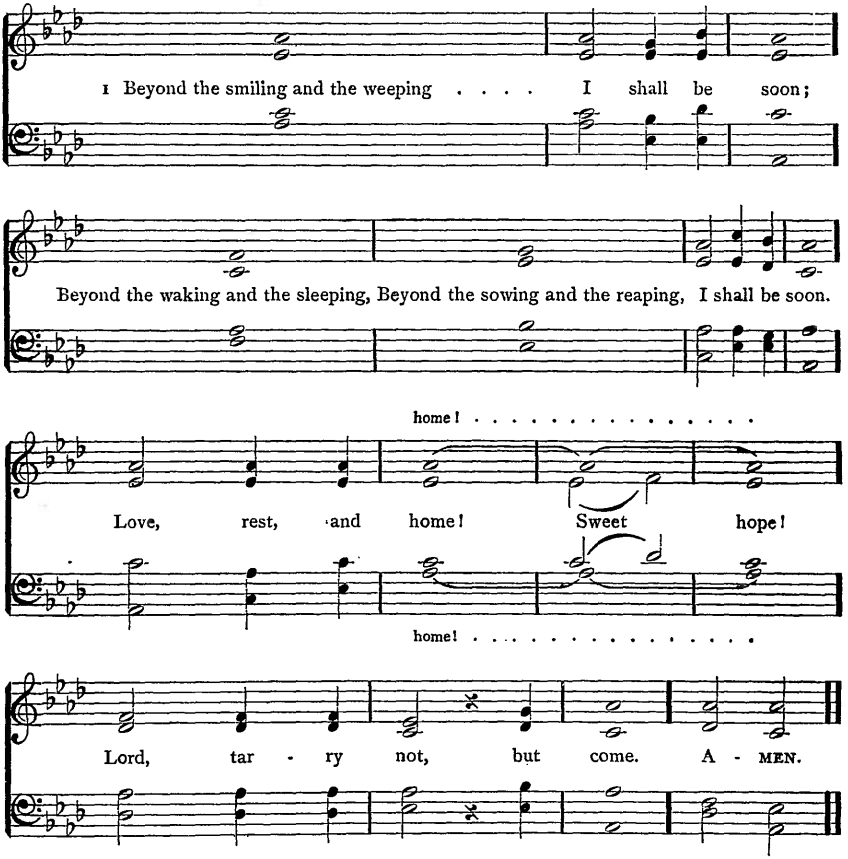
4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844

613 A LITTLE WHILE 9. 4. 9. 9. 4. 6. 6.

William A. Tarbutton,



2 Beyond the blooming and the fading |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

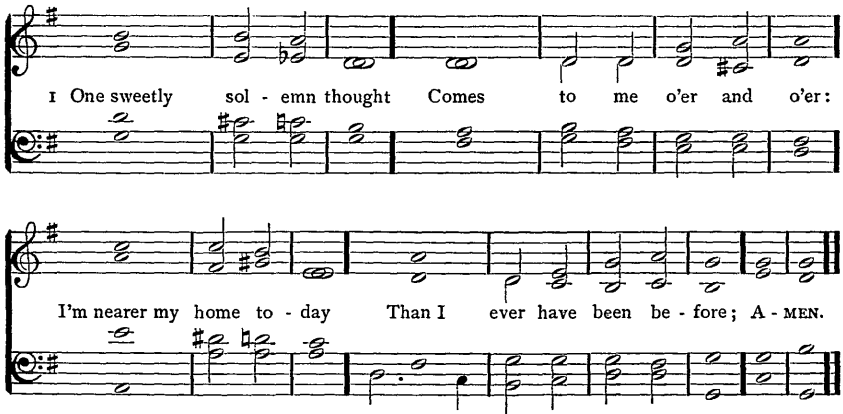
4 Beyond the parting and the meeting |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

614 CARY Irregular

William W. Gilchrist, 1895



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2 Nearer my | Father's | house, ||
Where the | many | mansions | be ;||
Nearer the | great white | throne, ||
Near- | er the | crystal | sea ; ||

3 Nearer the | bound of | life, ||
Where we | lay our | burdens | down ;||
Nearer | leaving the | cross, ||
Nearer | gain - | ing the | crown.||

4 But the waves of that | silent | sea ||
Roll | dark be | fore my | sight, ||
That brightly the | other | side ||
Break | on a | shore of | light.||

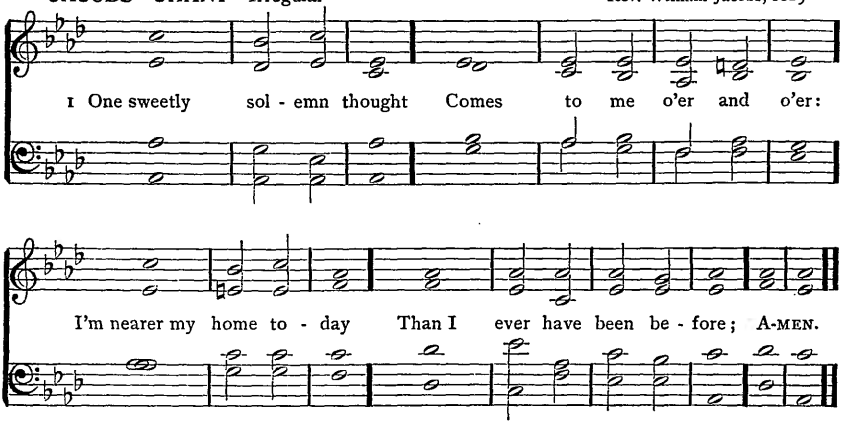
5 O, if my | mortal | feet ||
Have | almost | gained the | brink, ||
If it be I am | nearer | home ||
Even to- | day | than I | think,||

6 Father, | perfect my | trust ; ||
Let my | spirit | feel in | death ||
That her feet are | firmly | set ||
On the | rock of a | living | faith.||

Phœbe Cary, 1852 (Text of 1869)

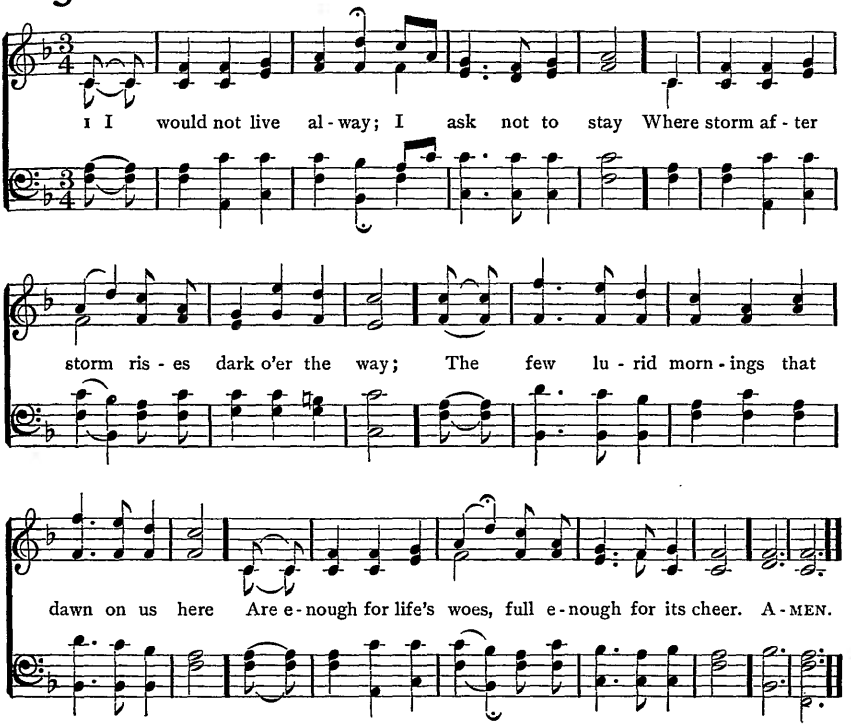
JACOBS' CHANT Irregular

Rev. William Jacobs, 1829



615 FREDERICK 11. 11. 11. 11.

George Kingsley, 1833



2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, c 1824 (Text of 1826)

The Resurrection of the Body

616 **REST** (STAINER) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. Sir John Stainer, 1875

1 We sing His love, who once was slain, Who soon o'er death re-vived a-gain,

That all His saints through Him might have E-ter-nal con-quests o'er the grave:

Voices in unison *In harmony*

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we Shall rise to im-mor-tal-i-ty. A-MEN.

2 The saints who now with Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring,
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

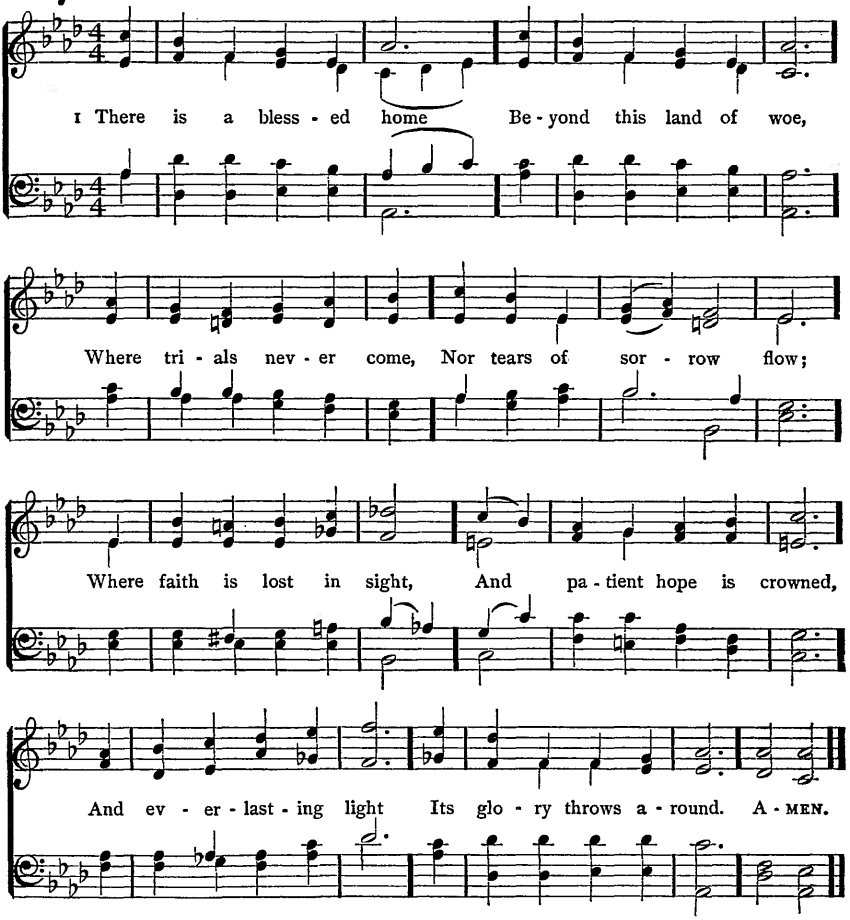
4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

Anon., in Suppl. to Rev. Rowland Hill's Ps. and Hy., 1796 (ascribed to him)

617 THE BLESSED HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Sir John Stainer, 1875



2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

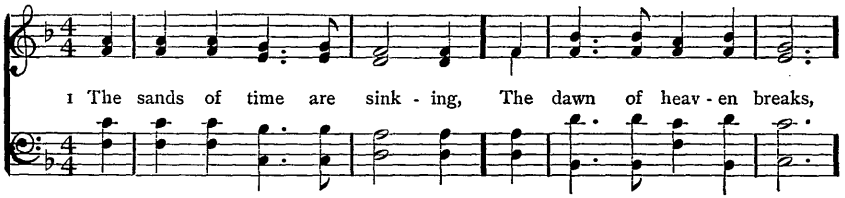
4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

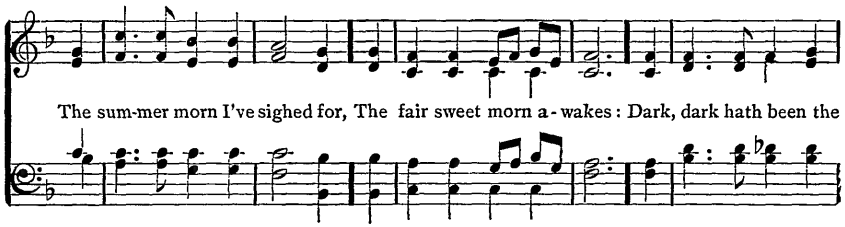
Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

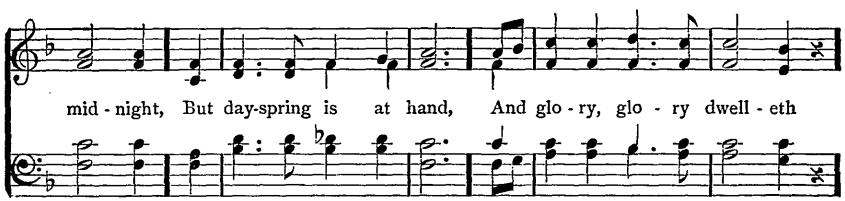
The Life Everlasting

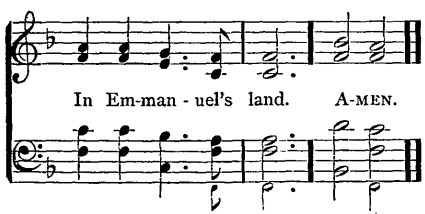
618 RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Arr. from Chrétien Urhan, 1834,
by Edw. F. Rimbault, 1867









2 The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

619 HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home:
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand;
Heaven is my fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home. A - MEN.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

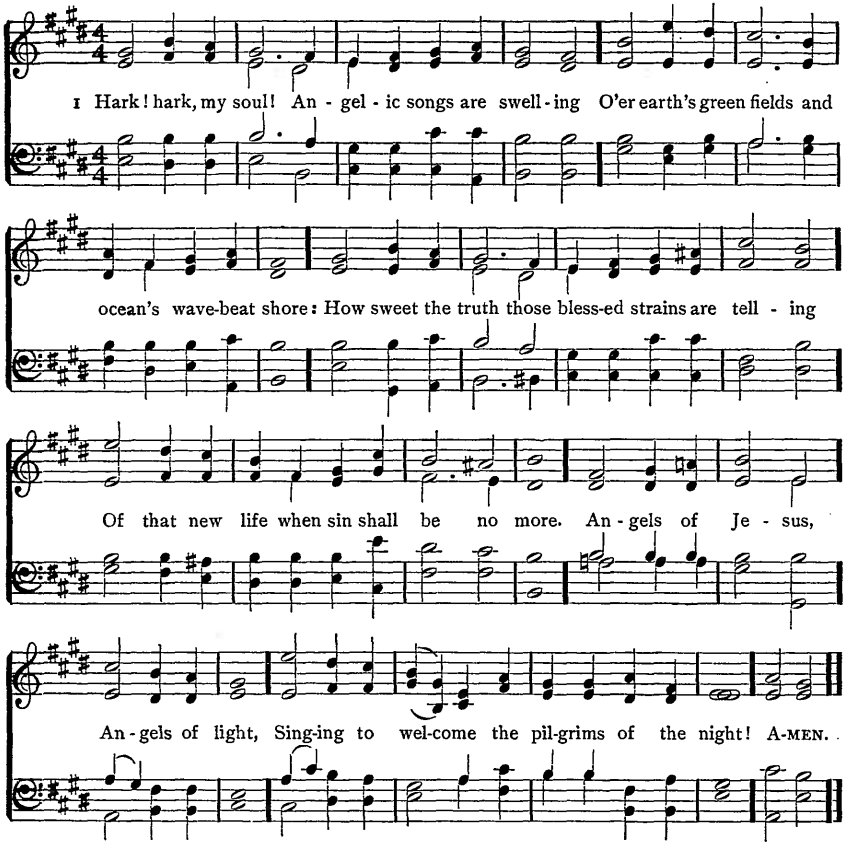
3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, publ. 1836

620 PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1868



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

The Life Everlasting

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854: verse 4, l. 3, verse 5, ll. 3, 4, alt.

VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

p *cres.*

1 Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

p *cres.* *dim.*

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

dim. *pp*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

pp *p*

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

p

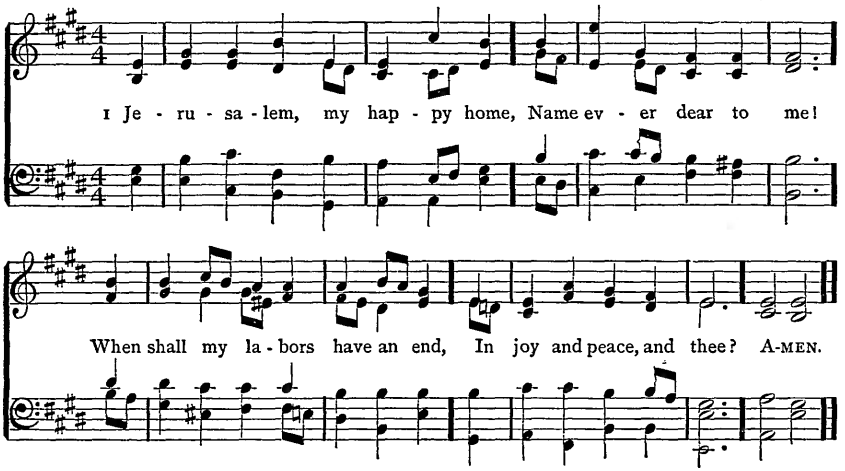
f *dim.* *p*

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil-grims of the night! A-MEN.

f *dim.* *p*

621 SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

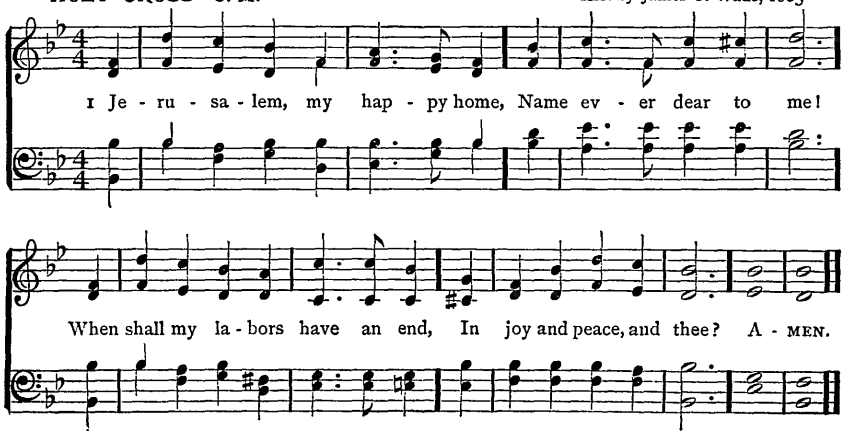
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon (ascribed to J. Montgomery,) Eckington Coll., c. 1796
(based on "F. B. P.," in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.)

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865



622 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1 O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my

sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? 2 O hap - py har-bor

of the saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! In thee no sor - row may be found,

No grief, no care, no toil. A-MEN.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

"F. B. P.," in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.: verse 1, l. 1, from W. Prid, 1585

623 PARADISE (BARNBY) 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866

1 O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - al
All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-MEN.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1862: verse 4, added, Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1868

The Life Everlasting

PARADISE (DYKES) 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

1 O Par - a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

hap-py land Where they that loved are blest? Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev - er

hearts and true

in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - MEN.

PARADISE (SMART) 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. Henry Smart, 1868

1 O Par-a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

hap-py land Where they that loved are blest? Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev - er

in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - MEN.

624 ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - MEN.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

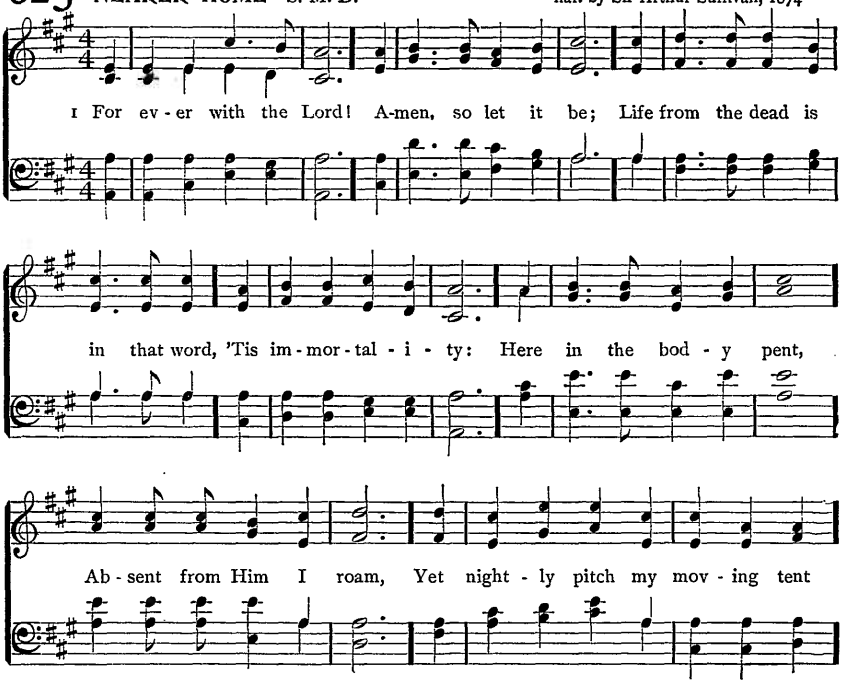
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1867

625 NEARER HOME S. M. D.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1852:
har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower:
Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

4 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil:
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835

626 MOUNT ZION 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1 When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glar - ing sun,

When we stand with Christ in glo - ry, Look - ing o'er life's fin - ished story,—

Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe. A-MEN.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart, —
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice, —
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

Rev. Robert M. McCheyne, 1837

ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE S. M.

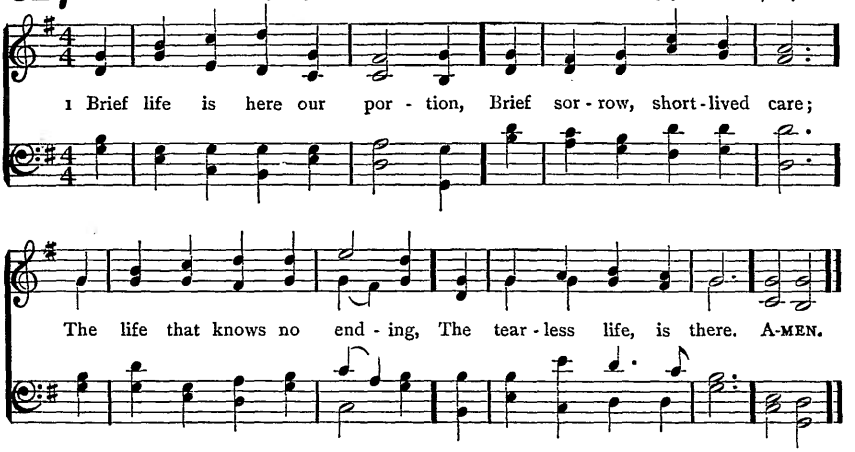
George Lomas, 1876

1 O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole: A - MEN.

627 ST. ALPHEGE 7.6.7.6.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851: verse 6, l. 1, alt.

628 (ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE) S. M.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love:

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1818 (text of 1825)

629 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James Walch, 1875

1 The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax-ing late: Be so-ber and keep vig - il,
The Judge is at the gate,—The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with
might, To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - MEN.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one:

3 The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale. 1858; verse 5, recast in Hy. Anc. and Mod., 1861

630 THE HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1 For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vig-ils keep; For ver-y love be-

hold-ing Thy hap-py name, they weep: The men-tion of thy glo-ry

Is unc-tion to the breast, And med-i-cine in sick-ness,

And love, and life, and rest. A-MEN.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart,
And none, O Peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

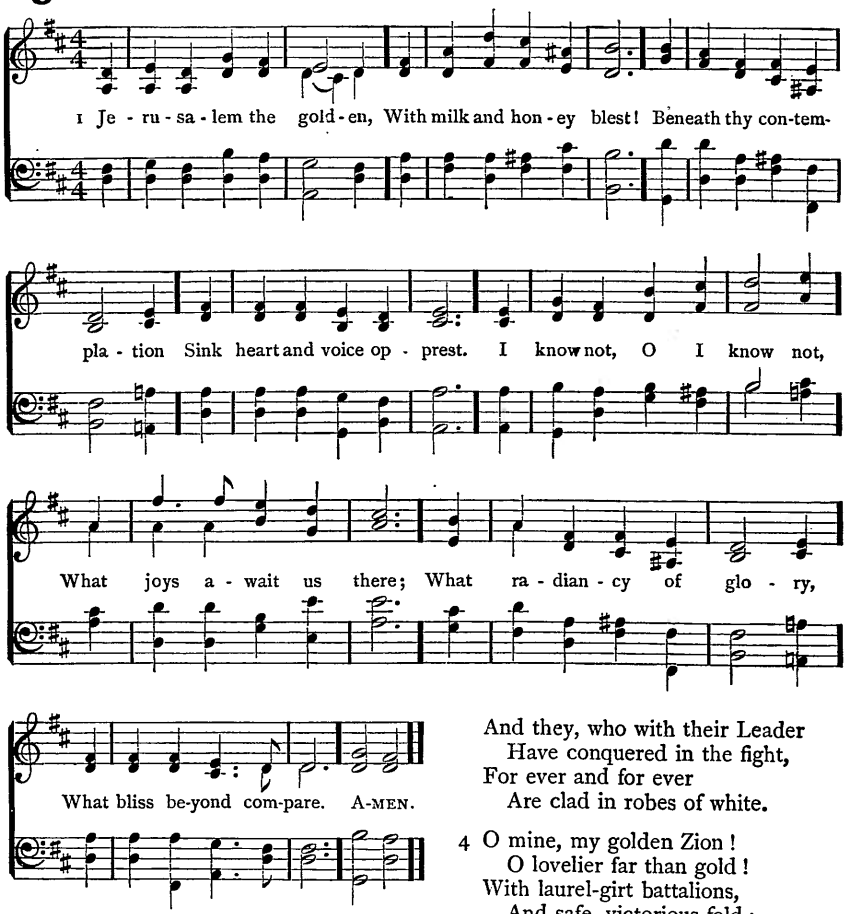
4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851: arr.; verse 5, recast in Hy. Anc. and Mod., 1861

631 EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

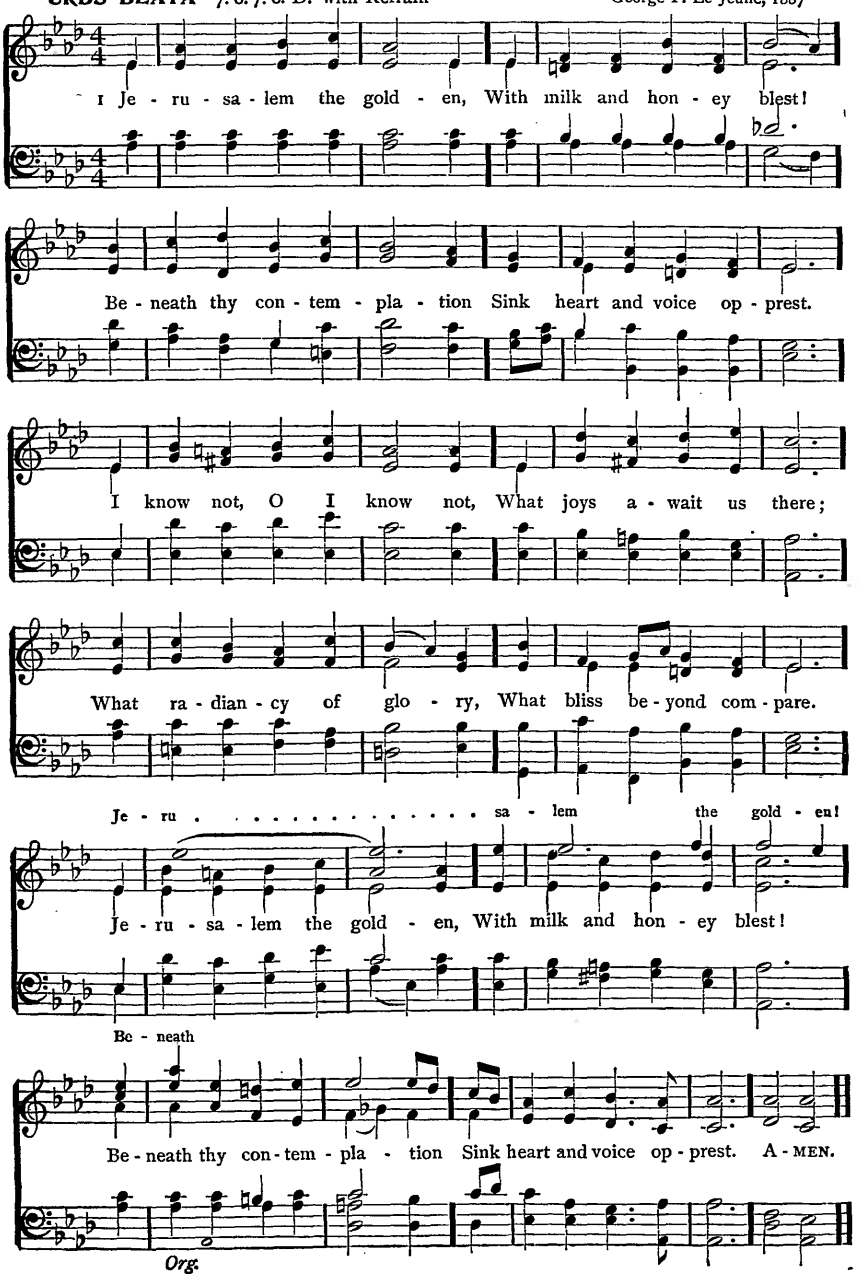
4 O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe, victorious fold:
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

5 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851: verse 1, ll. 6, 8, verse 2, l. 2, alt.

The Life Everlasting

URBS BEATA 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain — George F. Le Jeune, 1887



632 CASTLE RISING C. M. D.

Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey, 1867

1 The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:
O for the pearl - y gates of heaven! O for the gold - en floor!
O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set - teth nev - er - more! A - MEN.

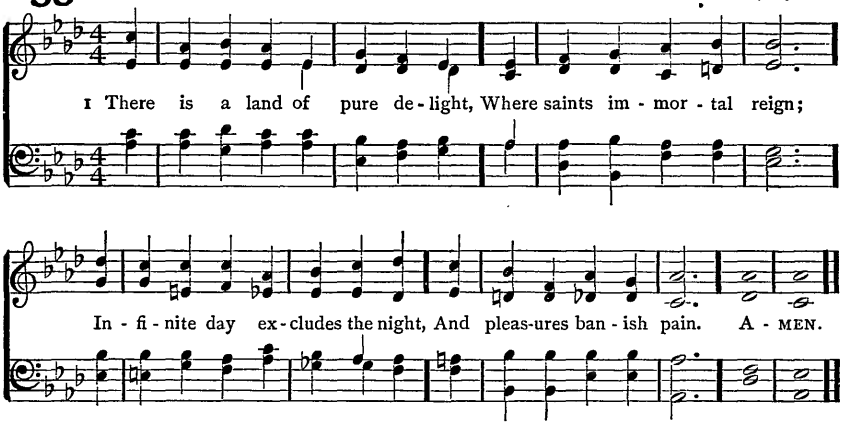
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

633 ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

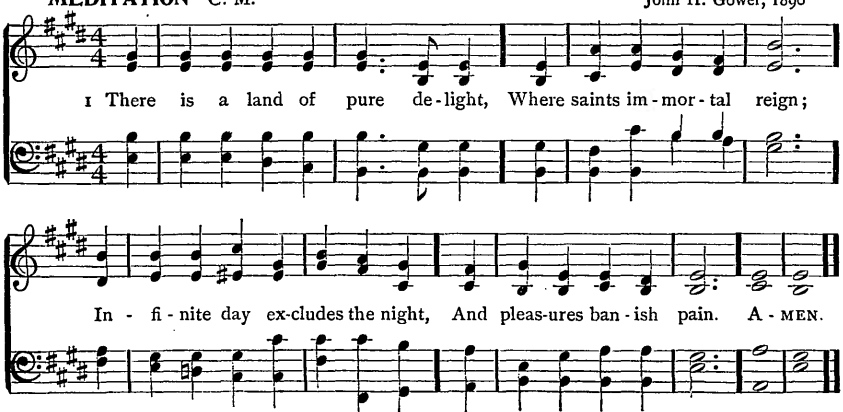
5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890



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634 REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear, whence peace hath spring,

Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King;

O how glo - rious are the prais - es Which of thee the proph - ets sing! A-MEN.

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud or passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
There unknown are toil and care.

4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

6 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Anon. (Latin, 15th cent.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1858

635 GOUNOD 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872

1 Bless - ed cit - y, heaven - ly Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear of peace and
love, Who of liv - ing stones up - build - ed Art the
joy of heaven a - bove, And, with an - gel co - horts cir - cled,
As a bride to earth dost move! A - MEN.

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round her shed,
Meet for Him whose love espoused her,
To her Lord shall she be led;
All her streets and all her bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright with pearls her portal glitters,
It is open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who, for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th cent.) Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851; verse 2, ll. 2, 3, 4, alt.

The Life Everlasting

636 **BONAR** 8.8.7.8.8.7. J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1 Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;
Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the
blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - MEN.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

637 DAILY, DAILY 8.7.8.7.D.

Henri F. Hemy, 1865

1 Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais - es Of the cit - y God hath made;
In the beau-teous fields of E - den Its foun - da - tion-stones are laid.
O that I had wings of an - gels, Here to spread and heaven-ward fly!
I would seek the gates of Zi - on, Far be-yond the star - ry sky. A-MEN.

2 All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had wings, etc.

3 In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
O that I had wings, etc.

4 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.
O that I had wings, etc.

5 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colors
Of the waving flowers there.
O that I had wings, etc.

6 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.
O that I had wings, etc.

7 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
O that I had wings, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Burial of the Dead

638 **REQUIESCAT** 7.7.7.7.8.8. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;
Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last.
Fa-ther, in Thy gra-cious keep-ing Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep-ing. A-MEN.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871

639 ASLEEP IN JESUS L. M.

David D. Wood, 1895

1 A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-MEN.

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2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832

REST (BRADBURY) L. M.

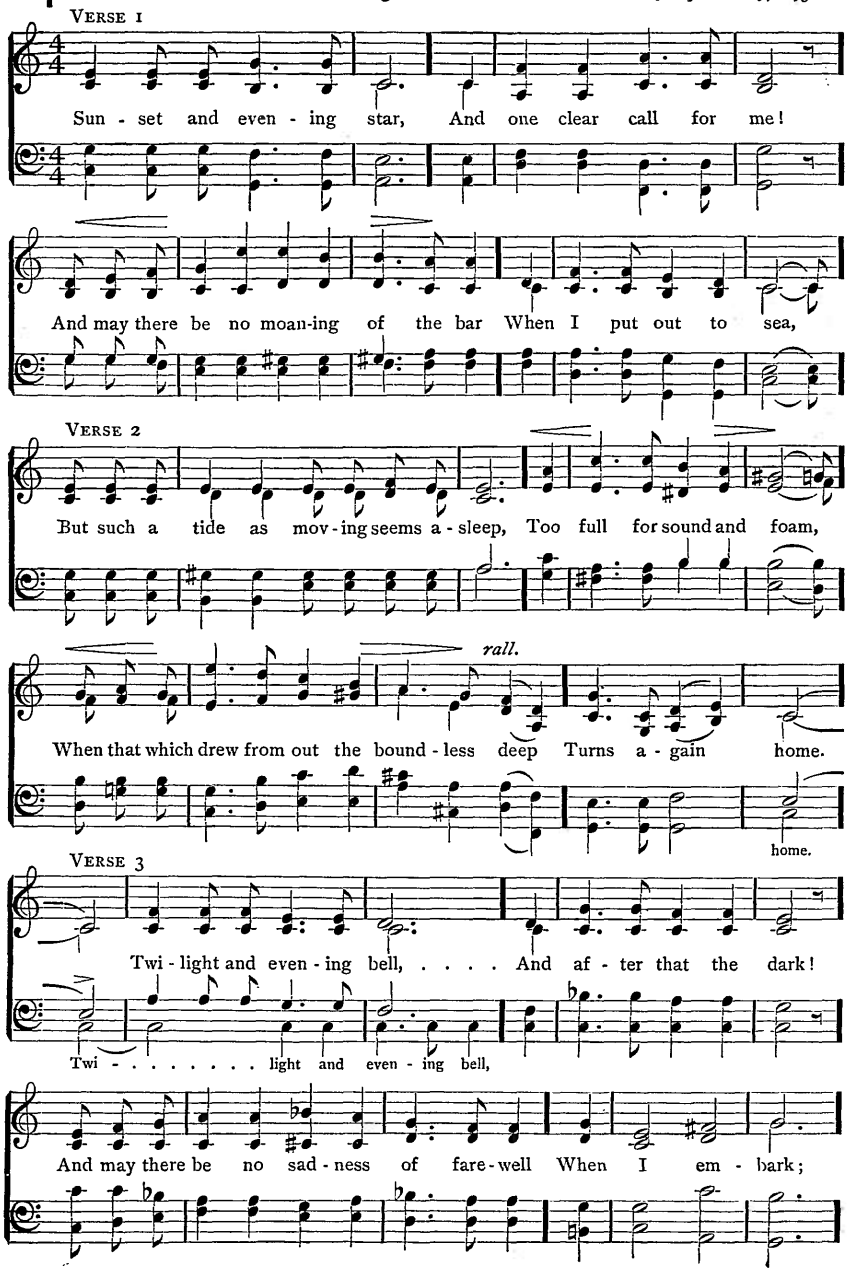
William B. Bradbury, 1843

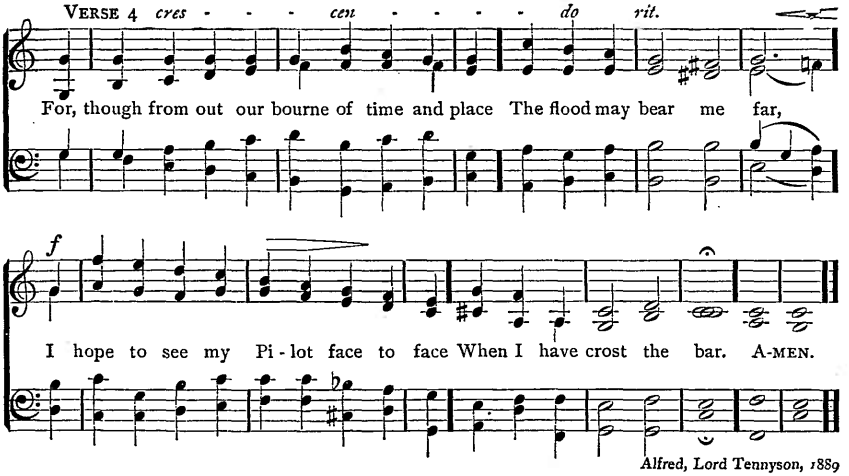
1 A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-MEN.

640 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893

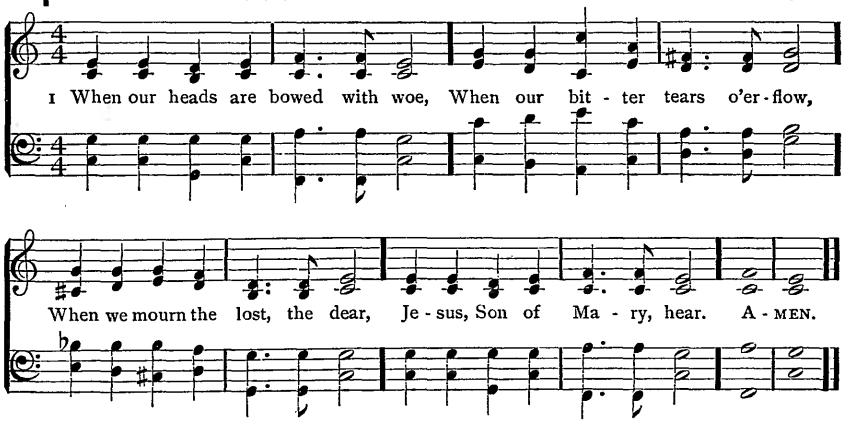




Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1889

641 REDHEAD 7.7.7.7.

Richard Redhead, 1853



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827: verse 3, ll. 1, 2; l. 4, of each verse, alt.

642 CONSOLATION 7.8.7.8.7.

Francis Cramer, 1879

1 Gen - tle Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep-ing;

Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep-ing,

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bos - om more. A-MEN.

Used by permission of REV. CHARLES L. HUTCHINS

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

Rev. Johann W. Meinhold, 1835 Tr Catherine Winkworth, 1858

643 (THE LAST SLEEP) 4.6.4.6.D.

1 SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868

In Time of Trouble

644 ST. LUKE L. M.

Alt. from Jeremiah Clark, 1701

1 O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-MEN.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

THE LAST SLEEP 4. 6. 4. 6. D.

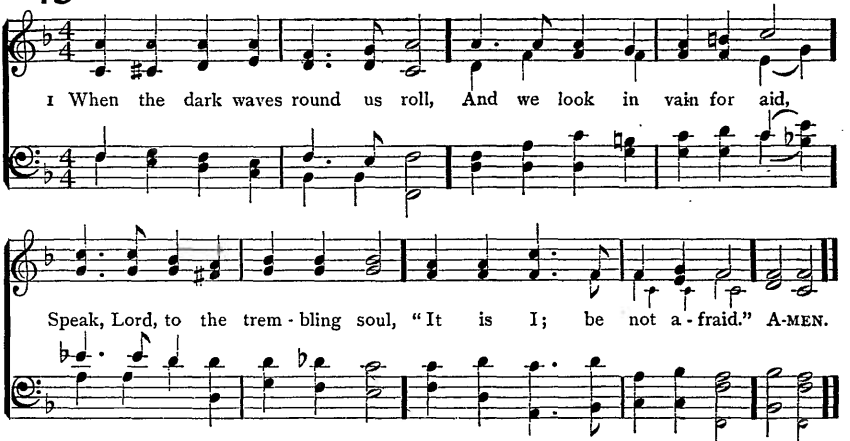
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

pp *cres.*

1 Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
Till the e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
f rall *Slower pp*
riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A-MEN.

In Time of Trouble

645 **WOODMAN** 7.7.7.7. R. Huntington Woodman, 1895



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2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
"It is I; be not afraid."

3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
"It is I; be not afraid."

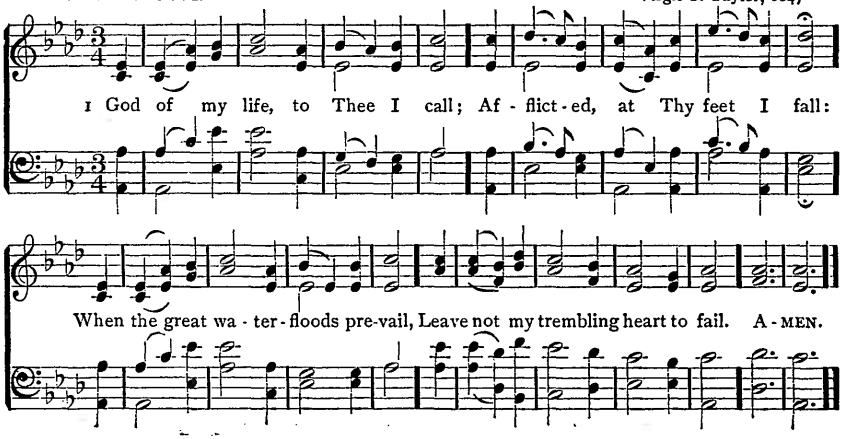
4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O may then the mourner hear,
"It is I; be not afraid."

5 When with wearing hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
"It is I; be not afraid."

6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,
"It is I; be not afraid."

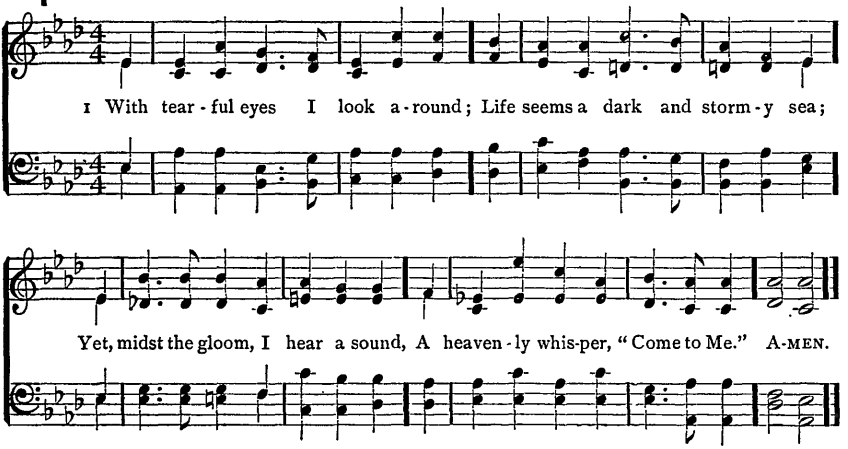
Bishop William W. How, 1864

LOUVAN L. M. Virgil C. Taylor, 1847



646 THIRSK L. M.

W. A. Wrigley, 1885



2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."

5 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me.

6 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy Portion; come to Me."

7 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

Charlotte Elliott, 1841

647 (LOUVAN) L. M.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 1779

648 MARY MAGDALENE (DYKES) 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 O let him, whose sor - row No re - lief can find,
Trust in God, and bor - row Ease for heart and mind.
Where the mourn - er weep - ing Sheds the se - cret tear,
God His watch is keep - ing, Though none else is near. A - MEN.

(See also PENITENCE, No. 498)

2 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes:
Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

3 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,
When thy gracious Saviour
In the realms above
Crowns thee with His favor,
Fills thee with His love.

Heinrich S. Oswald, 1826. Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841

649 BENEVENTO 7.7.7.7. D.

Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

1 While with ceaseless course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know. A - MEN.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev John Newton, 1774

650 CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 At Thy feet, our God and Fa - ther, Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grate - ful hearts would gath - er, To be - gin the year with praise:
Praise for light so bright - ly shin - ing On our steps from heaven a - bove;
Praise for mer-cies dai - ly twin - ing Round us gold - en cords of love. A - MEN.

(See also AUTUMN, No. 500)

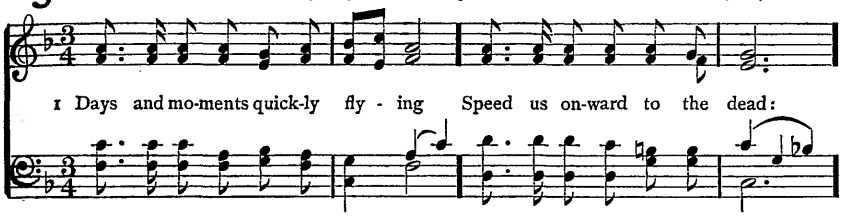
2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own:
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe

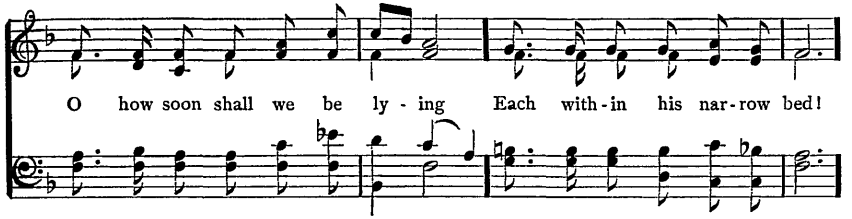
3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1861

651 ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7. and 8. 8. 8. 9.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



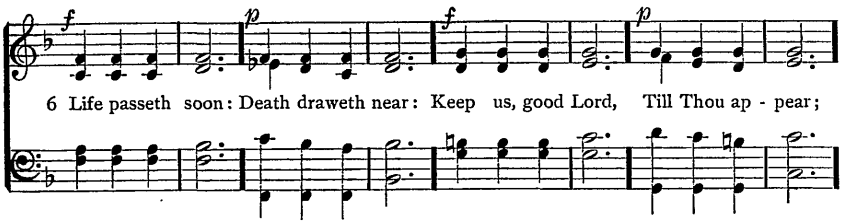


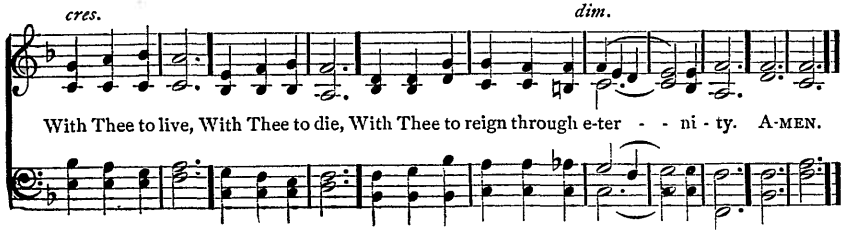
2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

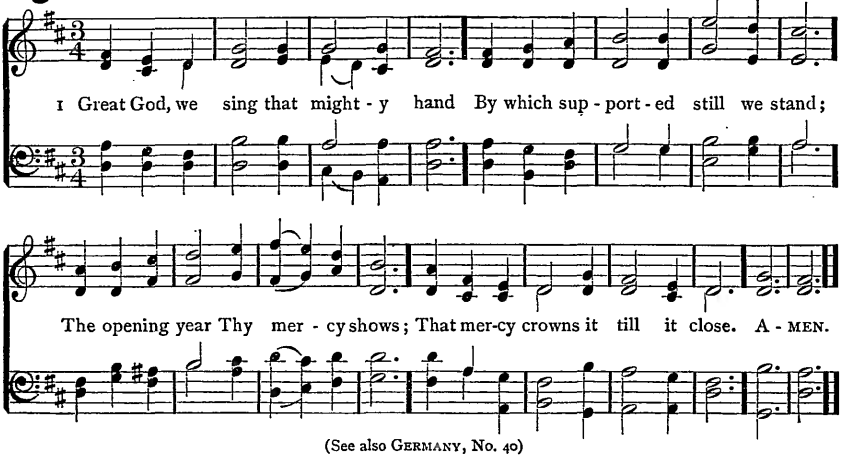




Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858: recast in Church Hymns, 1871

652 OMBERSLEY L. M.

William H. Gladstone, 1872



(See also GERMANY, No. 40)

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

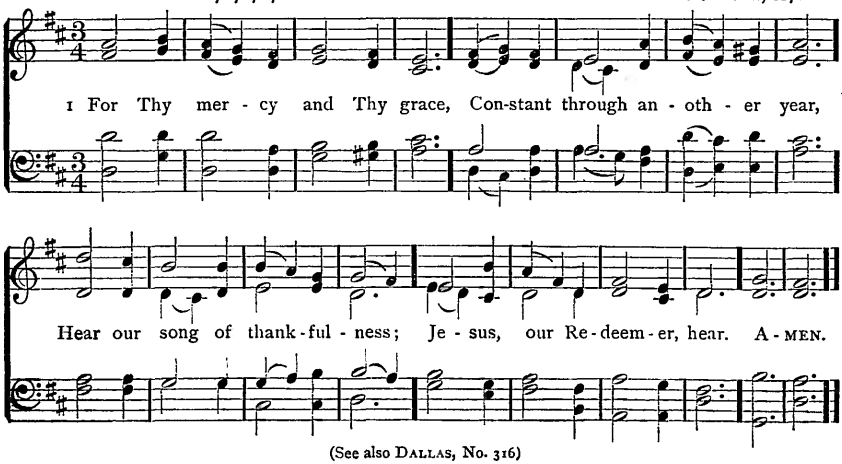
4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

ST. AUSTELL 7.7.7.7.

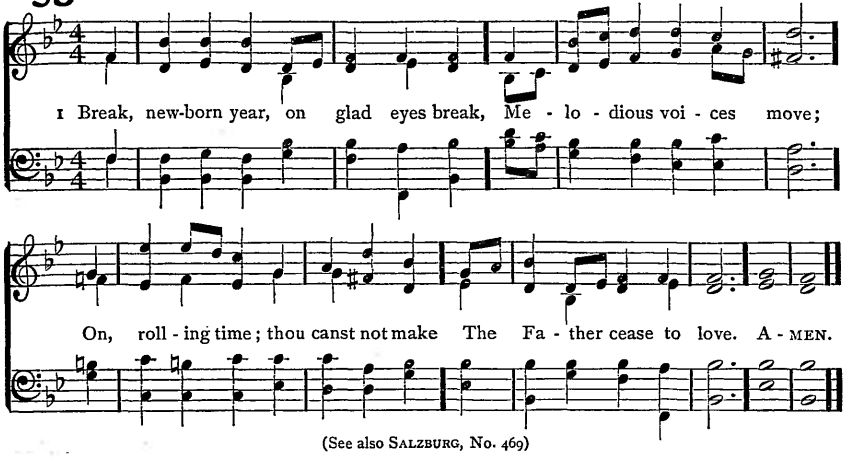
Arthur H. Brown, 1876



(See also DALLAS, No. 316)

653 MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



(See also SALZBURG, No. 469)

2 The parted year had wingèd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.

4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight:
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright.

5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.

6 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

Thomas H. Gill, 1855

654 (ST. AUSTELL) 7.7.7.7.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Rev. Henry Downton, 1841

655 NEW YEAR'S DAY 10. 10. 10. 10.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 House of our God, with hymns of glad-ness ring, While all our lips and hearts His prais-es sing; The opening year His mer-cies shall pro-claim, And all its days shall cel-e-brate His Name. A-MEN.

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2 Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of His unveiled face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of His goodness, which no ending knows.

3 O Earth, enlightened by His rays Divine,
Stored by His hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with His goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

4 O Church, His chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on His hands, and precious in His sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace
Which sheds on thee the brightness of His face.

5 Burst into praise, my soul; and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore:
He is thy Trust, thy Refuge, and thy Fear;
Strong in His strength, begin the new-born year.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755: recast by Rev. John Ellerton, 1871

656 NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1648

1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
Who, from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A-MEN.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Rev. Martin Rinkart (1586–1649). Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

657 GOLDEN SHEAVES 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,
To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:
Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,
The val-leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing. A-MEN.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

William C. Dix, 1864

658 MORGAN C. M. D.

Irvin J. Morgan, 1895

1 O Throned, O Crowned with all re - nown, Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reign-est, and by Thee come down Hence-forth the gifts of God:
By Thee the suns of space, that burn Unspent, their watch - es hold;
The hosts that turn, and still re - turn, Are swayed, and poised, and rolled. A-MEN.

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2 And as, when ebbed the Flood, our sires
Kneeled on the mountain sod,
While o'er the new world's altar fires
Shone out the bow of God;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail,
"Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail,"—

3 Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet
Breathe from the bounteous heaven:
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again;

4 That we may feed Thy poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own;
That we may praise Thee all our days,
And with the Father's Name,
And with the Holy Spirit's gifts,
The Saviour's love proclaim.

Archbishop Edward W. Benson, 1860: verse 4, ll. 5-8, Rev. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863

659 GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737–1806)

1 Sing to the Lord of har - vest, Sing songs of love and praise;
With joy - ful hearts and voi - ces Your al - le - lu - ias raise:
By Him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move;
Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love. A - MEN.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good,"
To Christ, who, when we wandered,
Restored us with His blood,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessèd dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1866

660 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7.7.7.7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1859

1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-MEN.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

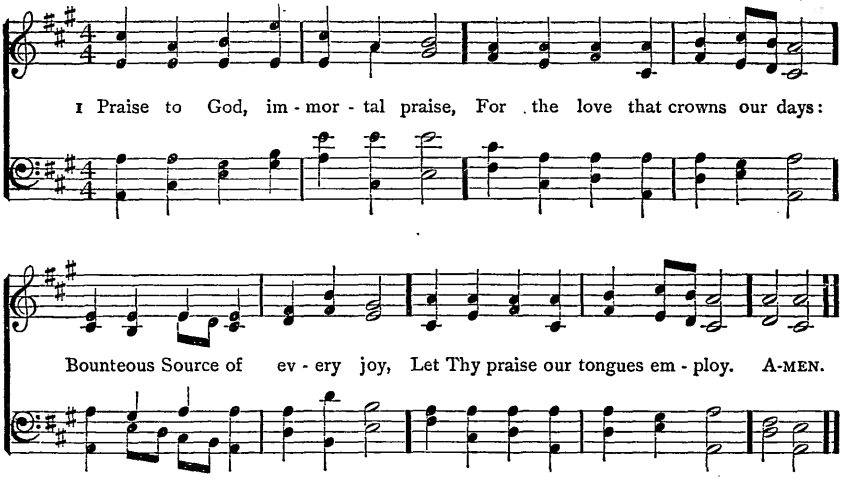
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1844

Harvest and Thanksgiving

661 NUREMBERG 7.7.7.7.

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664



2 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

6 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—

7 Yet to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772

National

662 (WAREHAM) L. M.

1 O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

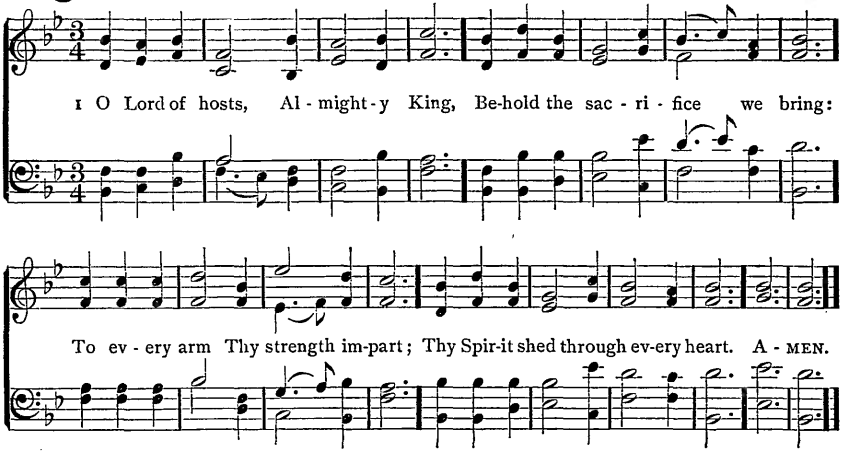
3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy Name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1833 (text of 1845)

663 MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824



2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

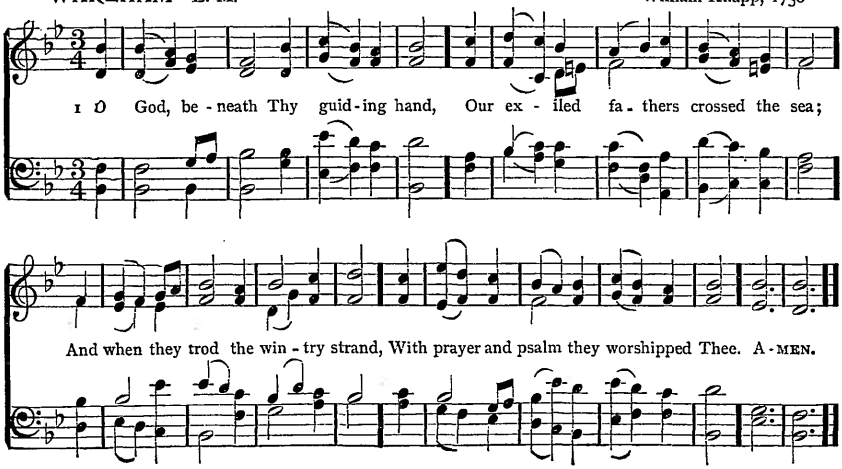
4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, — Praise to Thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861

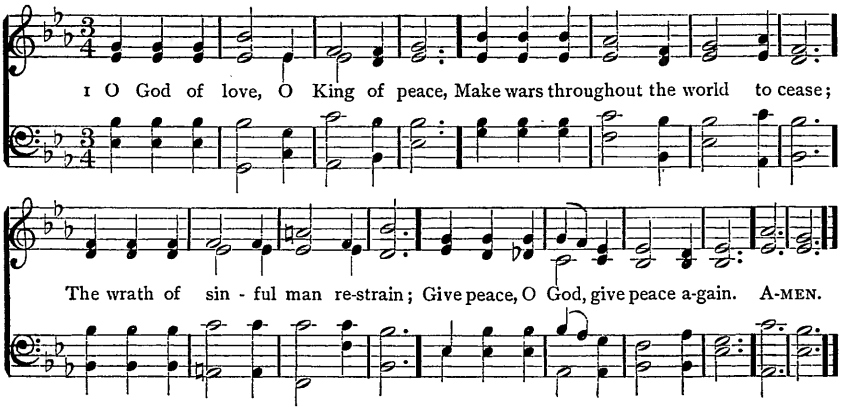
WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



664 QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

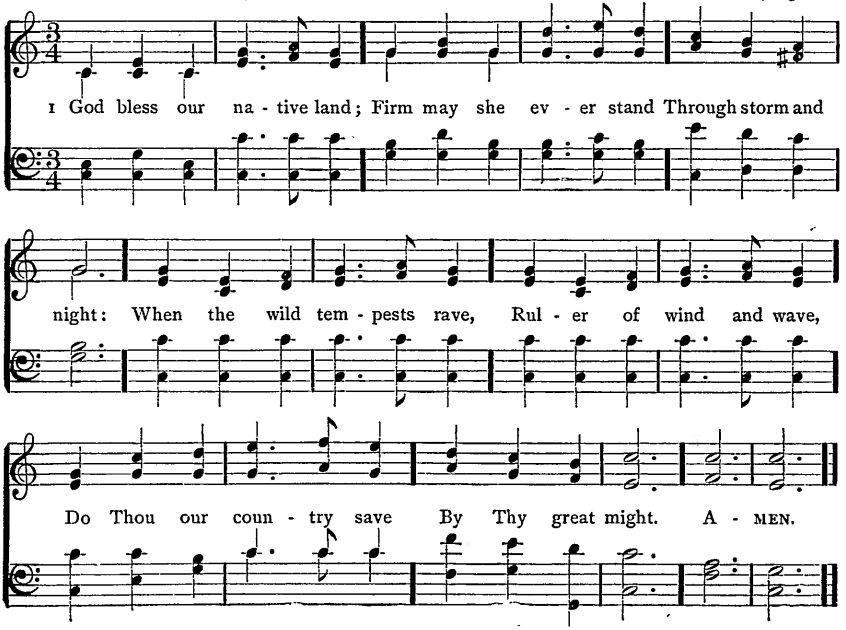
3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

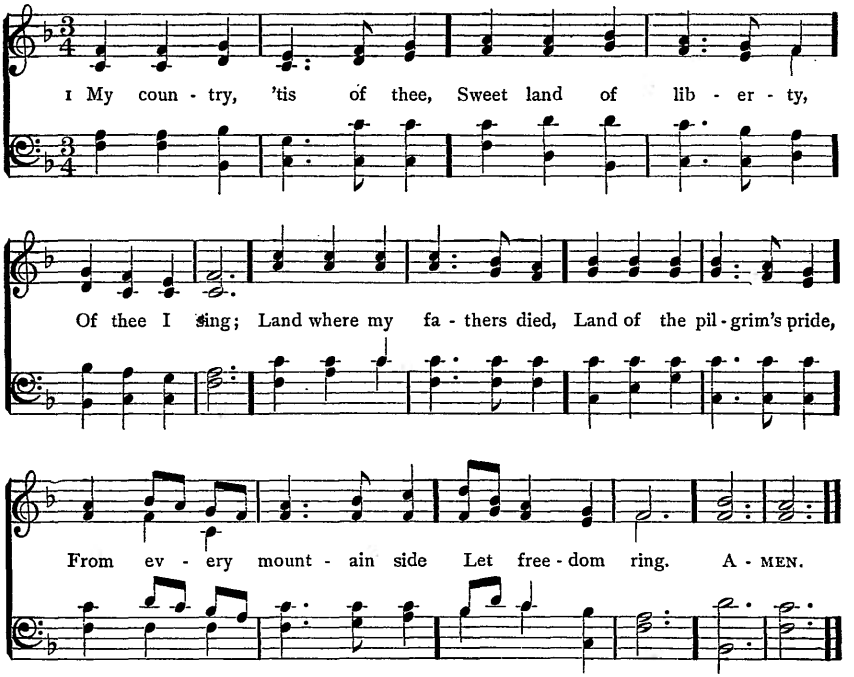
DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832



665 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Harmonia Anglicana, 1744



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

666 (DORT) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 GOD bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

1st 5 ll. Rev. Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833: the remainder, Rev. John S. Dwight, 1844

National

667 NATIONAL HYMN 10. 10. 10. 10. George William Warren, 1892

Voices alone. *f*

ff

Trumpets, before each verse. 1 God of our fathers, whose al-might-y hand

With organ

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band

cres.

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,

ff

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - MEN.

2 Thy love Divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay;
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace Divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

668 WITHERSPOON 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

William S. Waith, 1895

1 To Thee, our God, we fly For mer - cy and for grace:
O hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy might-y hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land,
our fa - ther - land. A - MEN.

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(See also WAVERTON, No. 576)

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

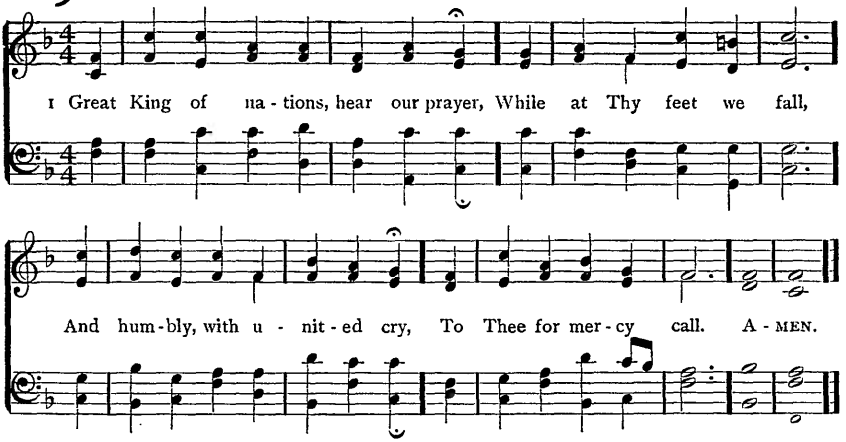
4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Bishop William W. How, 1871

669 MEAR C. M.



2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

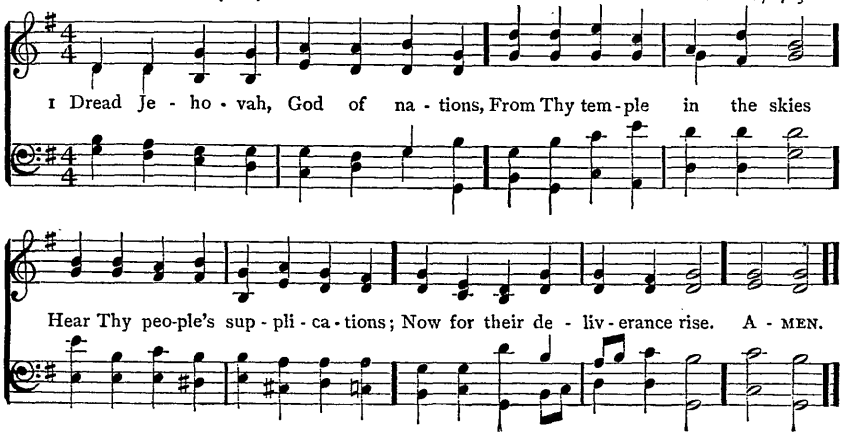
5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838

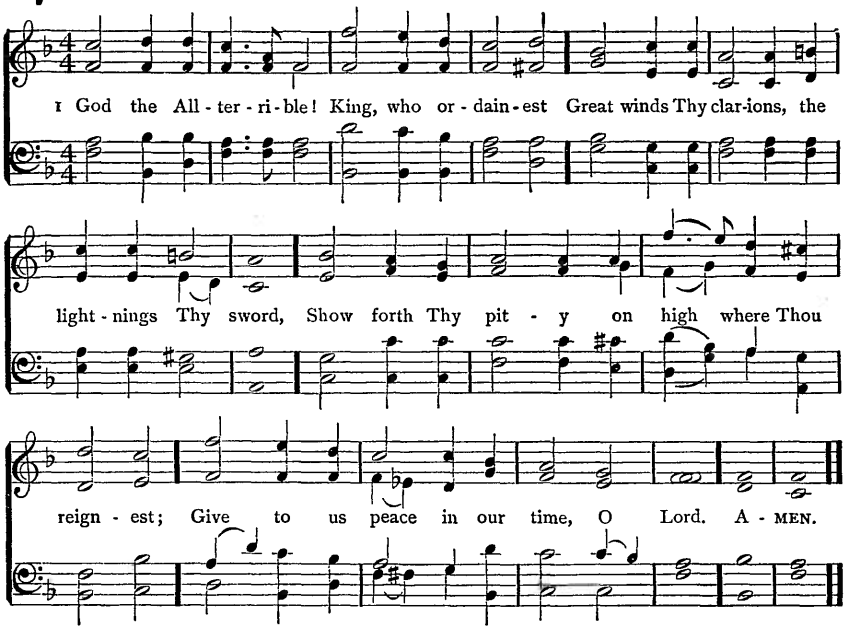
STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gotha Cantional, 1715



670 RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis Lwoff, 1833



2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Laud Him who saved them from peril abhorred;
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Henry F. Chorley, 1842: verse 2. l. 3, alt.

671 (STUTTGART) 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

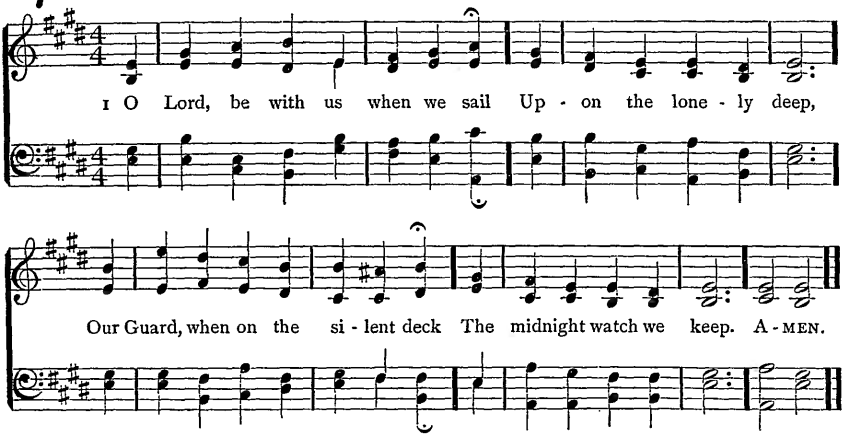
4 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Anon., 1804: alt. Rev. Edward Bickersteth, 1833

For Those at Sea

672 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

*4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

*5 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

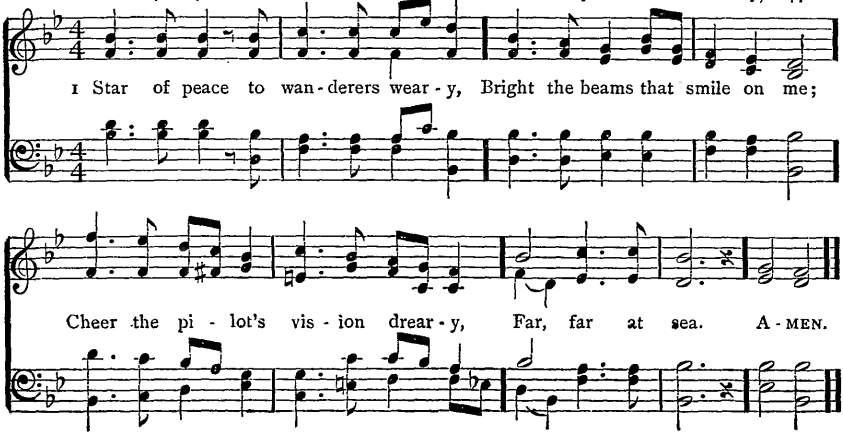
7 To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1865

* These verses are for use in the Navy

WAVE 8. 7. 8. 4.

Arr. by William B. Bradbury, 1844



For Those at Sea

673 MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea. A - MEN.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860 (Text of 1869)

674 (WAVE) 8. 7. 8. 4.

1 STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

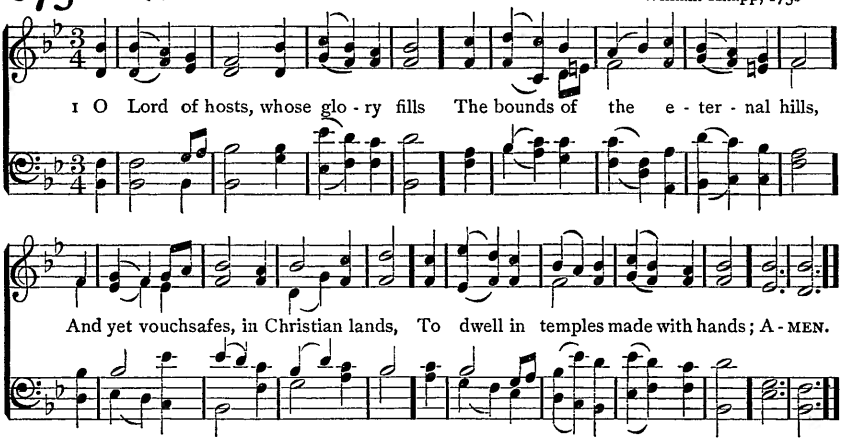
4 Star Divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

Jane C. Simpson, 1830

Laying of a Corner Stone

675 WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy Throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

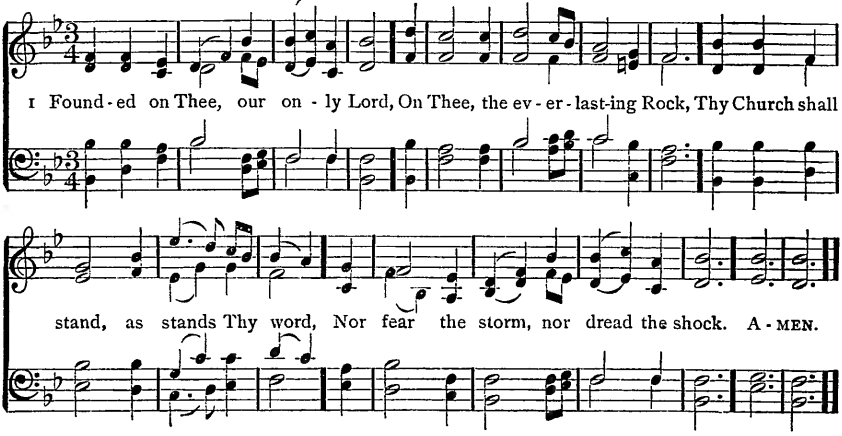
5 Endue the hearts that guide with skill,
Preserve the hands that work from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1844

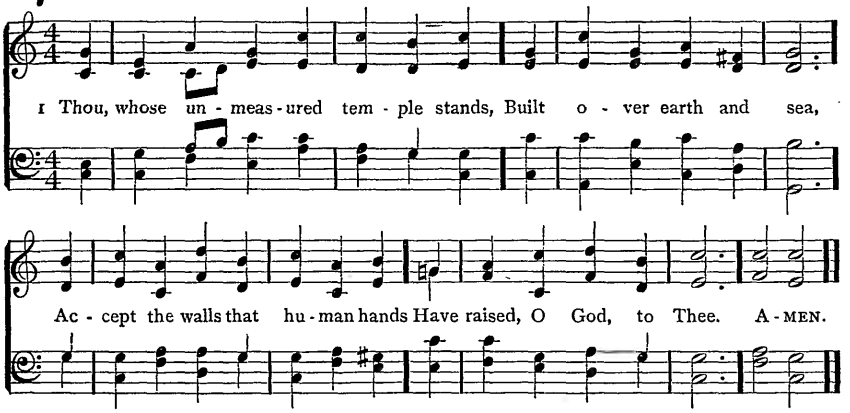
WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784



676 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708



2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

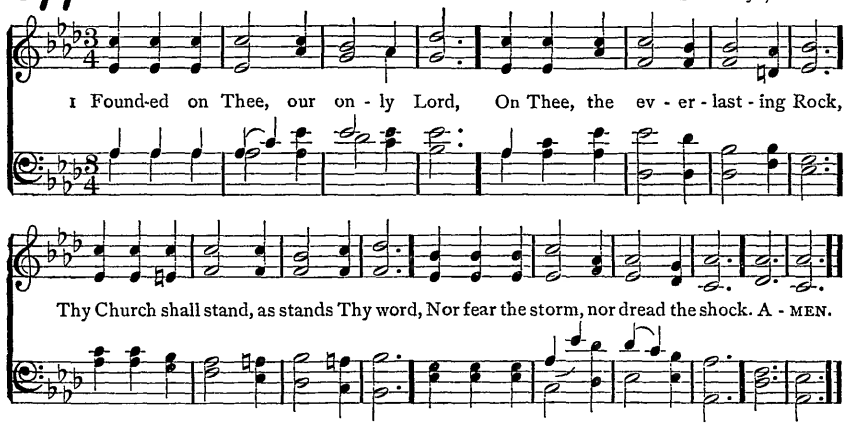
3 May they who err be guided here
To find the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant, 1820

677 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1868



2 For Thee our waiting spirits yearn,
For Thee this house of praise we rear;
To Thee with longing hearts we turn:
Come, fix Thy glorious presence here.

3 Come, with Thy Spirit and Thy power,
The Conqueror, once the Crucified;
Our God, our Strength, our King, our Tower,
Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.

4 Accept the work our hands have wrought;
Accept, O God, this earthly shrine;
Be Thou our Rock, our life, our thought,
And we, as living temples, Thine.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1894

For Those at Sea

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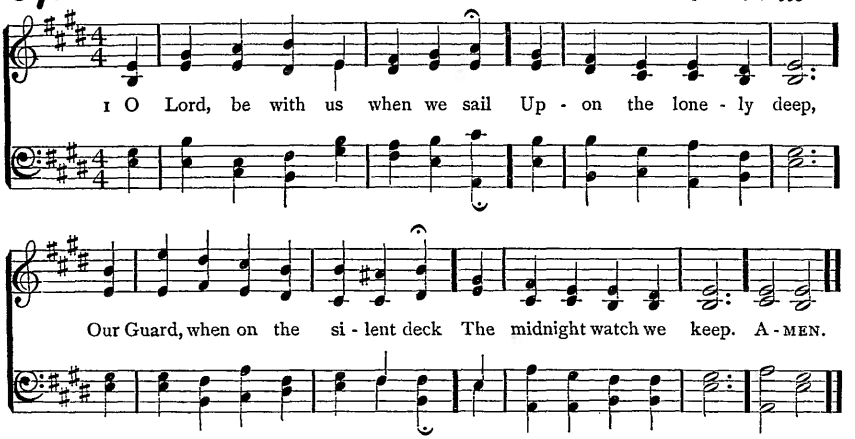
Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



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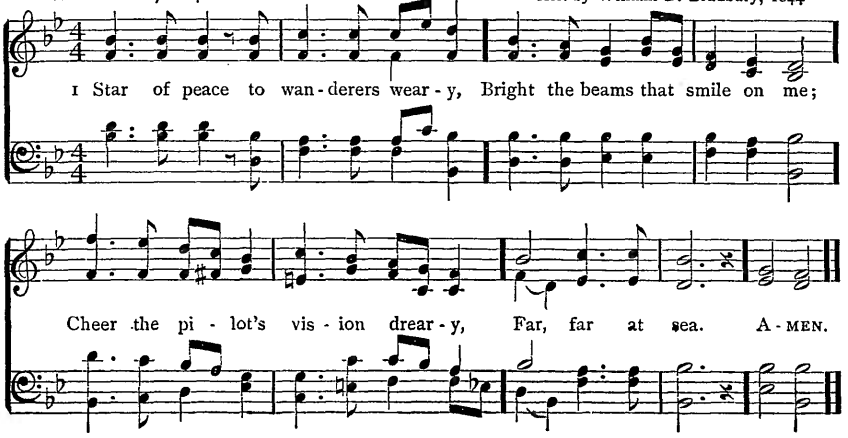

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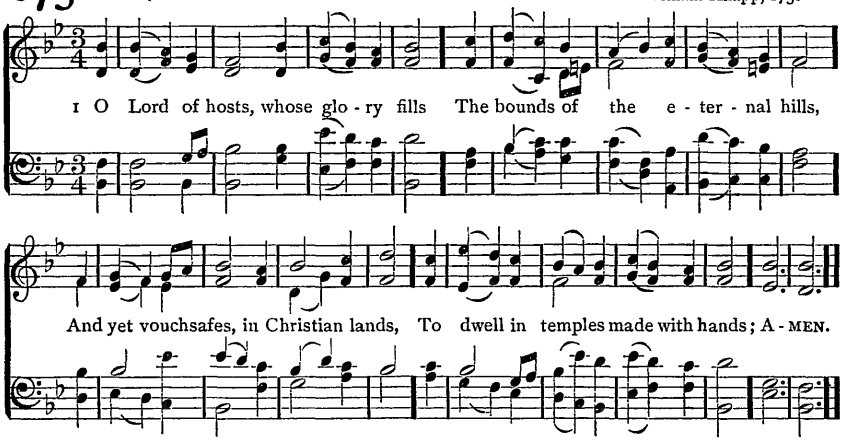

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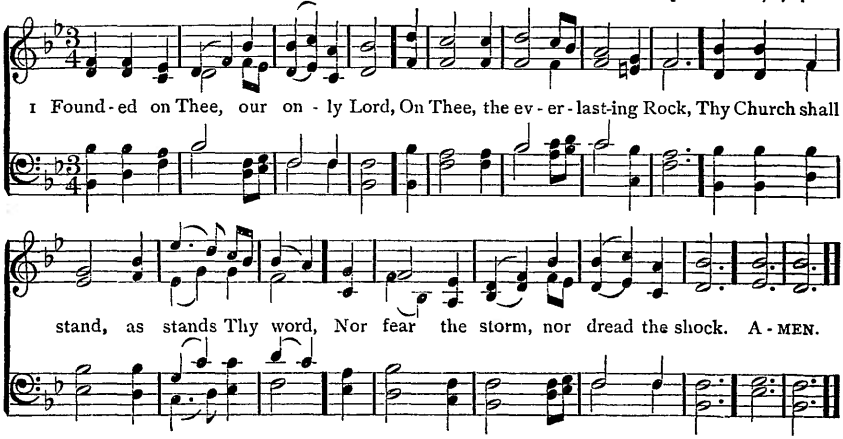

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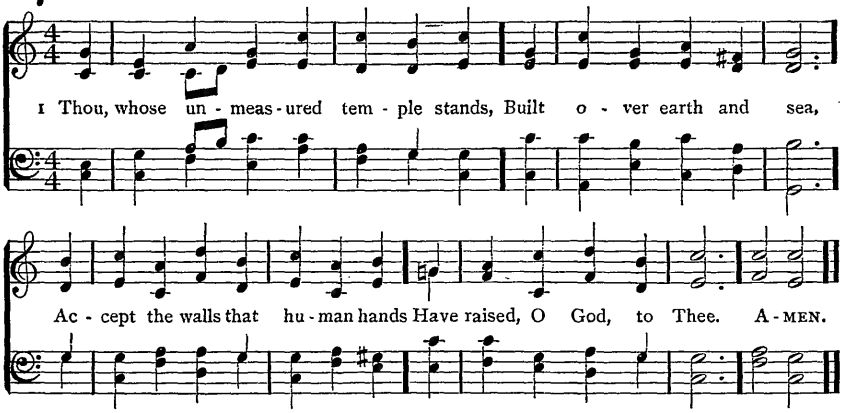

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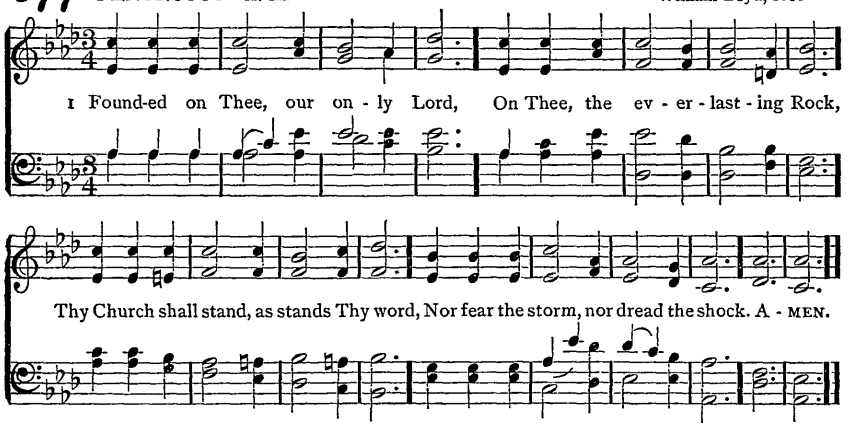

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The Conqueror, once the Crucified;
Our God, our Strength, our King, our Tower,
Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.

4 Accept the work our hands have wrought;
Accept, O God, this earthly shrine;
Be Thou our Rock, our life, our thought,
And we, as living temples, Thine.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1894

678 DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 O Ho - ly Lord, our God, By heaven-ly hosts a-dored, Hear us, we pray: To Thee the cher - u - bim, An - gels and ser - a - phim, Un - ceas - ing prais - es bring, Their hom - age pay. A - MEN.

(See also STOBEL, No. 402)

2 Here give Thy word success;
And this Thy servant bless,
His labors own;
And, while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make Him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

4 O Lord, our God, arise;
And now, before our eyes,
Thy arm make bare;
Unite our hearts in love;
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its fulness prove,
And praise Thee there.

J. Young, 1843

679 (MELCOMBE) L. M.

1 O RISEN Christ, who from Thy throne
Dost rule Thy Church, and hear Thine own,
Now seal by Thine almighty power
The covenants of this sacred hour.

2 Weave Thou Thy life through these new ties:
The light of love that round Thee lies
Circle the shepherd and the sheep,
And all our lives in safety keep.

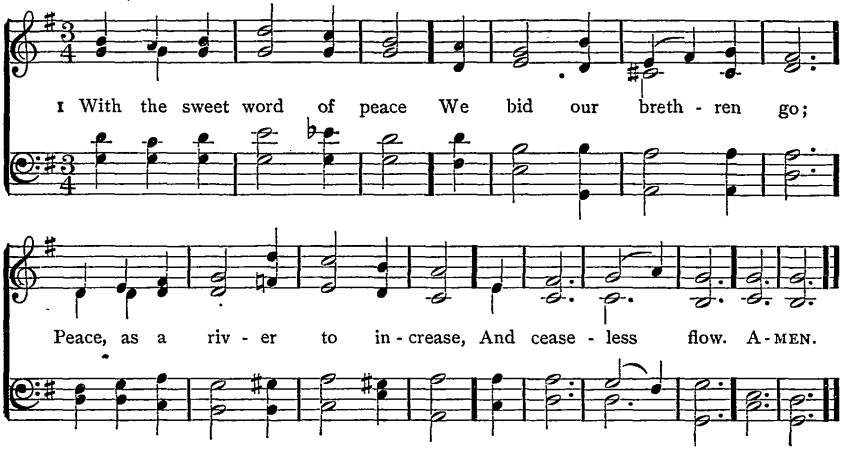
3 The shepherd's Shepherd only Thou
Canst be: O Christ, walk with him now;
While our weak hands reach up to Thine,
To strengthen his with might Divine.

4 Thou in whose love Thy Church is blest,
Thy Name alone be here confessed,
By holy lives be glorified,
While here Thy peace shall still abide.

Rev. Louis F. Benson, 1894

680 VERBUM PACIS 6. 6. 8. 4.

George Lomas, 1876



2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

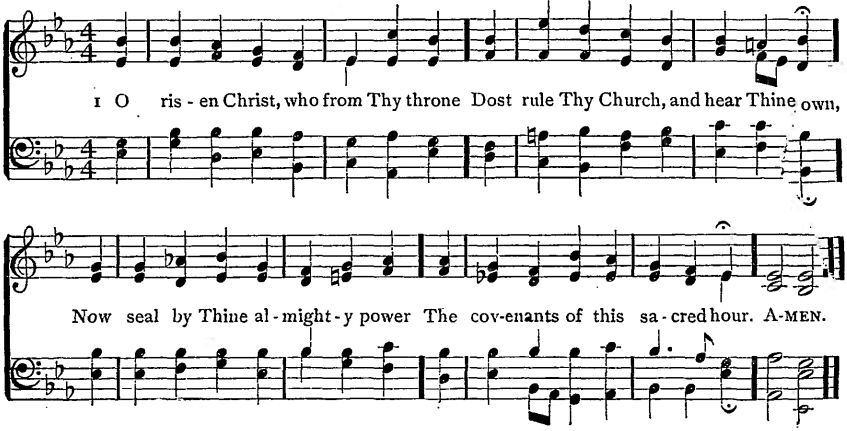
5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

George Watson, 1867: alt. Church Hy., 1871

MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1792



681 GOD BE WITH YOU 9.8.8.9. with Refrain

William G. Tomer, 1882

1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain. AMEN.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Copyright, by J. E. RANKIN

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1882

682 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 O Thou, be - fore whose pres - ence Naught e - vil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,
O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. A-MEN.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power;
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1889

683 THE PILGRIM HOST S. M. D.

With spirit. William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 Now rest, ye pil - grim host, Look back up - on your way,
The moun-tains climbed, the tor-rents crossed, Through many a wea - ry day.
From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,
How fair the past ap - pears,
God's grace and glory shin-ing bright On all the by - gone years. A - MEN.

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2 How many, at His call,
Have parted from our throng!
They watch us from the crystal wall,
And echo back our song.
They rest, beyond complaints,
Beyond all sighs and tears:
Praise be to God for all His saints
Who wrought in bygone years.

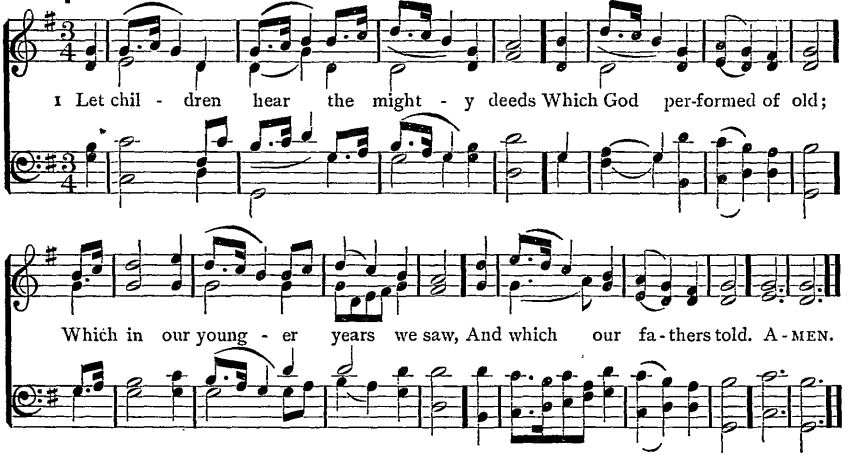
3 The banners they upbore
Our hands still lift on high;
The Lord they followed evermore
To us is also nigh.
Arise, arise, and tread
The future without fears;
He leadeth still, whose hand hath led
Through all the bygone years.

4 When we have reached the home
We seek with weary feet,
Our children's children still shall come
To keep these ranks complete;
And He, whose host is one
Throughout the countless spheres,
Will guide His marching servants on
Through everlasting years.

Rossiter W. Raymond, 1879, 1893

684 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

William Tans'ur, 1735



2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down,
Through every rising race.

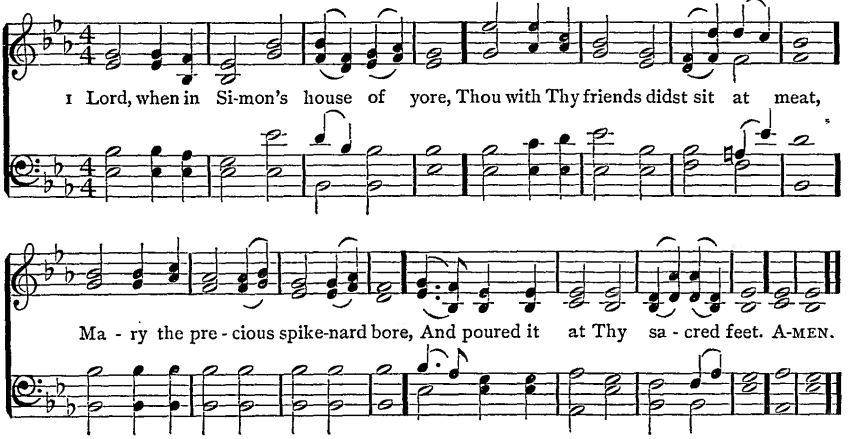
3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

685 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849



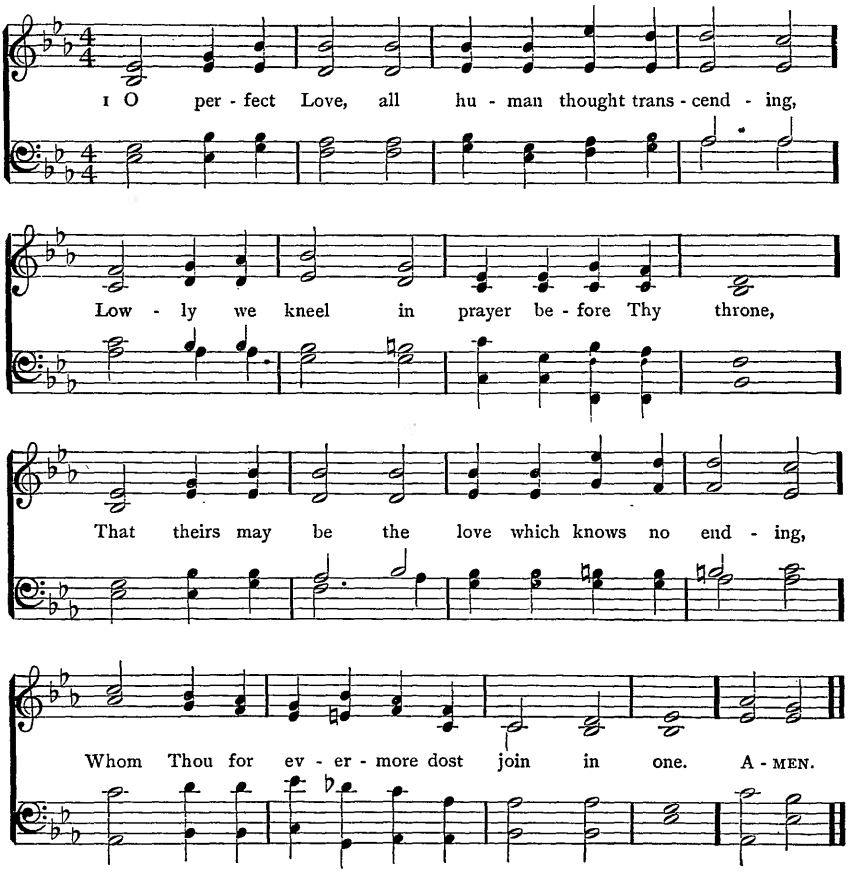
2 Like incense sweet, the perfume rare
Rose through the house, and sought the skies;
And Thou didst own with blessings there
A woman's loving sacrifice.

3 So unto Thee, O Lord, this day,
A year of labor here we bring;
So at Thy feet the gift we lay;
Accept, O Lord, the offering.

Sarah E. Henshaw, 1878

686 PERFECT LOVE 11. 10. 11. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1889



2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883: doxology (Rev. John Ellerton, 1875) added

687 WEDDING-DAY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Edward G. McCollin, 1895

1 The voice that breathed o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding - day,
The pri - mal mar-riage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way.

2 Still in the pure es - pous - al Of Chris - tian man and maid
Organ
The Ho - ly Three are with us, The three-fold grace is said. A-MEN.

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(See also ST. ALPHEGE, No. 627)

3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands:

5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

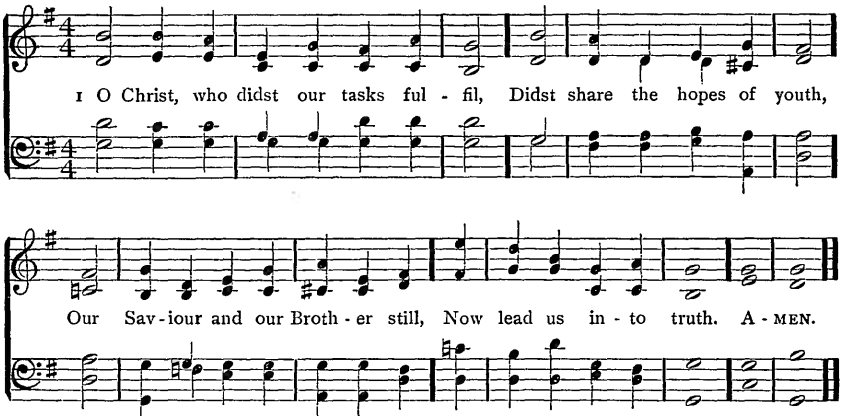
6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
While onward to Thy presence
Their hallowed path they trace.

Rev. John Keble, 1857: verse 6, ll. 3, 4, alt.

Prayer for Schools and Colleges

688 LOG COLLEGE C. M.

George William Warren, 1895



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2 The call is Thine: be Thou the Way,
And Thine the hearts that guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

3 Who learns of Thee the truth shall find,
Who follows, wins the goal;
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

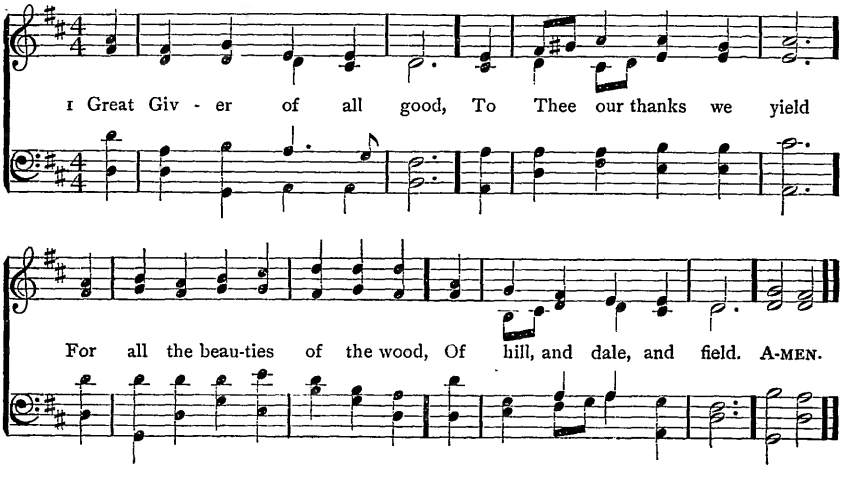
4 Waken the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

5 Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules,
Thy Name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

Rev. Louis F. Benson, 1894

SWABIA S. M

Old German Chorale: arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1847



689 BLUMEN 11. 10. 11. 10.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 Here, Lord, we of - fer Thee all that is fair - est, Bloom from the gar - den, and flowers from the field; Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou car-est More for the love than the wealth that we yield. A-MEN.

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2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

Rev. A. Gerald W. Blunt, 1879

690 (SWABIA) S. M.

1 GREAT Giver of all good,
To Thee our thanks we yield
For all the beauties of the wood,
Of hill, and dale, and field.

2 Ten thousand various flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear,
And joyous birds in woodland bowers
Sing forth Thy tender care.

3 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wonders still.

4 But trees, and fields, and skies
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

5 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy Name would bless;
The blossoms of the thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

6 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing Thy praise
In better songs on high.

Asa Fitz, 1854: recast by Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1882

691 ERNSTEIN 6. 5. 6. 5.

J. Frederick Swift, 1879

1 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry. A-MEN.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

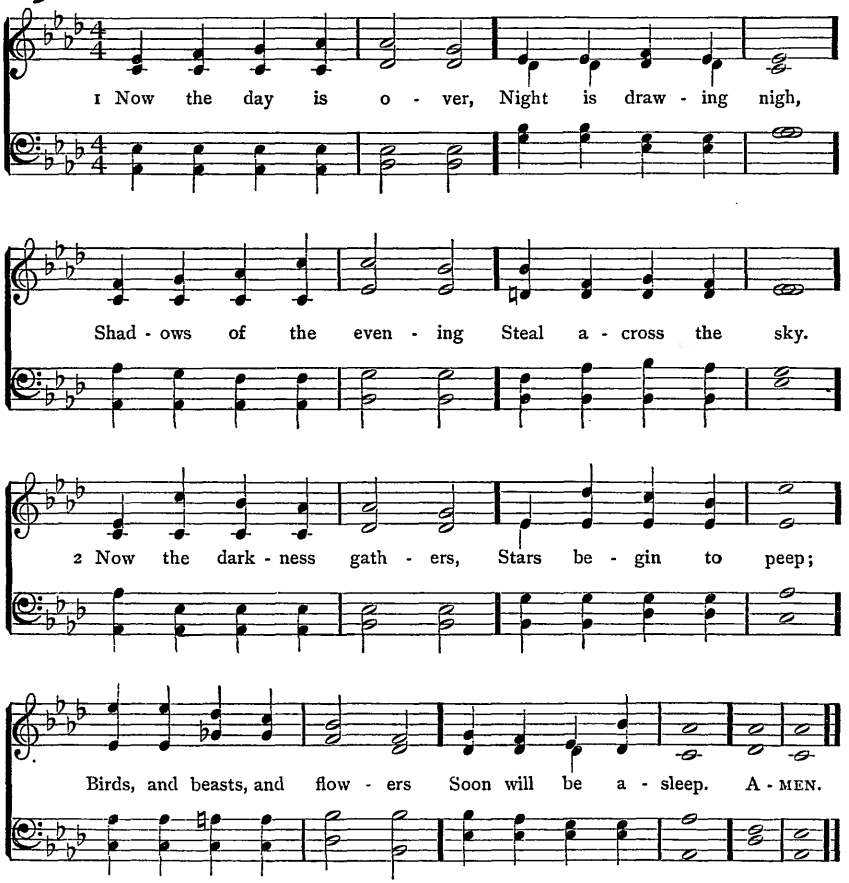
Rev. George R. Prynne, 1856

MERRIAL 6. 5. 6. 5.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . . .
Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - MEN.
even-ing Steal a - cross the sky.

692 REPOSE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.



3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

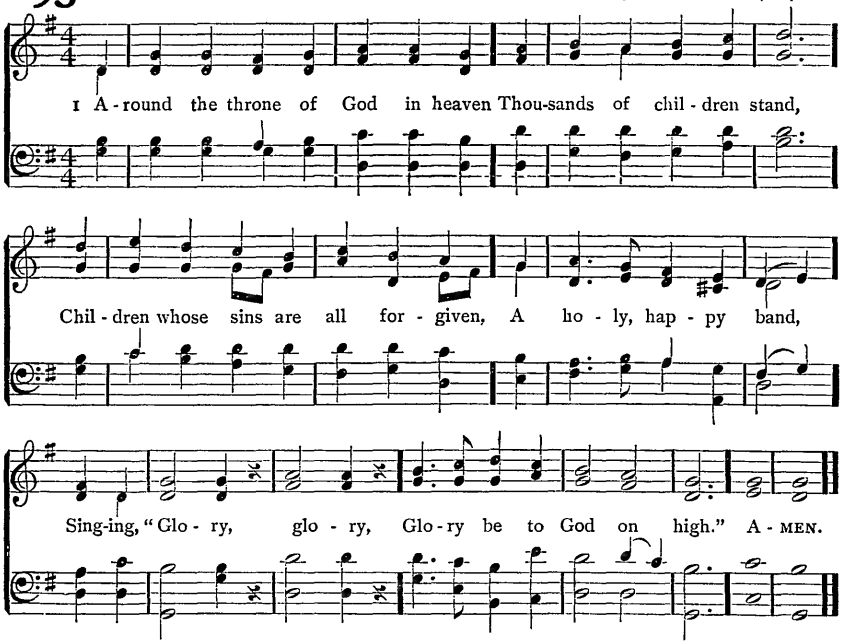
7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

693 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. with Refrain

Arr. by H. E. Matthews, 1841



2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high"?

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Anne H. Shepherd, c. 1835: verse 4, l. 3, and refrain, alt.

694 (BRUCE) 7.5.7.5.

1 THINE are all the gifts, O God,
Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice;

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring:
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

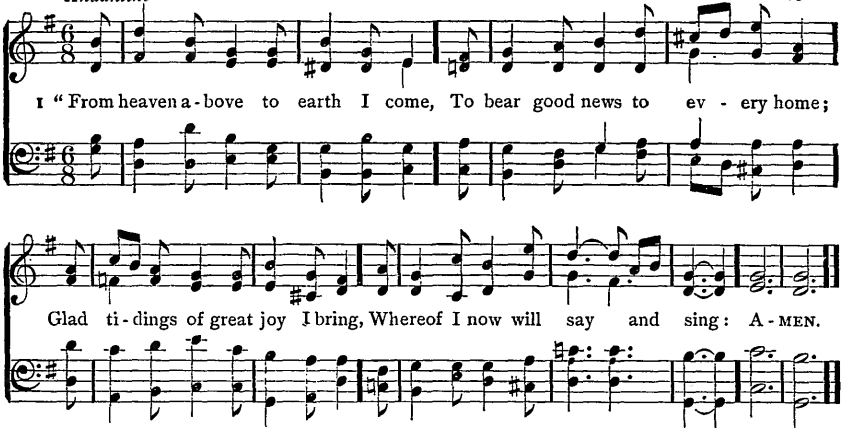
5 Happier for their pity's sake
Make their sports and plays,
And from lips of childhood take
Thy perfected praise.

John G. Whittier, 1878

695 CRADLE-SONG L. M.

Andantino

Horatio W. Parker, 1895



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2 "To you, this night, is born a Child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little Child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the Joy of all your earth.

3 "'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free."

4 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

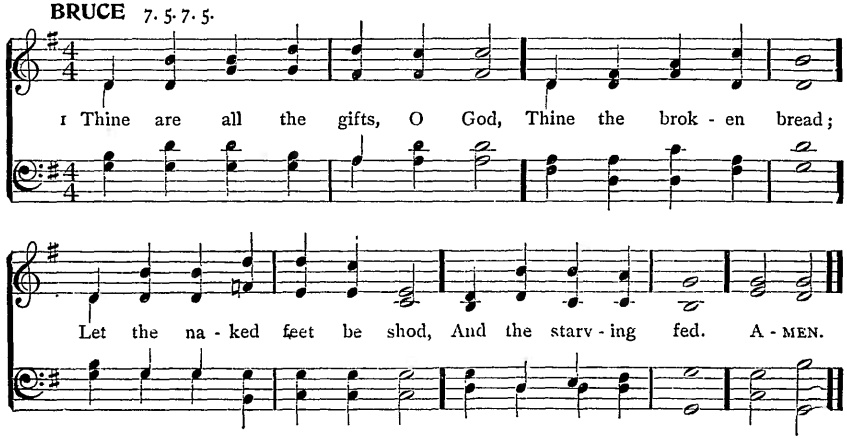
5 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

6 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep,
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:

7 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given,
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Martin Luther, 1535. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

BRUCE 7. 5. 7. 5.



696 IRBY 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett,

1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:
Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-MEN.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads his children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

697 TOURS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1872

1 When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name:
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A - MEN.

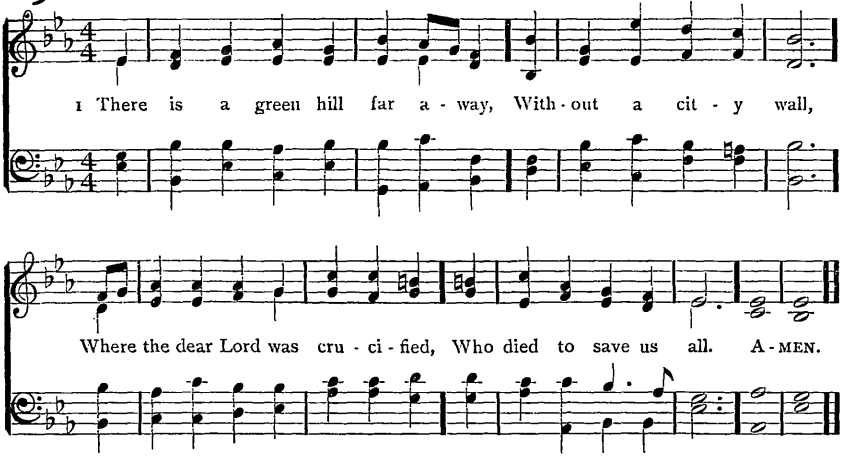
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

Rev. John King, 1830

698 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

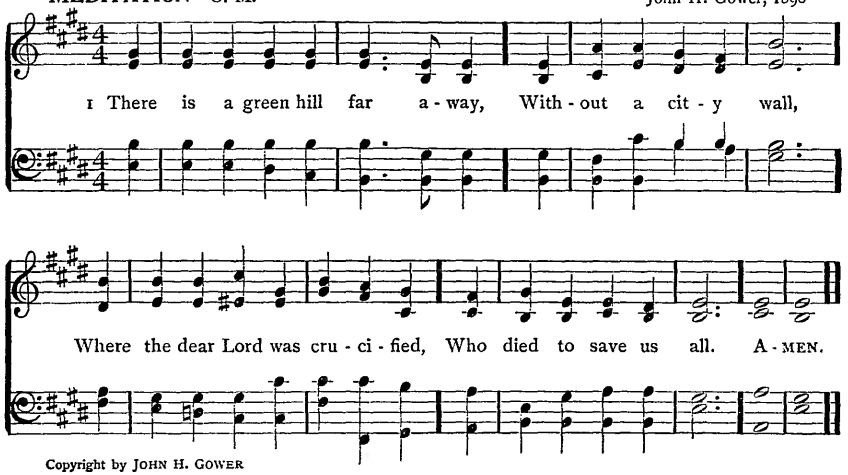
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890



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699 SAMUEL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1 Hushed was the even - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a voice Di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - MEN.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857

700 ST. THERESA 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–)

1 Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high. Marching through the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, Still with hearts u - nit - ed, Sing - ing on our way, Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A - MEN.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 All our days direct us,
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter, 1860: recast in Morrell and How's Ps. and Hy., 1867, and S. P. C. K. Ps. and Hy., 1869

701 **MANSFIELD** 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893

1 On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,
Came down the an - gel bright, And rolled the stone a - way.
Your voi - ces raise With one ac - cord To bless and praise Your ris - en Lord. A-MEN.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.
Your voices raise, etc.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise:
See, how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies!
Your voices raise, etc.

5 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day.
Your voices raise, etc.

6 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.
Your voices raise, etc.

Bishop William W. How, 1872

702 **HERMAS** 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l. Frances R. Havergal, 1871

1 Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
O-pened for the King: Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed,
Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed: Glo-ry to our King! A-MEN.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended, etc.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

703 THE NEW YEAR 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Arthur H. Mann, 1885

1 Stand-ing at the por - tal Of the opening year, . . Words of comfort meet us,
Hush-ing ev-ery fear; Spok-en through the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice, .
Tender, strong, and faith-ful, Mak-ing us re - joice. On-ward, then, and fear not,
Chil-dren of the day; For His word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a - way. A-MEN.

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."
Onward, etc.

3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, etc.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

704 MARION S. M. with Refrain

Arthur H. Messiter, 1883

1 Re-joice, ye pure in heart, Re-joice, give thanks and sing; Your fes-tal ban-ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King. Re-joice, re-joice, Re-joice, re-joice Re-joice, give thanks and sing. AMEN.

(See also PETERBOROUGH, No. 130)

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

7 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1865

705 (SOHO) C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

706 LONSDALE 7.7.7.7.

Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey (1846–)

1 Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son, — to o - bey;
Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - MEN.

2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842

SOHO C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)

1 How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choic - est rules im-parts To keep the conscience clean. A-MEN.

707 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869

1 I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's true;
It sat - is-fies my long-ings As nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,
'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. AMEN.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

3 I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, etc.

Katherine Hankey, 1865: refrain added

708 WALLHEAD 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Thomas Wallhead, 1879

1 Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare:

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - MEN.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. c. 1836

709 WIR PFLÜGEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

Johann A. P. Schulz (1747–1800)

1 We plough the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered

By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

The breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a - round us

Are sent from heaven above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love. A-MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

Matthias Claudius, 1782. Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861

710 MESSIAH 7.7.7.7. D.

Arr. from Louis J. F. Herold, by George Kingsley, 1838

1 Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.

Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - MEN.

(See also NEW ST. ANDREW, No. 489)

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art All in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all Divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings, 1858

711 FERRIER 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 In the morn - ing I will raise To my God the voice of praise;

With His kind pro - tec - tion blest, Sweet and deep has been my rest. A - MEN.

2 In the morning I will pray
For His blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

3 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light Divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine.

4 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

5 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step Thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

6 Then when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

Rev. William H. Furness, 1840

WOODWARD'S LITANY 7.7.7.7.

W. W. Woodward, 1863

1 Day by day the man - na fell; O to learn this les - son well!

Still by con-stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread. A - MEN.

(See also MERCY, No. 281)

712 REYNOLDSTONE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)

1 Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a wean - ed child,
From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee. A - MEN.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

713 (WOODWARD'S LITANY) 7.7.7.7.

1 DAY by day the manna fell;
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day" the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

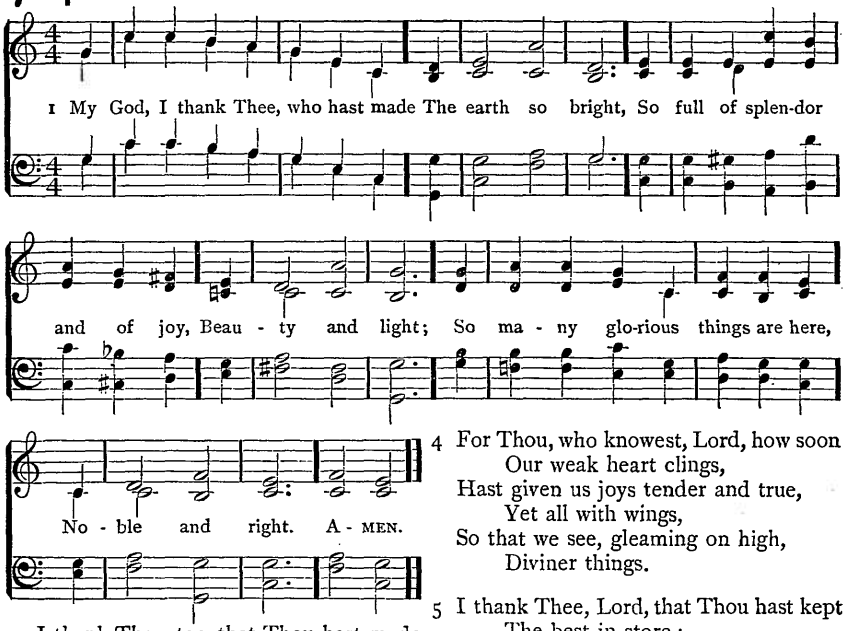
3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1836

714 WENTWORTH 8.4.8.4.8.4.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876



2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858

715 (RHODES) S. M.

1 ANOTHER day begun!
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

2 Another day of toil!
To Thee we yield our powers;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

3 Another day of fear!
For watchful is our foe,
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

4 Another day of hope!
For Thou art with us still,
And Thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

5 Another day of grace
To help us on our way!
One step towards the resting-place,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

716 ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour, For the day is pass-ing by;
See! the shades of even-ing gath - er, And the night is drawing nigh. A - MEN.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

Caroline L. Smith, 1853: recast in Plymouth Coll., 1855, and Songs of the Church, 1862

RHODES S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan, 1875

1 An - oth - er day be - gun! Lord, grant us grace that we,
Be - fore the set - ting of the sun, Re - deem the time for Thee. A - MEN.

717 CENTRAL CHURCH 11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1895

1 Thou know-est, Lord, the wea-ri-ness and sor-row Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest: Cares of to-day, and bur-dens for to-mor-row, Bless-ings implored, and sins to be con-fessed; I come be-fore Thee at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord. A-MEN.

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2 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

3 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last;
O what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

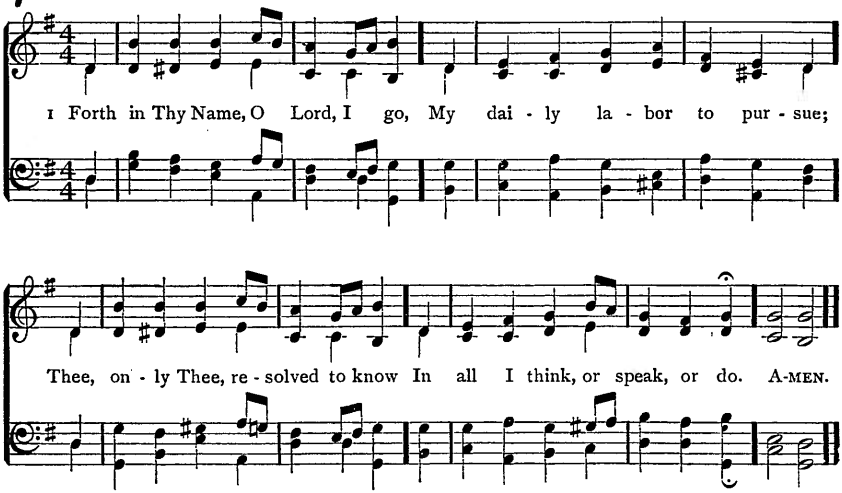
4 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

5 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting Strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

718 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839



2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above;
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

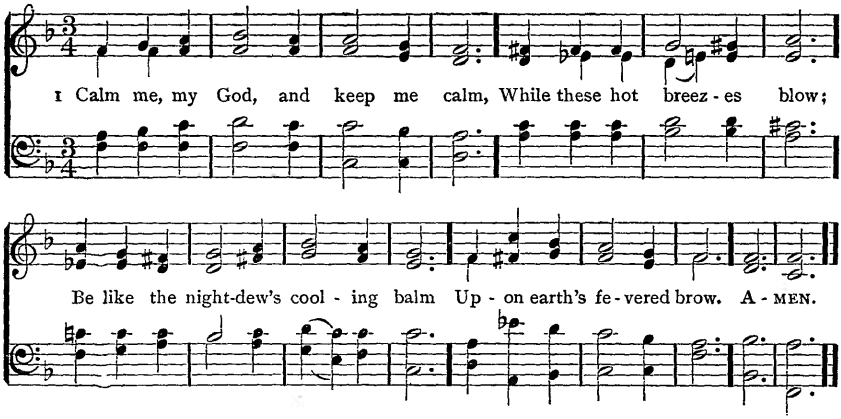
5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

6 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749: verse 2, l. 4, alt.

719 LYNDHURST C. M.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876



2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

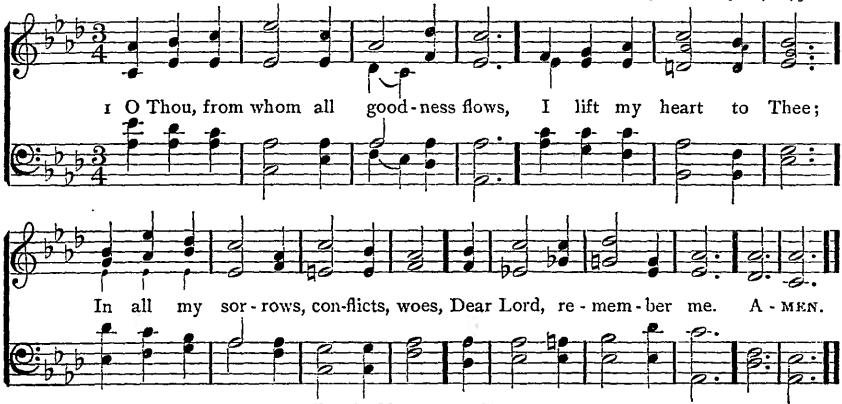
6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name;

7 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

BEATITUDO C. M.

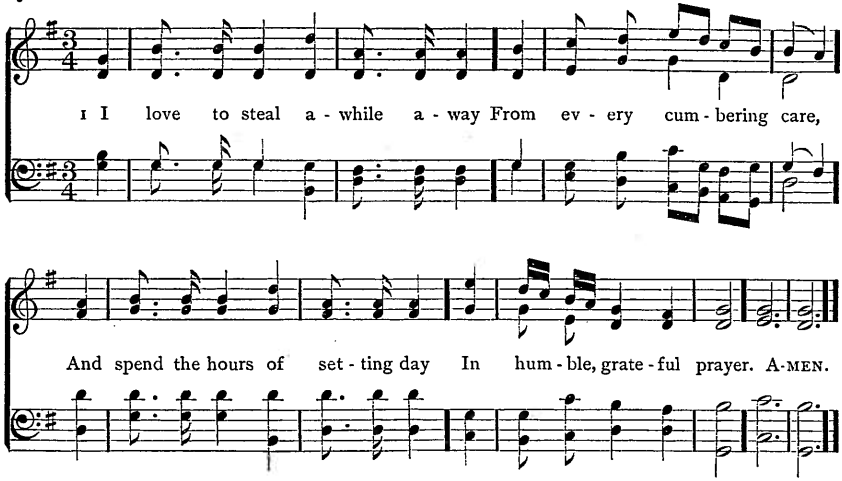
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



(See also MARTYRDOM, No. 219)

720 WOODSTOCK C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr., 1829



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe H. Brown, 1818: alt. in Village Hymns, 18[illegible]

721 (BEATITUDO) C. M.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness [flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee:
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

6 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
"Saviour," with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me."

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1791 (Text of 1792)

722 CHALVEY S. M. D.

Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, 1868

1 Je - sus, my Strength, my Hope, On Thee I cast my care:
With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou hearest my prayer;
Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do;
On Thee, al - might - y to cre - ate, Al - might - y to re - new. A-MEN.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word;
Thy promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my Hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742 (Text of 1780)

723 CALVARY 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

William H. Squires, 1895

1 Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;

And the chan-ges that are sure to come I do not fear to see:

But I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee. A-MEN

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2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

724 CHESTER C. M. D.

Oratory Hymns, 1868

1 Thou art my Hid - ing-place, O Lord, In Thee I put my trust;
En - cour - aged by Thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:
I have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no oth - er plea;
And 'tis e - nough my Sav - iour died, My Sav-iour died for me. A - MEN.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away, —
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

Rev. Thomas Raffles, 1833

DOXOLOGIES

1 **S. M.**

We give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1866

2 **S. M. D.**

Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,
We joyfully adore;
We bless the Eternal Three in One,
Who reigns for evermore:
Thou glorious Trinity,
By earth and heaven adored,
We glorify, we worship Thee,
The universal Lord.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872

3 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

4 **C. M. D.**

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

5 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

6 **L. M.**

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

7 **6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.**

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1843

8 **6. 6. 6. 6.**

To Father, and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal praises be.

Anon., 1871

9 **6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.**

O God, for ever blest,
To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870

10 **7. 6. 7. 6. D.**

Great God of earth and heaven,
To Thee our songs we raise;
To Thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess Thee,
Eternal Triune God;
We magnify, we bless Thee,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872

11 7.7.7.7.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

12 7.7.7.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Name of God Most High,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

Anon., 1827

13 7.7.7.7.D.

PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His Only Son,
Glory to the Spirit, be
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, 1869

14 8.7.8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Anon., 1827

15 8.7.8.7.4.7. or 8.7.8.7.8.7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

16 8.7.8.7.D.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836

17 8.8.8.4.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God for ever Three in One,
Be praise from men and angel host,
While ages run.

Rev. John Anketell, 1890

18 8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,
While everlasting ages run,
All glory be to Thee.

Rev. John Anketell, 1890

19 8.8.8.8.8.8.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts (first 4 lines), 1709

20 10.10.10.10.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, His Name adore,
And spread His fame, till time shall be
no more.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720: alt.

Directions for Chanting

1 CHANTS consist of two distinct divisions: one portion is recited, the other portion is sung.

2 The words from the commencement of each verse and half-verse up to the accented syllable, which is printed in italics, are called the Recitation, and should be recited smoothly, and without undue haste.

3 On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

4 If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

5 An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to, as in good *reading*.

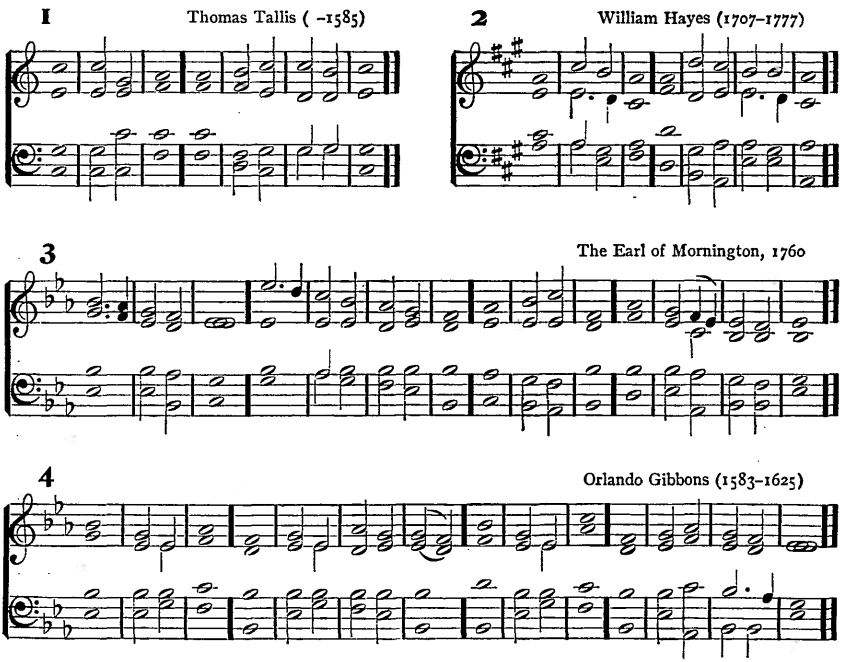
6 As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

7 Final *ed* is always to be pronounced as a separate syllable.

8 The expression "2nd part" indicates that the verse so marked is to be sung to the second half of a double chant, when such chant is used.

ANCIENT HYMNS AND CANTICLES

I BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA



1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul ‖ and all that is with*in* me | praise His | holy | Name.
2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul ‖ *and* for | get not | all His | benefits:
3 Who for*giv*eth | all thy | sin ‖ and *heal*eth | all · = | thine in | firmities;
4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de | struction ‖ and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.
5 O praise the LORD ye angels of His * *ye* that ex | cel in | strength ‖ ye that fulfil His commandment * and *hark*en un | to the | voice · of His | word.
6 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts ‖ ye *serv*ants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
2nd part 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His * in all *pla*ces of | His do | minion ‖ praise *thou* the | Lord · = | O my | soul.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

2 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

1 William Crotch (1775–1847)

2 William Russell (1777–1813)

3 Richard Langdon, 1774

4 William Boyce, 1740

1 O COME, let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord ‖ let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before His *pres*ence with | thanks · = | giving ‖ and show our*selves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great · = | God ‖ and a *great* | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth ‖ and the *strength* of the | hills is | His · = | also.

5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it ‖ and His *hands* pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

6 O come let us *wor*ship and | fall · = | down ‖ and *kneel* be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God ‖ and we are the people of His pasture * *and* the | sheep of | His · = | hand.

8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness ‖ let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.

2nd part 9 For he cometh * for He *com*eth to | judge the | earth ‖ and with righteousness to judge the *world* * and the | people | with His | truth.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

3 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Verses 1-15 & 24-29 — Rev. R. N. Parke

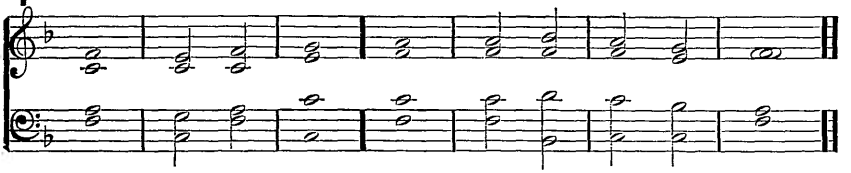
Verses 16–23 — Robert Cooke, 1800

When Thou tookest upon Thee, etc.

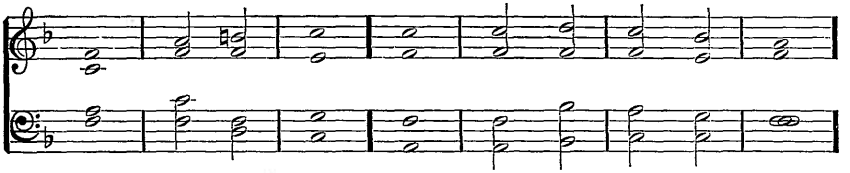
1 We *praise* | Thee O | God ‖ we ac*know*ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the *earth* doth | worship | Thee ‖ *the* | Father | ever | lasting.
3 To Thee all *an*gels | cry a | loud ‖ the *heavens*, and | all the | powers there | in.
4 To Thee cheru*bim* and | sera | phim ‖ *con* | tinual | ly do | cry,
5 *Ho*ly | Holy | Holy ‖ *Lord* | God of | Saba | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | majes | ty ‖ *of* | Thy · = | glo · = | ry.
7 The glorious *com*pany | of · the a | postles ‖ *praise* | = · = | = · = | Thee.
8 The goodly *fel*lowship | of the | prophets ‖ *praise* | = · = | = · = | Thee.
9 The *no*ble | army · of | martyrs ‖ *praise* | = · = | = · = | Thee.
10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world ‖ *doth* ac | know · = | ledge · = | Thee;
11 *The* | Fa · = | ther ‖ *of* an | infi · nite | majes | ty;
12 *Thine* ad | ora · ble | true ‖ *and* | on · = | ly · = | Son;
13 *Al*so the | Holy | Ghost ‖ *the* | Com · = | fort · = | er.
14 *Thou* | art the | King ‖ *of* | Glory | *O* · = | Christ.
2nd part 15 Thou art the *ev*er | lasting | Son ‖ *of* | = · the | Fa · = | ther.
16 When thou tookest upon *Thee* to de | liver | man ‖ Thou didst humble Thy*self* to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
17 When Thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness · of | death ‖ Thou didst open the *king*dom of | heaven · to | all be | lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God ‖ *in* the | glory | of the | Father.
19 We be*lieve* that | Thou shalt | come ‖ *to* | be · = | our · = | Judge.
20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants ‖ whom Thou hast re*deem*ed | with Thy | precious | blood.
21 Make them to be *num*bered | with Thy | saints ‖ *in* | glory | ever | lasting.
22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people ‖ *and* | bless Thine | herit | age.
23 *Gov* | = · ern | them ‖ *and* | lift them | up for | ever.
24 *Day* | by · = | day ‖ *we* | magni | fy · = | Thee;
25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name ‖ *ev*er | world with | out · = | end.
26 *Vouch* | safe O | Lord ‖ to keep *us* this | day with | out · = | sin.
27 O *Lord* have | mercy · up | on us ‖ *have* | mercy · up | on · = | us.
28 O Lord let Thy *mer*cy | be up | on us ‖ *as* our | trust · = | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord in *Thee* | have I | trusted ‖ *let* me | never | be con | founded.

4 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

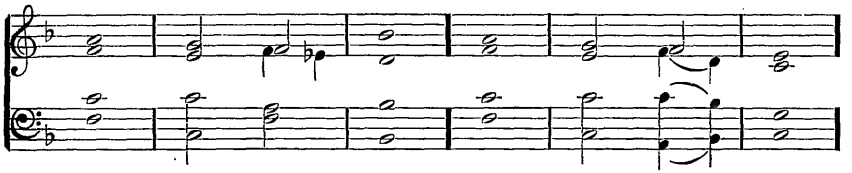
Old Chant



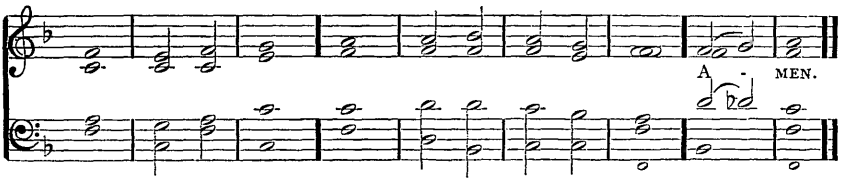
Glory *be* to | God on | high ‖ and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.
We praise Thee * we bless *Thee* * we | worship. | Thee ‖ we glorify Thee * we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God* | heavenly | King ‖ *God* the | Father | Al · = | mighty.
O Lord * the only-begotten *Son* | Jesus | Christ ‖ O Lord God * Lamb of *God* * | Son · = | of the | Father,

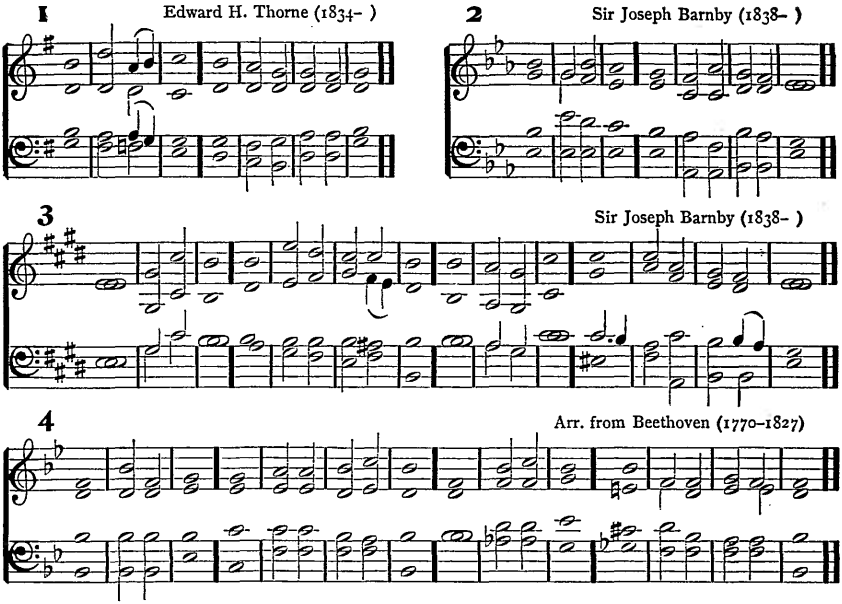


That takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world ‖ have *mer*cy up | on · = | us.
Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world ‖ have *mer*cy up | on · = | us.
Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world ‖ *re* | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father ‖ have *mer*cy up | on · = | us.



For Thou *on*ly | art · = | holy ‖ *Thou* | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O *Christ* * with the | Holy | Ghost ‖ art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the | Father ‖ A | men.

5 BENEDICTUS

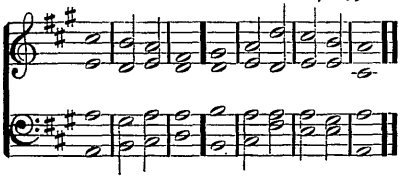


1 BLESSED be the *Lord* | God of | Israel ‖ for He hath *vis*ited | and re | deemed · His | people;
2 And hath raised up a *might*y sal | vation | for us ‖ in the *house* | of His | servant | David;
3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | prophets ‖ which have *been* | since the | world be | gan;
4 That we should be *sav*ed | from our | enemies ‖ and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us.
5 To perform the mercy *prom*ised to | our fore | fathers ‖ *and* to re | member · His | holy | covenant;
6 To perform the oath which He sware to our fore*fa*ther | Abra | ham ‖ *that* | He would | give · = | us;
7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* | of our | enemies ‖ *might* | serve Him | without | fear;
8 In holiness and *right*eous | ness be | fore Him ‖ *all* the | days · = | of our | life.
9 And thou child * shalt be called the *proph*et | of the | Highest ‖ for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* * | to pre | pare His | ways;
10 To give knowledge of sal*va*tion un | to His | people ‖ *for* the re | mission | of their | sins,
11 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God ‖ whereby the day*spring* from on | high hath | visit · ed | us:
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and *in* the | shadow · of | death ‖ and to guide our *feet* in | to the | way of | peace.

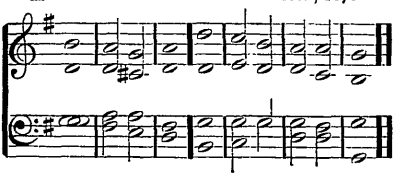
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

6 MAGNIFICAT

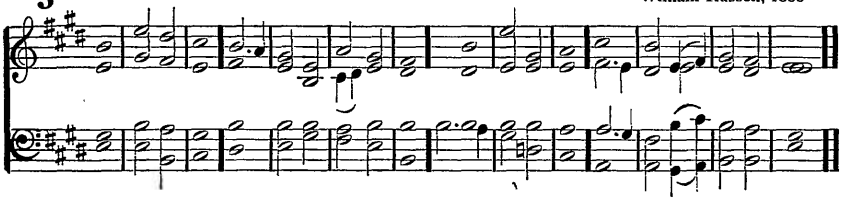
1 William H. Monk, 1879



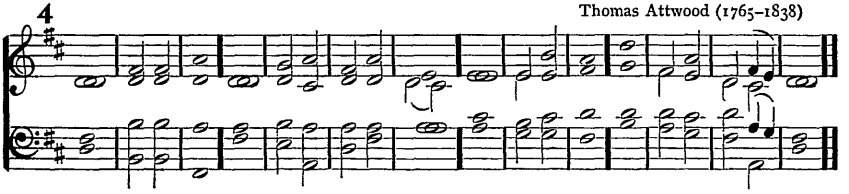
2 Thomas Purcell, 1670



3 William Russell, 1800



4 Thomas Attwood (1765–1838)



1 My soul doth *mag*ni | fy the | Lord ‖ and my spirit *hath* re | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re | garded ‖ the *low*li | ness of | His hand | maiden.

3 *For* be | hold from | henceforth ‖ *all* gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni · fied | me ‖ *and* | holy | is His | Name.

5 And His *mer*cy is on | them that | fear Him ‖ *through* | out all | gener | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm ‖ He hath scattered the proud in the im*ag*in | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat ‖ and *hath* ex | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hun*gry with | good · = | things ‖ and the *rich* He hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

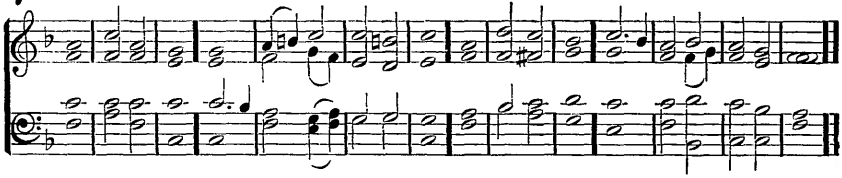
end part 9 He remembering His mercy hath *holp*en His | servant | Israel ‖ as He promised to our forefathers * *A*braham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

7 JUBILATE DEO

Rev. Henry Aldrich (1647–1710)

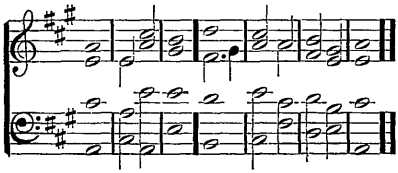


1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands ‖ serve the Lord with gladness * and come be*fore* His | presence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God ‖ it is He that hath made us * and not we ourselves * we are His people, *and* the | sheep of | His · = | pasture.
3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving * and *in*to His | courts with | praise ‖ be thankful unto *Him*, and | speak good | of His | Name.
4 For the Lord is gracious * His *mer*cy is | ever | lasting ‖ and His truth endureth from *gen*er | ation · to | gener | ation.

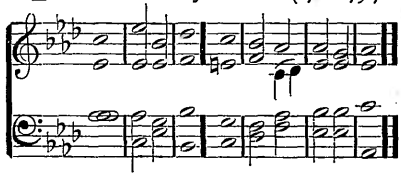
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

8 BONUM EST CONFITERI

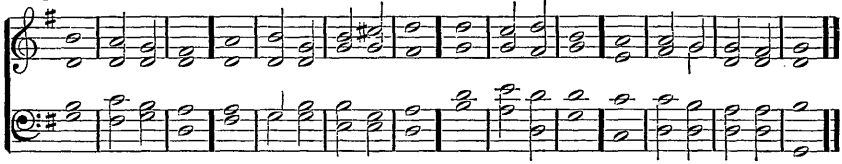
1 Jonathan Battishill, 1770



2 John Hindle (1760–1796)



3 Edward J. Hopkins (1818–)

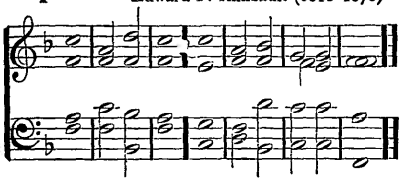


1 IT is a good thing to give *thanks* un | to the | Lord ‖ and to sing praises *un*to Thy | Name · = | O Most | Highest;
2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning ‖ and of Thy *truth* | in the | night · = | season;
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * *and* up | on the | lute ‖ upon a loud *in*strument | and up | on the | harp.
4 For Thou, Lord * hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works ‖ and I will rejoice in giving *praise* * for the oper | ations | of Thy | hands.

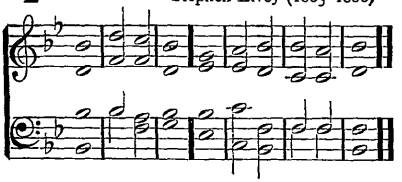
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

9 CANTATE DOMINO

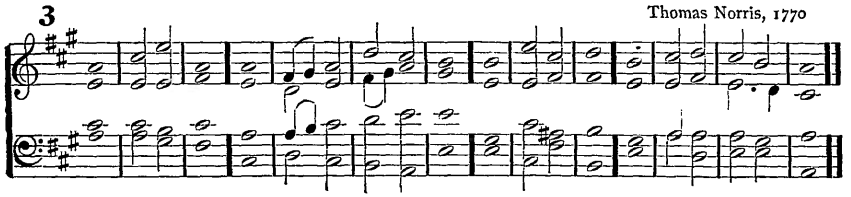
1 Edward F. Rimbault (1816–1876)



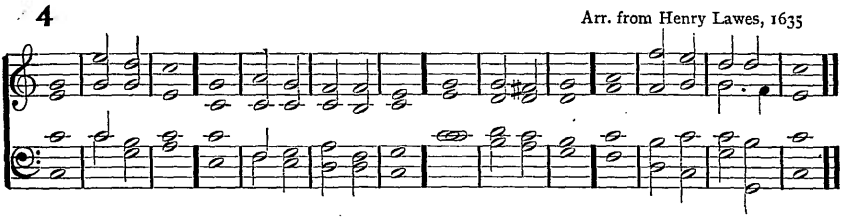
2 Stephen Elvey (1805–1860)



3 Thomas Norris, 1770



4 Arr. from Henry Lawes, 1635

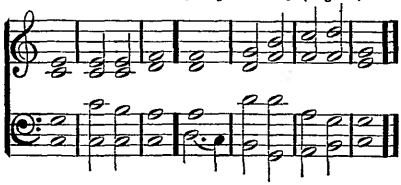


1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new · = | song ‖ for *He* hath | done · = | marvellous | things.
2 With His own right hand * and *with* His | holy | arm ‖ *hath* He | gotten · Him | self the | victory.
3 The Lord de*clar*ed | His sal | vation ‖ His righteousness hath He openly *show*ed in the | sight · = | of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth *toward* the | house of | Israel ‖ and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal | vation | of our | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands ‖ *sing,* re | joice and | give · = | thanks.
6 Praise the *Lord* up | on the | harp ‖ sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks · = | giving.
7 With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms ‖ O show yourselves *joy*ful be | fore the | Lord the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise * and *all* that | therein | is ‖ the round *world,* and | they that | dwell there | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful to*geth*er be | fore the | Lord ‖ *for* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteousness *shall* He | judge the | world ‖ *and* the | people | with · = | equity.

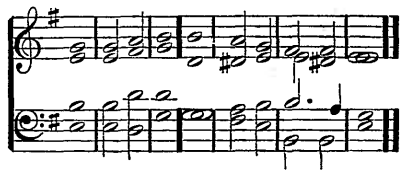
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now,* and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

10 NUNC DIMITTIS

1 Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)



2 John Blow, 1670



1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy *serv*ant de | part in | peace ‖ *ac* | cording | to Thy | word:

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen ‖ *Thy* | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 *Which* Thou | hast pre | pared ‖ be*fore* the | face of | all · = | people;

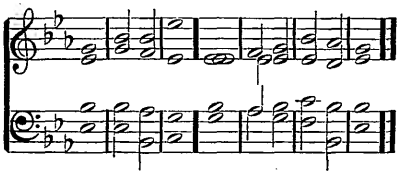
4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles ‖ and to be the *glo*ry | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

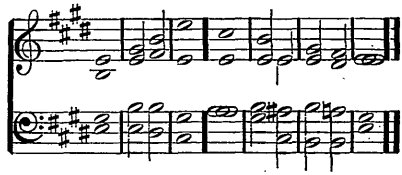
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

11 LEVAVI OCULOS

1 Edward J. Hopkins (1818–)



2 E. Burrowes



1 I WILL lift up mine *eyes* un | to the | hills ‖ from *whence* | cometh | my · = | help.

2 My help *com*eth | from the | Lord ‖ *which* | made · = | heaven · and | earth.

3 He will not *suf*fer thy | foot · to be | moved ‖ *He* that | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber.

4 Behold *He* that | keepeth | Israel ‖ *shall* | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.

5 The *Lord* | is thy | keeper ‖ the Lord is thy *shade* up | on thy | right · = | hand.

6 The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day ‖ *nor* the | moon · = | by · = | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve *thee* | from all | evil ‖ *He* | shall pre | serve thy | soul.

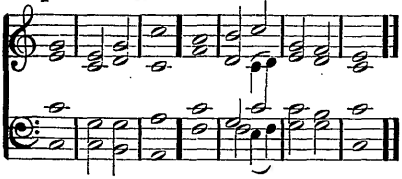
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out * *and* thy | coming | in ‖ from this time *forth* * and | even · for | ever | more.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

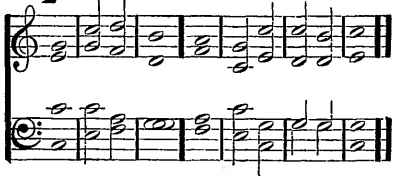
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

12 THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

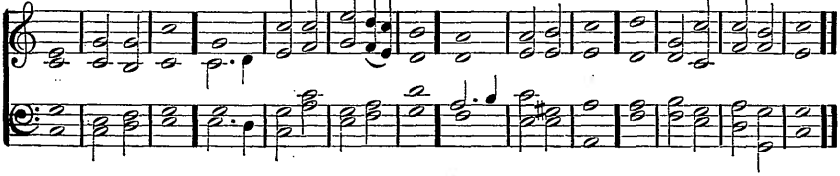
1 William H. Monk, 1879



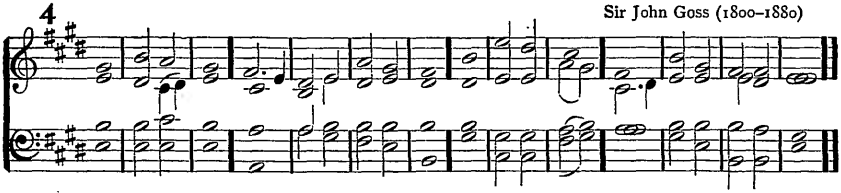
2 John Jones, 1770



3 James Turle (1802–1882)



4 Sir John Goss (1800–1880)



1 THE earth is the *Lord's* and the | fulness · there | of ‖ the *world* and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For He hath founded *it* up | on the | seas ‖ and es*tab*lished | it up | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the *hill* | of the | Lord ‖ or who shall *stand* | in His | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean *hands* and a | pure · = | heart ‖ who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity * *nor* | sworn de | ceitful | ly.

5 He shall receive the *bless*ing | from the | Lord ‖ and righteous*ness* from the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the gene*ra*tion of | them that | seek Him ‖ *that* | seek Thy | face O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates * and be ye lifted up ye *ev*er | lasting | doors ‖ and the *King* of | Glory | shall come | in.

8 Who *is* this | King of | Glory ‖ The Lord strong and mighty * the *Lord* | might · = | y in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates * even lift them up ye *ev*er | lasting | doors ‖ and the *King* of | Glory | shall come | in.

10 Who *is* this | King of | Glory ‖ The Lord of *hosts* He | is the | King of | Glory.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

13 DEUS MISEREATUR

1 James Turle (1802–1882)

2 Pelham Humphrey, 1670

3 William Jackson, 1790

1 GOD be merciful *un*to | us and | bless us ‖ and show us the light of His countenance * *and* be | merci · ful | unto | us;
2 That Thy *way* may be | known up · on | earth ‖ Thy *sav*ing | health a | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God ‖ *yea* let | all the | people | praise Thee.
4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad ‖ for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously * and *gov*ern the | nations · up | on · = | earth.
5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God ‖ *yea* let | all the | people | praise Thee.
6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase ‖ and God, even our own *God*, shall | give · = | us His | blessing.
2nd part 7 *God* shall | bless · = | us ‖ and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear · = | Him.

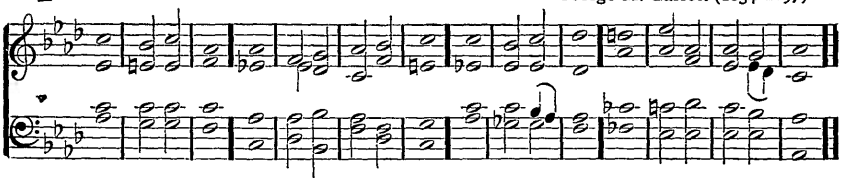
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

14 SANCTUS

1 Taylor

Ho - LY, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - MEN, A - MEN.

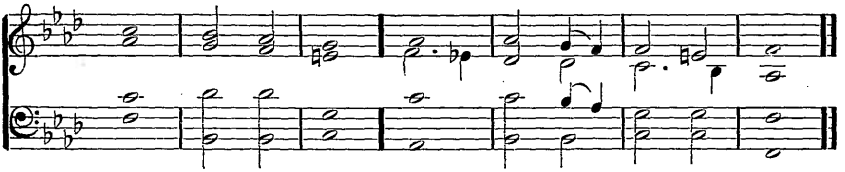
2 George M. Garrett (1834–1897)



*Ho*ly | Holy | Holy ‖ *Lord* | God · = | of · = | hosts,
Heaven and earth are *full* | of Thy | glory ‖ Glory be to *Thee* O | Lord Most | High * A | men.

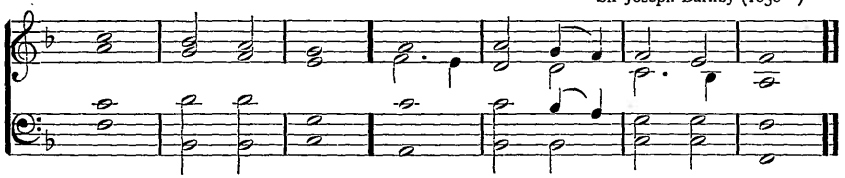
15 CHRIST OUR PASSOVER

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)



1 CHRIST our Passover is *sac*ri | ficed | for us ‖ *there*fore | let us | keep the | feast,
2 Not with old leaven * neither with the *leav*en of | malice · and | wickedness ‖ but with the unleavened *bread* of sin | ceri | ty and | truth.
3 Christ being raised from the *dead* | dieth · no | more ‖ death hath no *more* do | minion | over | Him.
4 For in that He died * He *di*ed unto | sin · = | once ‖ but in that He *liv*eth He | liveth | unto | God.
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead in*deed* | unto | sin ‖ but alive unto *God* through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)



6 Now is Christ *ris*en | from the | dead ‖ and become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.
7 For *since* by | man came | death ‖ by man came also the *res*ur | rection | of the | dead.
8 For as in *A*dam | all · = | die ‖ even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a | live.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now,* and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

16 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

1

After Each Commandment, except the 10*th*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10*th*

Ritard.

Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

2

Sir George J. Elvey (1816–1893)

After Each Commandment, except the 10*th*

p *f* *p*

Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

p *f* *p*

After the 10*th*

pp *p*

keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all

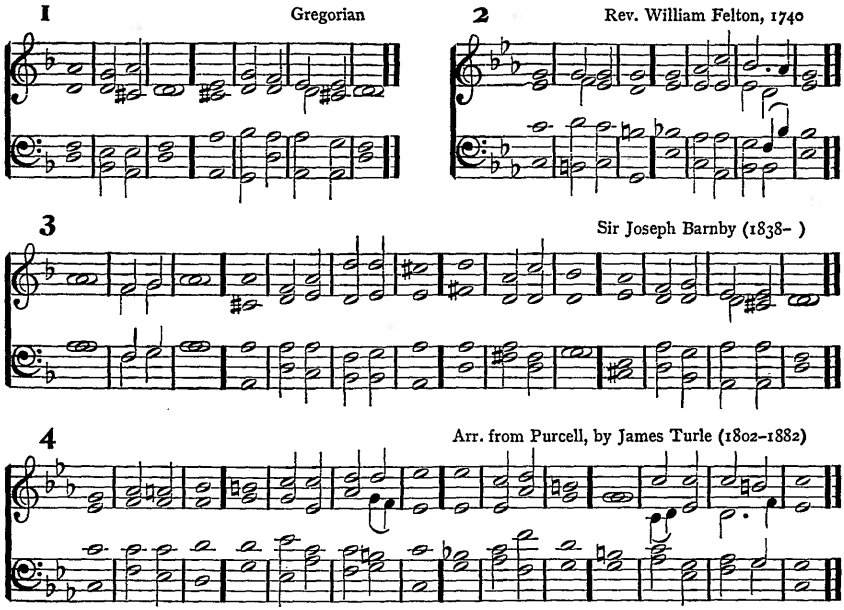
pp *p*

f *pp*

these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

f *pp*

17 LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END



1 LORD, let me know mine end * and the *num*ber | of my | days ‖ that I may be certi*fi*ed how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold * Thou hast made my days as it *were* a | span · = | long ‖ and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee * and verily every man *liv*ing is | alto | gether | vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow * and dis*qui*eteth him | self in | vain ‖ he heapeth up riches, and cannot *tell* | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now, *Lord* * what | is my | hope ‖ *tru*ly my | hope is | even · in | Thee.

5 Deliver me from *all* | mine of | fences ‖ and make me *not* a re | buke un | to · the | foolish.

6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin * Thou makest his beauty to consume away * like as it were a *moth* | fretting · a | garment ‖ every *man* | therefore | is but | vanity.

7 Hear my prayer O Lord * and with Thine *ears* con | sider · my | calling ‖ hold *not* Thy | peace · = | at my | tears;

8 For I am a stranger with *Thee* and | a so | journer ‖ *as* | all my | fathers | were.

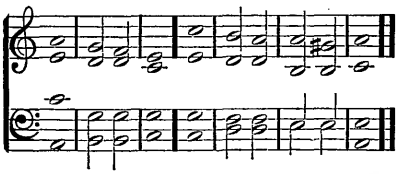
2nd part 9 O spare me a little * that I *may* re | cover · my | strength ‖ before I go *hence* | and be | no more | seen.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

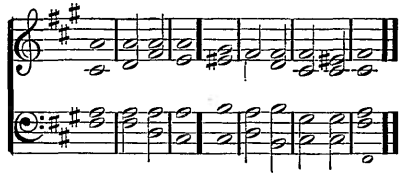
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

18 THE XCTH PSALM

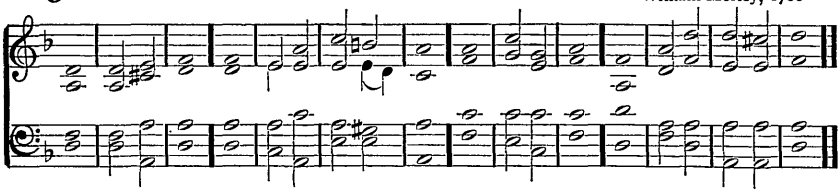
1 William Croft, 1700



2 James Foster (1807–1885)



3 William Morley, 1700

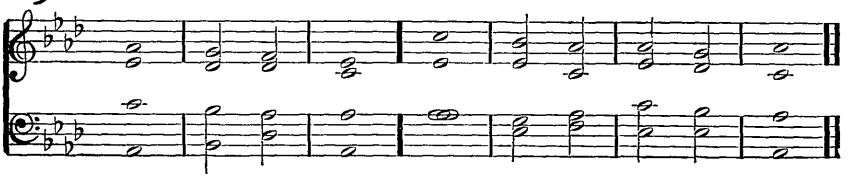


1 LORD Thou hast *been* our | dwelling | place ‖ *in* | all · = | gener | ations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth * or ever Thou hadst *form*ed the | earth · and the | world ‖ even from everlasting to ever*last*ing | Thou · = | art · = | God.
3 Thou turnest *man* | to de | struction ‖ and *say*est Re | turn ye | children · of | men.
4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yester*day* when | it is | past ‖ and *as* a | watch · = | in the | night.
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood * *they* are | as a | sleep ‖ in the morning they *are* like | grass which | groweth | up.
6 In the morning it flourish*eth* and | groweth | up ‖ in the evening it *is* cut | down and | wither | eth.
7 For we are con*sum*ed | by Thine | anger ‖ and *by* Thy | wrath · = | are we | troubled.
8 Thou hast set our in*iq*uities be | fore · = | Thee ‖ our secret *sins* in the | light · = | of Thy | countenance.
9 For all our days are passed a*way* | in Thy | wrath ‖ we spend our *years* as a | tale · = | that is | told.
10 The days of our years are *three*score | years and | ten ‖ and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years * yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut *off* | and we | fly a | way.
11 Who knoweth the *power* | of Thine | anger ‖ even according to Thy *fear* | so · = | is Thy | wrath.
12 So teach *us* to | number · our | days ‖ that we may ap*ply* our | hearts · = | unto | wisdom.
13 Re*turn* O | Lord, how | long ‖ and let it repent *Thee* con | cerning | Thy · = | servants.
14 O satisfy us *ear*ly | with Thy | mercy ‖ that we may re*joice* and be | glad · = | all our | days.
15 Make us glad according to the days wherein *Thou* hast af | flicted | us ‖ and the *years* where | in we | have seen | evil.
16 Let Thy work ap*pear* un | to Thy | servants ‖ *and* Thy | glory · un | to their | children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our *God* | be up | on us ‖ and establish Thou
and part the work of our hands upon us * yea the work of our *hands* es | tablish |
Thou · = | it.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without |
end · = | A · = | men.

19 AT THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS

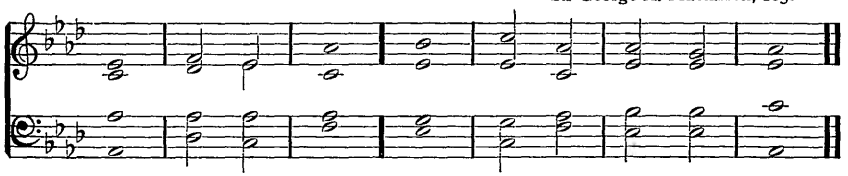
Hart



Before the Administration

1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to ever*last*ing upon | them that | fear
Him ‖ and His *right*eousness | unto | children's | children.
2 To *such* as | keep His | covenant ‖ and to those that remember *His* com |
mand · = | ments to | do them.
3 He shall feed His *flock* | like a | shepherd ‖ He shall gather the lambs with His
arm and | carry · them | in His | bosom.
4 Suffer little children to come unto *Me* and for | bid them | not ‖ *for* of | such ·
is the | kingdom · of | heaven.

Sir George A. Macfarren, 1850



After the Administration

5 Then will I *sprin*kle clean | water · up | on you ‖ *and* | ye shall | be · = | clean:
6 A new heart *al*so | will I | give you ‖ and a new *spi*rit | will I | put with | in you,
7 And I will take away the stony *heart* | out of · your | flesh ‖ and *I* will | give ·
you a | heart of | flesh.
8 I will pour my *Spir*it up | on thy | seed ‖ *and* My | blessing · up | on thine |
offspring:
9 And they shall spring *up* as a | mong the | grass ‖ as *wil*lows | by the | water |
courses.
10 For the promise is unto *you* and | to your | children ‖ and to all that are afar
off * even as *man*y as the | Lord our | God shall | call.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without |
end · = | A · = | men.

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Selections from

The Psalter

For Use in the Services of the Churches

Arranged by the

Rev. Elijah R. Craven, D.D., LL. D.

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PREFACE

IN obedience to a continuous demand, these Selections from the Psalter have been prepared for use in the services of the churches. The text is that of the standard of the American Bible Society, except that words there printed in italics are here given in the roman type, and that the verses included in any selection are numbered consecutively, with a note to show their numbering in the original Psalm. It has seemed best, on the whole, that these Selections should be arranged for reading verse by verse, rather than by the structural divisions within the verse. It is by verses, and not by antiphons, that the Psalms have been learned; and the verse-divisions, while originally artificial, no doubt, now mark the natural and familiar breaks in the rhythm of the Psalm, not only in the English Bible, but in the memory and the heart. This arrangement has been decided upon with the further thought, also, that if in the future a like selection from the Psalter, pointed for chanting, shall be issued by the Board, this arrangement for reading may correspond with that; for the proper pointing of the Psalms for chanting requires the verse-divisions.

The Psalms are here given in the order in which they occur in the Scriptures. But, within the limits imposed by such an arrangement, the effort has been made to give a certain unity, or at least manifest progression, of thought to each selection. The Gloria Patri is printed after the Selections, and is arranged so that it may be either read or sung, in such churches as desire to use it at the close of the reading.

The Psalter

SELECTION 1

Psalm 1

1 BLESSED is the man that walketh
not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor
standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth
in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the
Lord; and in his law doth he meditate
day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted
by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth
his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall
not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall
prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like
the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand
in the judgment, nor sinners in the con-
gregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of
the righteous: but the way of the ungodly
shall perish.

Psalm 2

7 WHY do the heathen rage, and the
people imagine a vain thing?

8 The kings of the earth set them-
selves, and the rulers take counsel to-
gether, against the Lord, and against his
Anointed, saying,

9 Let us break their bands asunder,
and cast away their cords from us.

10 He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh: the Lord shall have them in de-
rision.

11 Then shall he speak unto them in
his wrath, and vex them in his sore dis-
pleasure.

12 Yet have I set my King upon my
holy hill of Zion.

13 I will declare the decree: the Lord
hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this
day have I begotten thee.

14 Ask of me, and I shall give thee
the heathen for thine inheritance, and the
uttermost parts of the earth for thy pos-
session.

15 Thou shalt break them with a rod
of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces
like a potter's vessel.

16 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings:
be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

17 Serve the Lord with fear, and re-
joice with trembling.

18 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and
ye perish from the way, when his wrath is
kindled but a little. Blessed are all they
that put their trust in him.

Psalm 4

19 HEAR me when I call, O God of
my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me
when I was in distress; have mercy upon
me, and hear my prayer.

20 O ye sons of men, how long will
ye turn my glory into shame? how long
will ye love vanity, and seek after leas-
ing?

21 But know that the Lord hath set
apart him that is godly for himself: the
Lord will hear when I call unto him.

22 Stand in awe, and sin not: com-
mune with your own heart upon your bed,
and be still.

23 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
and put your trust in the Lord.

24 There be many that say, Who
will show us any good? Lord, lift thou
up the light of thy countenance upon
us.

25 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
more than in the time that their corn and
their wine increased.

26 I will both lay me down in peace,
and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest
me dwell in safety.

SELECTION 2

Psalm 5 : 1–7

1 GIVE ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Psalm 8

8 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

9 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

10 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

11 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

12 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

13 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

14 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

15 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

16 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Psalm 11

17 IN the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?

18 For, lo, the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

19 If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

20 The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

21 The Lord trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

22 Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.

23 For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

SELECTION 3

Psalm 13

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

2 How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

3 Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.

5 But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

6 I will sing unto the LORD, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

PSALM 15

7 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

8 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

9 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

10 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the LORD. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

11 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM 16

12 PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

13 O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;

14 But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

15 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

16 The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

17 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

18 I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

19 I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

20 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

21 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

22 Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

SELECTION 4

PSALM 17: 1–9, 15

1 HEAR the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

7 Show thy marvellous loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

8 Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

9 From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

10 As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

PSALM 18 : 1–19

11 I WILL love thee, O LORD, my strength.

12 The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

13 I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

14 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

15 The sorrows of hell compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

16 In my distress I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

17 Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.

18 There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.

19 He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet.

20 And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

21 He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

22 At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire.

23 The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire.

24 Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

25 Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O LORD, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

26 He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

27 He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.

28 They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the LORD was my stay.

29 He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

SELECTION 5

PSALM 18 : 25–35

1 WITH the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright;

2 With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward.

3 For thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.

4 For thou wilt light my candle: the LORD my God will enlighten my darkness.

5 For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall.

6 As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the LORD is tried: he is a buckler to all those that trust in him.

7 For who is God save the LORD? or who is a rock save our God?

8 It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

9 He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.

10 He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

11 Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

PSALM 19

12 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

13 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

14 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

15 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

16 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

17 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

18 The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

19 The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

20 The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

21 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

22 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

23 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

24 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

25 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 6

PSALM 20

1 THE LORD hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

2 Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

3 Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

4 Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

5 We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

6 Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

7 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the LORD our God.

8 They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

9 Save, LORD: let the king hear us when we call.

PSALM 23

10 THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

11 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

12 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

13 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

14 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

15 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

PSALM 24

16 THE earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

17 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

18 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

19 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

20 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

21 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

22 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

23 Who is this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

24 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

25 Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 7

PSALM 25

1 UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

3 Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

4 Show me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

5 Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

6 Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

8 Good and upright is the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

9 The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

10 All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

11 For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

12 What man is he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

13 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

14 The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant.

15 Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

16 Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

17 The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

18 Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

19 Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

20 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

21 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

22 Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

SELECTION 8

Psalm 26 : 8–12

1 LORD, I have loved the habitation
of thy house, and the place where thine
honor dwelleth.

2 Gather not my soul with sinners, nor
my life with bloody men:

3 In whose hands is mischief, and
their right hand is full of bribes.

4 But as for me, I will walk in mine
integrity: redeem me, and be merciful
unto me.

5 My foot standeth in an even place:
in the congregations will I bless the Lord.

Psalm 27

6 THE Lord is my light and my sal-
vation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is
the strength of my life; of whom shall I
be afraid?

7 When the wicked, even mine ene-
mies and my foes, came upon me to eat
up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

8 Though a host should encamp against
me, my heart shall not fear: though war
should rise against me, in this will I be
confident.

9 One thing have I desired of the
Lord, that will I seek after; that I may
dwell in the house of the Lord all the
days of my life, to behold the beauty of
the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

10 For in the time of trouble he shall
hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of
his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall
set me up upon a rock.

11 And now shall mine head be lifted
up above mine enemies round about me:
therefore will I offer in his tabernacle
sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will
sing praises unto the Lord.

12 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my
voice: have mercy also upon me, and
answer me.

13 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;
my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord,
will I seek.

14 Hide not thy face far from me;
put not thy servant away in anger: thou
hast been my help; leave me not, neither
forsake me, O God of my salvation.

15 When my father and my mother
forsake me, then the Lord will take me
up.

16 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and
lead me in a plain path, because of mine
enemies.

17 Deliver me not over unto the will
of mine enemies: for false witnesses are
risen up against me, and such as breathe
out cruelty.

18 I had fainted, unless I had believed
to see the goodness of the Lord in the
land of the living.

19 Wait on the Lord: be of good
courage, and he shall strengthen thine
heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

Psalm 28 : 6–9

20 BLESSED be the Lord, because he
hath heard the voice of my supplications.

21 The Lord is my strength and my
shield; my heart trusted in him, and I
am helped: therefore my heart greatly
rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise
him.

22 The Lord is their strength, and he
is the saving strength of his anointed.

23 Save thy people, and bless thine
inheritance: feed them also, and lift them
up for ever.

SELECTION 9

Psalm 29

1 GIVE unto the Lord, O ye mighty,
give unto the Lord glory and strength.

2 Give unto the Lord the glory due
unto his name; worship the Lord in the
beauty of holiness.

3 The voice of the Lord is upon the
waters: the God of glory thundereth:
the Lord is upon many waters.

4 The voice of the LORD is powerful; the voice of the LORD is full of majesty.

5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

6 He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

7 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire.

8 The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness; the LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

9 The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.

10 The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever.

11 The LORD will give strength unto his people; the LORD will bless his people with peace.

PSALM 30

12 I WILL extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

13 O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

14 O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

15 Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

16 For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

17 And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

18 LORD, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

19 I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

20 What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

21 Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me: LORD, be thou my helper.

22 Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: hou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

23 To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

SELECTION 10

PSALM 31: 1–5, 15–16, 19–24

1 IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

2 Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

3 For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

4 Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.

5 Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

6 My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

7 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

8 Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

9 Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

10 Blessed be the LORD: for he hath showed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

11 For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

12 O love the LORD, all ye his saints: for the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

13 Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.

PSALM 32

14 BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

15 Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

16 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

17 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

18 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

19 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

20 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

21 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

22 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

23 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.

24 Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION 11

PSALM 33

1 REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

2 Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

3 Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

4 For the word of the LORD is right; and all his works are done in truth.

5 He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the LORD.

6 By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

8 Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

9 For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

10 The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

11 The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

12 Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

13 The LORD looketh from heaven, he beholdeth all the sons of men.

14 From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

15 He fashioneth their hearts alike;
he considereth all their works.
16 There is no king saved by the
multitude of a host: a mighty man is not
delivered by much strength.
17 A horse is a vain thing for safety:
neither shall he deliver any by his great
strength.
18 Behold, the eye of the LORD is
upon them that fear him, upon them that
hope in his mercy;
19 To deliver their soul from death,
and to keep them alive in famine.
20 Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he
is our help and our shield.
21 For our heart shall rejoice in him,
because we have trusted in his holy name.
22 Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon
us, according as we hope in thee.

SELECTION 12

PSALM 34

1 I WILL bless the LORD at all times:
his praise shall continually be in my
mouth.
2 My soul shall make her boast in the
LORD: the humble shall hear thereof, and
be glad.
3 O magnify the LORD with me, and
let us exalt his name together.
4 I sought the LORD, and he heard
me, and delivered me from all my fears.
5 They looked unto him, and were
lightened: and their faces were not
ashamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the LORD
heard him, and saved him out of all his
troubles.
7 The angel of the LORD encampeth
round about them that fear him, and
delivereth them.
8 O taste and see that the LORD is
good: blessed is the man that trusteth
in him.
9 O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for
there is no want to them that fear him.
10 The young lions do lack, and suffer
hunger: but they that seek the LORD
shall not want any good thing.
11 Come, ye children, hearken unto
me: I will teach you the fear of the
LORD.
12 What man is he that desireth life,
and loveth many days, that he may see
good?
13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and
thy lips from speaking guile.
14 Depart from evil, and do good;
seek peace, and pursue it.
15 The eyes of the LORD are upon the
righteous, and his ears are open unto
their cry.
16 The face of the LORD is against
them that do evil, to cut off the remem-
brance of them from the earth.
17 The righteous cry, and the LORD
heareth, and delivereth them out of all
their troubles.
18 The LORD is nigh unto them that
are of a broken heart; and saveth such
as be of a contrite spirit.
19 Many are the afflictions of the
righteous: but the LORD delivereth him
out of them all.
20 He keepeth all his bones: not one
of them is broken.
21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and
they that hate the righteous shall be
desolate.
22 The LORD redeemeth the soul of
his servants: and none of them that trust
in him shall be desolate.

PSALM 36:5–10

23 Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the
heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth
unto the clouds.
24 Thy righteousness is like the great
mountains; thy judgments are a great
deep: O LORD, thou preservest man and
beast.
25 How excellent is thy loving-kindness,

O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

26 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

27 For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

28 O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

SELECTION 13

PSALM 37: 1–9, 23–40

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

10 The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

11 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

12 I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

13 He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

15 For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

16 The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

17 The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

18 The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

19 The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

20 The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

21 Wait on the LORD, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

22 I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

23 Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

24 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

25 But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

26 But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

27 And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 14

PSALM 39

1 I SAID, I will take heed to my
ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I
will keep my mouth with a bridle, while
the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my
peace, even from good; and my sorrow
was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me; while
I was musing the fire burned: then spake
I with my tongue,

4 LORD, make me to know mine end,
and the measure of my days, what it is;
that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days
as a handbreadth; and mine age is as
nothing before thee: verily every man at
his best state is altogether vanity.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain
show: surely they are disquieted in vain:
he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not
who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for?
my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgres-
sions: make me not the reproach of the
foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my
mouth; because thou didst it.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me:
I am consumed by the blow of thine
hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost cor-
rect man for iniquity, thou makest his
beauty to consume away like a moth:
surely every man is vanity.

12 Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give
ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at
my tears: for I am a stranger with
thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers
were.

13 O spare me, that I may recover
strength, before I go hence, and be no
more.

PSALM 40: 1–13, 16–17

14 I WAITED patiently for the LORD;
and he inclined unto me, and heard my
cry.

15 He brought me up also out of a
horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set
my feet upon a rock, and established my
goings.

16 And he hath put a new song in
my mouth, even praise unto our God:
many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust
in the LORD.

17 Blessed is that man that maketh
the LORD his trust, and respecteth not
the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

18 Many, O LORD my God, are thy
wonderful works which thou hast done,
and thy thoughts which are to us-ward:

19 They cannot be reckoned up in
order unto thee: if I would declare and
speak of them, they are more than can
be numbered.

20 Sacrifice and offering thou didst
not desire; mine ears hast thou opened:
burnt offering and sin offering hast thou
not required.

21 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the
volume of the book it is written of me,

22 I delight to do thy will, O my God:
yea, thy law is within my heart.

23 I have preached righteousness in
the great congregation: lo, I have not
refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.

24 I have not hid thy righteousness
within my heart; I have declared thy
faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not
concealed thy loving-kindness and thy
truth from the great congregation.

25 Withhold not thou thy tender mer-
cies from me, O LORD: let thy loving-
kindness and thy truth continually preserve
me.

26 For innumerable evils have com-
passed me about: mine iniquities have
taken hold upon me, so that I am not
able to look up; they are more than the

hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

27 Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

28 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

29 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION 15

PSALM 42

1 AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 Yet the LORD will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM 43

12 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

13 For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

14 O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

15 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

16 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM 44: 1–8

17 WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

18 How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

19 For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy

right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.

20 Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob.

21 Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

22 For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.

23 But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us.

24 In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever.

SELECTION 16

Psalm 45

1 MY heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

2 Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

3 Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

4 And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5 Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee.

6 Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

7 Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

8 All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

9 Kings' daughters were among thy honorable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

10 Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

11 So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

12 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favor.

13 The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.

14 She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework: the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

15 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the King's palace.

16 Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

17 I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations: therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

Psalm 46

18 GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

19 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

20 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

21 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

22 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

23 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

24 The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

25 Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

26 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

27 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

28 The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION 17

PSALM 47

1 O CLAP your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

2 For the LORD most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

3 He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

4 He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

5 God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

6 Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

7 For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

8 God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

9 The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

PSALM 48

10 GREAT is the LORD, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

11 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

12 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

13 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

14 They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

15 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

16 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

17 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever.

18 We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

19 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

20 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

21 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

22 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

23 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 18

PSALM 51

1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

SELECTION 19

Psalm 53

1 THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity: there is none that doeth good.

2 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

3 Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread: they have not called upon God.

5 There were they in great fear, where no fear was: for God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth against thee: thou hast put them to shame, because God hath despised them.

6 Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

Psalm 56: 3–4, 8–13

7 WHAT time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

8 In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

9 Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

10 When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

11 In God will I praise his word: in the Lord will I praise his word.

12 In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

13 Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

14 For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

PSALM 57

15 BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

16 I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.

17 He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

18 My soul is among lions: and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

19 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth.

20 They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.

21 My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

22 Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.

23 I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.

24 For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

25 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let thy glory be above all the earth.

SELECTION 20

PSALM 61

1 HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

PSALM 62

9 TRULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

10 He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

11 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

12 They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

13 My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

14 He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

15 In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

16 Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

17 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

18 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

19 God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

20 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

SELECTION 21

Psalm 63

1 O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Psalm 65

12 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

13 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

14 Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

15 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

16 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

17 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

18 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

19 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

20 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

21 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

22 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

23 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

24 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

SELECTION 22

Psalm 66

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all
ye lands:
2 Sing forth the honor of his name:
make his praise glorious.
3 Say unto God, How terrible art thou
in thy works! through the greatness of
thy power shall thine enemies submit
themselves unto thee.
4 All the earth shall worship thee, and
shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to
thy name.
5 Come and see the works of God:
he is terrible in his doing toward the
children of men.
6 He turned the sea into dry land:
they went through the flood on foot: there
did we rejoice in him.
7 He ruleth by his power for ever; his
eyes behold the nations: let not the re-
bellious exalt themselves.
8 O bless our God, ye people, and
make the voice of his praise to be heard:
9 Which holdeth our soul in life, and
suffereth not our feet to be moved.
10 For thou, O God, hast proved us:
thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.
11 Thou broughtest us into the net;
thou laidst affliction upon our loins.
12 Thou hast caused men to ride over
our heads; we went through fire and
through water: but thou broughtest us
out into a wealthy place.
13 I will go into thy house with burnt
offerings: I will pay thee my vows,
14 Which my lips have uttered, and my
mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.
15 I will offer unto thee burnt sacri-
fices of fatlings, with the incense of rams:
I will offer bullocks with goats.
16 Come and hear, all ye that fear
God, and I will declare what he hath done
for my soul.
17 I cried unto him with my mouth,
and he was extolled with my tongue.
18 If I regard iniquity in my heart,
the Lord will not hear me:
19 But verily God hath heard me; he
hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
20 Blessed be God, which hath not
turned away my prayer, nor his mercy
from me.

Psalm 67

21 GOD be merciful unto us, and bless
us; and cause his face to shine upon us;
22 That thy way may be known upon
earth, thy saving health among all nations.
23 Let the people praise thee, O God;
let all the people praise thee.
24 O let the nations be glad and sing
for joy: for thou shalt judge the people
righteously, and govern the nations upon
earth.
25 Let the people praise thee, O God;
let all the people praise thee.
26 Then shall the earth yield her in-
crease; and God, even our own God,
shall bless us.
27 God shall bless us; and all the
ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 23

Psalm 68: 1–19, 28–29, 31–35

1 LET God arise, let his enemies be
scattered: let them also that hate him
flee before him.
2 As smoke is driven away, so drive
them away: as wax melteth before the
fire, so let the wicked perish at the pres-
ence of God.
3 But let the righteous be glad; let
them rejoice before God: yea, let them
exceedingly rejoice.
4 Sing unto God, sing praises to his
name: extol him that rideth upon the
heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice
before him.
5 A father of the fatherless, and a
judge of the widows, is God in his holy
habitation.

6 God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

7 O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness;

8 The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

10 Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

11 The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

12 Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

13 Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

14 When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon.

15 The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan; a high hill as the hill of Bashan.

16 Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the LORD will dwell in it for ever.

17 The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

18 Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell among them.

19 Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

20 Thy God hath commanded thy strength: strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.

21 Because of thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto thee.

22 Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

23 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord;

24 To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.

25 Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

26 O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

SELECTION 24

PSALM 70

1 MAKE haste, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O LORD.

2 Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul: let them be turned backward, and put to confusion, that desire my hurt.

3 Let them be turned back for a reward of their shame that say, Aha, aha.

4 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: and let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified.

5 But I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God: thou art my help and my deliverer; O LORD, make no tarrying.

PSALM 71: 1–5, 8–9, 12, 14–24

6 IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

7 Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me.

8 Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

9 Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

10 For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.

11 Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day.

12 Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

13 O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help.

14 But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

15 My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof.

16 I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

17 O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

18 Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

19 Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee!

20 Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.

21 Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

22 I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.

23 My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed.

24 My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long: for they are confounded, for they are brought unto shame, that seek my hurt.

SELECTION 25

Psalm 72

1 GIVE the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

7 In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

8 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

13 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

16 There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

17 His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

18 Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

19 And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 26

PSALM 73: 1–26

1 TRULY God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

2 But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped.

3 For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

4 For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm.

5 They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.

6 Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment.

7 Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish.

8 They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily.

9 They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

10 Therefore his people return hither: and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.

11 And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?

12 Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.

13 Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hand in innocency.

14 For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

15 If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

16 When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;

17 Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

18 Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction.

19 How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.

20 As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

21 Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins.

22 So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee.

23 Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

24 Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

25 Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

26 My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

SELECTION 27

Psalm 77

1 I CRIED unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

2 In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted.

3 I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.

4 Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

5 I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

6 I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

7 Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favorable no more?

8 Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?

9 Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

10 And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

11 I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

12 I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

13 Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God?

14 Thou art the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

15 Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

16 The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

17 The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

18 The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

19 Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

20 Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

SELECTION 28

Psalm 80

1 GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

2 Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

3 Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

4 O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

6 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors: and our enemies laugh among themselves.

7 Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

8 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

9 Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

10 The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

11 She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

12 Why hast thou then broken down
her hedges, so that all they which pass
by the way do pluck her?
13 The boar out of the wood doth
waste it, and the wild beast of the field
doth devour it.
14 Return, we beseech thee, O God
of hosts: look down from heaven, and
behold, and visit this vine;
15 And the vineyard which thy right
hand hath planted, and the branch that
thou madest strong for thyself.
16 It is burned with fire, it is cut
down: they perish at the rebuke of thy
countenance.
17 Let thy hand be upon the man of
thy right hand, upon the son of man
whom thou madest strong for thyself.
18 So will not we go back from thee:
quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.
19 Turn us again, O LORD God of
hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we
shall be saved.

SELECTION 29

PSALM 84

1 HOW amiable are thy tabernacles,
O LORD of hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth
for the courts of the LORD: my heart and
my flesh crieth out for the living God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
and the swallow a nest for herself, where
she may lay her young, even thine altars,
O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.
4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy
house: they will be still praising thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose strength
is in thee; in whose heart are the ways
of them.
6 Who passing through the valley of
Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth
the pools.
7 They go from strength to strength,
every one of them in Zion appeareth
before God.
8 O LORD God of hosts, hear my
prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.
9 Behold, O God our shield, and look
upon the face of thine anointed.
10 For a day in thy courts is better
than a thousand. I had rather be a door-
keeper in the house of my God, than to
dwell in the tents of wickedness.
11 For the LORD God is a sun and
shield: the LORD will give grace and
glory: no good thing will he withhold
from them that walk uprightly.
12 O LORD of hosts, blessed is the
man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM 85

13 LORD, thou hast been favorable
unto thy land: thou hast brought back
the captivity of Jacob.
14 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of
thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.
15 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:
thou hast turned thyself from the fierce-
ness of thine anger.
16 Turn us, O God of our salvation,
and cause thine anger toward us to cease.
17 Wilt thou be angry with us for
ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to
all generations?
18 Wilt thou not revive us again: that
thy people may rejoice in thee?
19 Show us thy mercy, O LORD, and
grant us thy salvation.
20 I will hear what God the LORD will
speak: for he will speak peace unto his
people, and to his saints: but let them
not turn again to folly.
21 Surely his salvation is nigh them
that fear him; that glory may dwell in
our land.
22 Mercy and truth are met together;
righteousness and peace have kissed each
other.
23 Truth shall spring out of the earth;
and righteousness shall look down from
heaven.

24 Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

25 Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

SELECTION 30

PSALM 86

1 BOW down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

2 Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

6 Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

10 For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

11 Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

12 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

13 For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

14 O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

15 But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

16 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

17 Show me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, LORD, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

PSALM 87

18 HIS foundation is in the holy mountains.

19 The LORD loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

20 Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

21 I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.

22 And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her.

23 The LORD shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.

24 As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee.

SELECTION 31

PSALM 89: 1–37

1 I WILL sing of the mercies of the LORD for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

2 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

3 I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant,

4 Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

5 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O LORD: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

6 For who in the heaven can be compared unto the LORD? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the LORD?

7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

8 O LORD God of hosts, who is a strong LORD like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

9 Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

10 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

11 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

12 The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

13 Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

14 Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

15 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance.

16 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

17 For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

18 For the LORD is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

19 Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

20 I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:

21 With whom my hand shall be established: mine arm also shall strengthen him.

22 The enemy shall not exact upon him; nor the son of wickedness afflict him.

23 And I will beat down his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him.

24 But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him: and in my name shall his horn be exalted.

25 I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers.

26 He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.

27 Also I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth.

28 My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

29 His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven.

30 If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments;

31 If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments;

32 Then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

33 Nevertheless my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.

34 My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

35 Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David.

36 His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me.

37 It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven.

SELECTION 32

Psalm 90

1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-
place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought
forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth
and the world, even from everlasting to
everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction;
and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is past, and
as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a
flood; they are as a sleep: in the morn-
ing they are like grass which groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up; in the evening it is cut
down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger,
and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before
thee, our secret sins in the light of thy
countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in
thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale
that is told.

10 The days of our years are three-
score years and ten; and if by reason of
strength they be fourscore years, yet is
their strength labor and sorrow; for it
is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine
anger? even according to thy fear, so is
thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? and let
it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy;
that we may rejoice and be glad all our
days.

15 Make us glad according to the days
wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the
years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let thy work appear unto thy ser-
vants, and thy glory unto their children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our
God be upon us: and establish thou the
work of our hands upon us; yea, the
work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 33

Psalm 91

1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place
of the Most High shall abide under the
shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my
refuge and my fortress: my God; in him
will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the
snare of the fowler, and from the noisome
pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feath-
ers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:
his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the
terror by night; nor for the arrow that
flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh
in darkness; nor for the destruction that
wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and
ten thousand at thy right hand; but it
shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou be-
hold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord,
which is my refuge, even the Most High,
thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee,
neither shall any plague come nigh thy
dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge
over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their
hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a
stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and
adder: the young lion and the dragon
shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 34

Psalm 92

1 IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

2 To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

7 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

8 But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10 But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

11 Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

12 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

13 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

14 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

15 To show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

Psalm 93

16 THE Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

17 Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

18 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

19 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

20 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

SELECTION 35

Psalm 95

1 O COME, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. To day if ye will hear his voice,

8 Harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

9 When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

11 Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM 96

12 O SING unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, all the earth.

13 Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

14 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

15 For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

16 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the LORD made the heavens.

17 Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

18 Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD glory and strength.

19 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

20 O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

21 Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

22 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

23 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

24 Before the LORD: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

SELECTION 36

PSALM 97

1 THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the mutitude of isles be glad thereof.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O LORD.

9 For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

10 Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

11 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

12 Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM 98

13 O SING unto the LORD a new
song; for he hath done marvellous
things: his right hand, and his holy arm,
hath gotten him the victory.

14 The LORD hath made known his
salvation: his righteousness hath he openly
showed in the sight of the heathen.

15 He hath remembered his mercy
and his truth toward the house of Israel:
all the ends of the earth have seen the
salvation of our God.

16 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD,
all the earth: make a loud noise, and
rejoice, and sing praise.

17 Sing unto the LORD with the harp;
with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

18 With trumpets and sound of cornet
make a joyful noise before the LORD, the
King.

19 Let the sea roar, and the fulness
thereof; the world, and they that dwell
therein.

20 Let the floods clap their hands:
let the hills be joyful together

21 Before the LORD; for he cometh
to judge the earth: with righteousness
shall he judge the world, and the people
with equity.

PSALM 99

22 THE LORD reigneth; let the people
tremble: he sitteth between the
cherubim; let the earth be moved.

23 The LORD is great in Zion; and he
is high above all the people.

24 Let them praise thy great and terrible
name; for it is holy.

25 The king's strength also loveth
judgment; thou dost establish equity,
thou executest judgment and righteousness
in Jacob.

26 Exalt ye the LORD our God, and
worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

27 Moses and Aaron among his priests,
and Samuel among them that call upon his
name; they called upon the LORD, and he
answered them.

28 He spake unto them in the cloudy
pillar: they kept his testimonies, and the
ordinance that he gave them.

29 Thou answeredst them, O LORD
our God: thou wast a God that forgavest
them, though thou tookest vengeance of
their inventions.

30 Exalt the LORD our God, and worship
at his holy hill; for the LORD our
God is holy.

SELECTION 37

PSALM 100

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the LORD,
all ye lands.

2 Serve the LORD with gladness: come
before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the LORD he is God:
it is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves; we are his people, and the
sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
and into his courts with praise:
be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the LORD is good; his mercy is
everlasting; and his truth endureth to all
generations.

PSALM 103

6 BLESS the LORD, O my soul: and
all that is within me, bless his holy name.

7 Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget
not all his benefits:

8 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
who healeth all thy diseases;

9 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
who crowneth thee with loving-
kindness and tender mercies;

10 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good
things; so that thy youth is renewed like
the eagle's.

11 The LORD executeth righteousness
and judgment for all that are oppressed.

12 He made known his ways unto
Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

13 The LORD is merciful and gracious,
slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
14 He will not always chide: neither
will he keep his anger for ever.
15 He hath not dealt with us after
our sins; nor rewarded us according to
our inquities.
16 For as the heaven is high above
the earth, so great is his mercy toward
them that fear him.
17 As far as the east is from the west,
so far hath he removed our transgressions
from us.
18 Like as a father pitieth his children,
so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.
19 For he knoweth our frame; he
remembereth that we are dust.
20 As for man, his days are as grass:
as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
21 For the wind passeth over it, and
it is gone; and the place thereof shall
know it no more.
22 But the mercy of the LORD is from
everlasting to everlasting upon them that
fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
23 To such as keep his covenant, and
to those that remember his commandments to do them.
24 The LORD hath prepared his throne
in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth
over all.
25 Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that
excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his
word.
26 Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts;
ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
27 Bless the LORD, all his works in all
places of his dominion: bless the LORD, O
my soul.

SELECTION 38

PSALM 104

1 BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O
LORD my God, thou art very great; thou
art clothed with honor and majesty:
2 Who coverest thyself with light as
with a garment: who stretchest out the
heavens like a curtain:
3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the
clouds his chariot: who walketh upon
the wings of the wind:
4 Who maketh his angels spirits; his
ministers a flaming fire:
5 Who laid the foundations of the
earth, that it should not be removed for
ever.
6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as
with a garment: the waters stood above
the mountains.
7 At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice
of thy thunder they hasted away.
8 They go up by the mountains; they
go down by the valleys unto the place
which thou hast founded for them.
9 Thou hast set a bound that they may
not pass over; that they turn not again
to cover the earth.
10 He sendeth the springs into the
valleys, which run among the hills.
11 They give drink to every beast of
the field: the wild asses quench their
thirst.
12 By them shall the fowls of the
heaven have their habitation, which sing
among the branches.
13 He watereth the hills from his
chambers: the earth is satisfied with the
fruit of thy works.
14 He causeth the grass to grow for
the cattle, and herb for the service of
man: that he may bring forth food out
of the earth;
15 And wine that maketh glad the
heart of man, and oil to make his face to
shine, and bread which strengtheneth
man's heart.
16 The trees of the LORD are full of
sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he
hath planted;
17 Where the birds make their nests:

as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

18 The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

19 He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

20 Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

21 The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

22 The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

23 Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

24 O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

25 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26 There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

27 These wait all upon thee; that thou mayst give them their meat in due season.

28 That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

29 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

30 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

31 The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

32 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

33 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

34 My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the LORD.

35 Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the LORD, O my soul. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 39

PSALM 107: 1–22

1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

7 And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

9 For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

10 Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

12 Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

13 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

14 He brought them out of darkness
and the shadow of death, and brake their
bands in sunder.

15 Oh that men would praise the LORD
for his goodness, and for his wonderful
works to the children of men!

16 For he hath broken the gates of
brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

17 Fools, because of their transgres-
sion, and because of their iniquities, are
afflicted.

18 Their soul abhorreth all manner of
meat; and they draw near unto the gates
of death.

19 Then they cry unto the LORD in
their trouble, and he saveth them out of
their distresses.

20 He sent his word, and healed them,
and delivered them from their destructions.

21 Oh that men would praise the LORD
for his goodness, and for his wonderful
works to the children of men!

22 And let them sacrifice the sacrifices
of thanksgiving, and declare his works
with rejoicing.

SELECTION 40

PSALM 107: 23–43

1 THEY that go down to the sea in
ships, that do business in great waters;

2 These see the works of the LORD,
and his wonders in the deep.

3 For he commandeth, and raiseth
the stormy wind, which lifteth up the
waves thereof.

4 They mount up to the heaven, they
go down again to the depths: their soul
is melted because of trouble.

5 They reel to and fro, and stagger
like a drunken man, and are at their
wit's end.

6 Then they cry unto the LORD in
their trouble, and he bringeth them out
of their distresses.

7 He maketh the storm a calm, so
that the waves thereof are still.

8 Then are they glad because they be
quiet; so he bringeth them unto their
desired haven.

9 Oh that men would praise the LORD
for his goodness, and for his wonderful
works to the children of men!

10 Let them exalt him also in the
congregation of the people, and praise
him in the assembly of the elders.

11 He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
and the watersprings into dry ground;

12 A fruitful land into barrenness, for
the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

13 He turneth the wilderness into a
standing water, and dry ground into
watersprings.

14 And there he maketh the hungry
to dwell, that they may prepare a city
for habitation;

15 And sow the fields, and plant vine-
yards, which may yield fruits of increase.

16 He blesseth them also, so that they
are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not
their cattle to decrease.

17 Again, they are minished and
brought low through oppression, afflic-
tion, and sorrow.

18 He poureth contempt upon princes,
and causeth them to wander in the wil-
derness, where there is no way.

19 Yet setteth he the poor on high
from affliction, and maketh him families
like a flock.

20 The righteous shall see it, and re-
joice: and all iniquity shall stop her
mouth.

21 Whoso is wise, and will observe
these things, even they shall understand
the loving-kindness of the LORD.

SELECTION 41

PSALM 110

1 THE LORD said unto my Lord, Sit
thou at my right hand, until I make thine
enemies thy footstool.

2 The LORD shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

3 Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4 The LORD hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

5 The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

6 He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries.

7 He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.

PSALM 111

8 PRAISE ye the LORD. I will praise the LORD with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

9 The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

10 His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

11 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

12 He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

13 He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

14 The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

15 They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

16 He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

17 The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

PSALM 112

18 PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

19 His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

20 Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

21 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

22 A good man showeth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

23 Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

24 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.

25 His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies.

26 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honor.

27 The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

SELECTION 42

PSALM 113: 1–6

1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants of the LORD, praise the name of the LORD.

2 Blessed be the name of the LORD from this time forth and for evermore.

3 From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the LORD'S name is to be praised.

4 The LORD is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

5 Who is like unto the LORD our God, who dwelleth on high,

6 Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!

PSALM 115

7 NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

8 Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

9 But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

10 Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

11 They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

12 They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

13 They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

14 They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.

15 O Israel, trust thou in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

16 O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

17 Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD: he is their help and their shield.

18 The LORD hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

19 He will bless them that fear the LORD, both small and great.

20 The LORD shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

21 Ye are blessed of the LORD which made heaven and earth.

22 The heaven, even the heavens, are the LORD'S: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

23 The dead praise not the LORD, neither any that go down into silence.

24 But we will bless the LORD from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the LORD.

SELECTION 43

PSALM 116

1 I LOVE the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

6 The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, All men are liars.

12 What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.

14 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

15 Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

16 O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I
am thy servant, and the son of thine
handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.
17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of
thanksgiving, and will call upon the name
of the LORD.
18 I will pay my vows unto the LORD
now in the presence of all his people,
19 In the courts of the LORD's house,
in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise
ye the LORD.

PSALM 117

20 O PRAISE the LORD, all ye na-
tions: praise him, all ye people.
21 For his merciful kindness is great
toward us: and the truth of the LORD
endureth for ever. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 44

PSALM 118

1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for
he is good: because his mercy endureth
for ever.
2 Let Israel now say, that his mercy
endureth for ever.
3 Let the house of Aaron now say,
that his mercy endureth for ever.
4 Let them now that fear the LORD say,
that his mercy endureth for ever.
5 I called upon the LORD in distress:
the LORD answered me, and set me in a
large place.
6 The LORD is on my side; I will not
fear: what can man do unto me?
7 The LORD taketh my part with them
that help me: therefore shall I see my
desire upon them that hate me.
8 It is better to trust in the LORD than
to put confidence in man.
9 It is better to trust in the LORD than
to put confidence in princes.
10 All nations compassed me about:
but in the name of the LORD will I de-
stroy them.
11 They compassed me about; yea,
they compassed me about: but in the
name of the LORD I will destroy them.
12 They compassed me about like
bees; they are quenched as the fire of
thorns: for in the name of the LORD I
will destroy them.
13 Thou hast thrust sore at me that I
might fall: but the LORD helped me.
14 The LORD is my strength and song,
and is become my salvation.
15 The voice of rejoicing and salva-
tion is in the tabernacles of the righteous:
the right hand of the LORD doeth val-
iantly.
16 The right hand of the LORD is ex-
alted: the right hand of the LORD doeth
valiantly.
17 I shall not die, but live, and declare
the works of the LORD.
18 The LORD hath chastened me sore:
but he hath not given me over unto
death.
19 Open to me the gates of righteous-
ness: I will go into them, and I will
praise the LORD:
20 This gate of the LORD, into which
the righteous shall enter.
21 I will praise thee: for thou hast
heard me, and art become my salvation.
22 The stone which the builders re-
fused is become the head stone of the
corner.
23 This is the LORD's doing; it is mar-
vellous in our eyes.
24 This is the day which the LORD
hath made; we will rejoice and be glad
in it.
25 Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD:
O LORD, I beseech thee, send now pros-
perity.
26 Blessed be he that cometh in the
name of the LORD: we have blessed you
out of the house of the LORD.
27 God is the LORD, which hath showed
us light: bind the sacrifice with cords,
even unto the horns of the altar.

28 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

29 O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 45

PSALM 119: 1–24

1 BLESSED are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the LORD.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

10 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

11 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

12 Blessed art thou, O LORD: teach me thy statutes.

13 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

14 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

15 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

16 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

17 Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, and keep thy word.

18 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

19 I am a stranger in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me.

20 My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times.

21 Thou hast rebuked the proud that are cursed, which do err from thy commandments.

22 Remove from me reproach and contempt; for I have kept thy testimonies.

23 Princes also did sit and speak against me: but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes.

24 Thy testimonies also are my delight, and my counsellors.

SELECTION 46

PSALM 119: 33–48, 89–96

1 TEACH me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

2 Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

3 Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

4 Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

5 Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

6 Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

7 Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

8 Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

9 Let thy mercies come also unto me, O LORD, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

10 So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

11 And take not the word of truth
utterly out of my mouth; for I have
hoped in thy judgments.
12 So shall I keep thy law continually
for ever and ever.
13 And I will walk at liberty: for I
seek thy precepts.
14 I will speak of thy testimonies also
before kings, and will not be ashamed.
15 And I will delight myself in thy
commandments, which I have loved.
16 My hands also will I lift up unto
thy commandments, which I have loved;
and I will meditate in thy statutes.
17 For ever, O LORD, thy word is
settled in heaven.
18 Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth,
and it abideth.
19 They continue this day according
to thine ordinances: for all are thy servants.
20 Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in
mine affliction.
21 I will never forget thy precepts:
for with them thou hast quickened me.
22 I am thine, save me; for I have
sought thy precepts.
23 The wicked have waited for me to
destroy me: but I will consider thy testimonies.
24 I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding
broad.

SELECTION 47

PSALM 119:97–120

1 O HOW love I thy law! it is my
meditation all the day.
2 Thou through thy commandments
hast made me wiser than mine enemies:
for they are ever with me.
3 I have more understanding than all
my teachers: for thy testimonies are my
meditation.
4 I understand more than the ancients,
because I keep thy precepts.
5 I have refrained my feet from every
evil way, that I might keep thy word.
6 I have not departed from thy judgments: for thou hast taught me.
7 How sweet are thy words unto my
taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my
mouth.
8 Through thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way.
9 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path.
10 I have sworn, and I will perform it,
that I will keep thy righteous judgments.
11 I am afflicted very much: quicken
me, O LORD, according unto thy word.
12 Accept, I beseech thee, the free-
will offerings of my mouth, O LORD, and
teach me thy judgments.
13 My soul is continually in my hand:
yet do I not forget thy law.
14 The wicked have laid a snare for
me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.
15 Thy testimonies have I taken as
a heritage for ever: for they are the
rejoicing of my heart.
16 I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the
end.
17 I hate vain thoughts: but thy law
do I love.
18 Thou art my hiding place and my
shield: I hope in thy word.
19 Depart from me, ye evil doers: for
I will keep the commandments of my God.
20 Uphold me according unto thy
word, that I may live: and let me not
be ashamed of my hope.
21 Hold thou me up, and I shall be
safe: and I will have respect unto thy
statutes continually.
22 Thou hast trodden down all them
that err from thy statutes: for their deceit
is falsehood.
23 Thou puttest away all the wicked

of the earth like dross: therefore I love thy testimonies.

24 My flesh trembleth for fear of thee; and I am afraid of thy judgments.

SELECTION 48

Psalm 121

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm 122

9 I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

10 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

11 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

12 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

13 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

14 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

15 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

16 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

17 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Psalm 123

18 UNTO thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

19 Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

20 Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

21 Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

SELECTION 49

Psalm 124

1 IF it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say;

2 If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

3 Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

4 Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

5 Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

6 Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

7 Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

8 Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Psalm 125

9 THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

10 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

11 For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

12 Do good, O LORD, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

13 As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the LORD shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

PSALM 126

14 WHEN the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

15 Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The LORD hath done great things for them.

16 The LORD hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

17 Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the streams in the south.

18 They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

19 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

PSALM 127

20 EXCEPT the LORD build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

21 It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.

22 Lo, children are a heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.

23 As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.

24 Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

SELECTION **50**

PSALM 130

1 OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.

2 Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

3 If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

4 But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

5 I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

7 Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

PSALM 131

9 LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

10 Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.

11 Let Israel hope in the LORD from henceforth and for ever.

PSALM 132

12 LORD, remember David, and all his afflictions:

13 How he sware unto the LORD, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;

14 Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;

15 I will not give sleep to mine eyes,
or slumber to mine eyelids,
16 Until I find out a place for the
LORD, a habitation for the mighty God of
Jacob.
17 Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah: we
found it in the fields of the wood.
18 We will go into his tabernacles: we
will worship at his footstool.
19 Arise, O LORD, into thy rest; thou,
and the ark of thy strength.
20 Let thy priests be clothed with
righteousness; and let thy saints shout for
joy.
21 For thy servant David's sake turn
not away the face of thine anointed.
22 The LORD hath sworn in truth unto
David; he will not turn from it; Of the
fruit of thy body will I set upon thy
throne.
23 If thy children will keep my cove-
nant and my testimony that I shall teach
them, their children shall also sit upon thy
throne for evermore.
24 For the LORD hath chosen Zion; he
hath desired it for his habitation.
25 This is my rest for ever: here will
I dwell; for I have desired it.
26 I will abundantly bless her provi-
sion: I will satisfy her poor with bread.
27 I will also clothe her priests with
salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud
for joy.
28 There will I make the horn of Da-
vid to bud: I have ordained a lamp for
mine anointed.
29 His enemies will I clothe with
shame: but upon himself shall his crown
flourish.

SELECTION 51

PSALM 133

1 BEHOLD, how good and how pleas-
ant it is for brethren to dwell together in
unity!
2 It is like the precious ointment upon
the head, that ran down upon the beard,
even Aaron's beard: that went down to
the skirts of his garments;
3 As the dew of Hermon, and as the
dew that descended upon the mountains
of Zion: for there the LORD commanded
the blessing, even life for evermore.

PSALM 134

4 BEHOLD, bless ye the LORD, all ye
servants of the LORD, which by night
stand in the house of the LORD.
5 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,
and bless the LORD.
6 The LORD that made heaven and
earth bless thee out of Zion.

PSALM 135

7 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye
the name of the LORD; praise him, O ye
servants of the LORD.
8 Ye that stand in the house of the
LORD, in the courts of the house of our
God,
9 Praise the LORD; for the LORD is
good: sing praises unto his name; for it
is pleasant.
10 For the LORD hath chosen Jacob
unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar
treasure.
11 For I know that the LORD is great,
and that our Lord is above all gods.
12 Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that
did he in heaven, and in earth, in the
seas, and all deep places.
13 He causeth the vapors to ascend
from the ends of the earth; he maketh
lightnings for the rain; he bringeth the
wind out of his treasuries.
14 Who smote the firstborn of Egypt,
both of man and beast.
15 Who sent tokens and wonders into
the midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh,
and upon all his servants.
16 Who smote great nations, and slew
mighty kings;

17 Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and all the kingdoms of Canaan:

18 And gave their land for a heritage, a heritage unto Israel his people.

19 Thy name, O LORD, endureth for ever; and thy memorial, O LORD, throughout all generations.

20 For the LORD will judge his people, and he will repent himself concerning his servants.

21 The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

22 They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

23 They have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

24 They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them.

25 Bless the LORD, O house of Israel: bless the LORD, O house of Aaron:

26 Bless the LORD, O house of Levi: ye that fear the LORD, bless the LORD.

27 Blessed be the LORD out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 52

PSALM 136: 1–9, 23–26

1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2 O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

3 O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

4 To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

6 To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

7 To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

8 The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

9 The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

10 Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

11 And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

12 Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

13 O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM 137: 1–6

14 BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

15 We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

16 For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

17 How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land?

18 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

19 If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

PSALM 138

20 I WILL praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

21 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

22 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

23 All the kings of the earth shall

praise thee, O LORD, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

24 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD: for great is the glory of the LORD.

25 Though the LORD be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

26 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

27 The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 53

PSALM 139: 1–12, 14–24

1 O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

4 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

7 Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

9 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

13 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

14 My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

15 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

16 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

17 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

18 Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

19 For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

20 Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

21 I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

22 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

23 And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 54

PSALM 141: 1–3

1 LORD, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto thee.

2 Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

3 Set a watch, O LORD, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

PSALM 142

4 I CRIED unto the LORD with my voice; with my voice unto the LORD did I make my supplication.

5 I poured out my complaint before him; I showed before him my trouble.

6 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

7 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

8 I cried unto thee, O LORD: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

9 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

10 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

PSALM 143: 1–11

11 HEAR my prayer, O LORD, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

12 And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

13 For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

14 Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

15 I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands.

16 I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

17 Hear me speedily, O LORD; my spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

18 Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

19 Deliver me, O LORD, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

20 Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

21 Quicken me, O LORD, for thy name's sake: for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

SELECTION 55

PSALM 144

1 BLESSED be the LORD my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:

2 My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.

3 LORD, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!

4 Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

5 Bow thy heavens, O LORD, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

6 Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

7 Send thine hand from above; rid

me, and deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of strange children;

8 Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

9 I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

10 It is he that giveth salvation unto kings: who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

11 Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood:

12 That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace:

13 That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:

14 That our oxen may be strong to labor; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.

15 Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the LORD.

PSALM 146

16 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise the LORD, O my soul.

17 While I live will I praise the LORD: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

18 Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

19 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

20 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the LORD his God:

21 Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

22 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The LORD looseth the prisoners:

23 The LORD openeth the eyes of the blind: the LORD raiseth them that are bowed down: the LORD loveth the righteous:

24 The LORD preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

25 The LORD shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 56

PSALM 145

1 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

2 Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

3 Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

4 One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

6 And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

8 The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

9 The LORD is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

10 All thy works shall praise thee,
O LORD; and thy saints shall bless
thee.

11 They shall speak of the glory of
thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

12 To make known to the sons of
men his mighty acts, and the glorious
majesty of his kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting
kingdom, and thy dominion endureth
throughout all generations.

14 The LORD upholdeth all that fall,
and raiseth up all those that be bowed
down.

15 The eyes of all wait upon thee;
and thou givest them their meat in due
season.

16 Thou openest thine hand, and
satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

17 The LORD is righteous in all his
ways, and holy in all his works.

18 The LORD is nigh unto all them
that call upon him, to all that call upon
him in truth.

19 He will fulfil the desire of them
that fear him: he also will hear their cry,
and will save them.

20 The LORD preserveth all them that
love him: but all the wicked will he
destroy.

21 My mouth shall speak the praise of
the LORD: and let all flesh bless his holy
name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 57

PSALM 147

1 PRAISE ye the LORD: for it is
good to sing praises unto our God; for
it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

2 The LORD doth build up Jerusalem:
he gathereth together the outcasts of
Israel.

3 He healeth the broken in heart, and
bindeth up their wounds.

4 He telleth the number of the stars;
he calleth them all by their names.

5 Great is our Lord, and of great
power: his understanding is infinite.

6 The LORD lifteth up the meek: he
casteth the wicked down to the ground.

7 Sing unto the LORD with thanks-
giving; sing praise upon the harp unto
our God:

8 Who covereth the heaven with
clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
who maketh grass to grow upon the
mountains.

9 He giveth to the beast his food, and
to the young ravens which cry.

10 He delighteth not in the strength
of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in
the legs of a man.

11 The LORD taketh pleasure in them
that fear him, in those that hope in his
mercy.

12 Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem;
praise thy God, O Zion.

13 For he hath strengthened the bars
of thy gates; he hath blessed thy chil-
dren within thee.

14 He maketh peace in thy borders,
and filleth thee with the finest of the
wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his command-
ment upon earth: his word runneth very
swiftly.

16 He giveth snow like wool: he
scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like mor-
sels: who can stand before his cold?

18 He sendeth out his word, and melt-
eth them: he causeth his wind to blow,
and the waters flow.

19 He showeth his word unto Jacob,
his statutes and his judgments unto Is-
rael.

20 He hath not dealt so with any
nation: and as for his judgments, they
have not known them. Praise ye the
LORD.

SELECTION 58

Psalm 148

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye
the Lord from the heavens: praise him
in the heights.
2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise
ye him, all his hosts.
3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise
him, all ye stars of light.
4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
and ye waters that be above the heavens.
5 Let them praise the name of the
Lord: for he commanded, and they were
created.
6 He hath also stablished them for
ever and ever: he hath made a decree
which shall not pass.
7 Praise the Lord from the earth, ye
dragons, and all deeps:
8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapor;
stormy wind fulfilling his word:
9 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful
trees, and all cedars:
10 Beasts, and all cattle; creeping
things, and flying fowl:
11 Kings of the earth, and all people;
princes, and all judges of the earth:
12 Both young men, and maidens;
old men, and children:
13 Let them praise the name of the
Lord: for his name alone is excellent;
his glory is above the earth and heaven.
14 He also exalteth the horn of his
people, the praise of all his saints; even
of the children of Israel, a people near
unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm 149

15 PRAISE ye the Lord. Sing unto
the Lord a new song, and his praise in
the congregation of saints.
16 Let Israel rejoice in him that made
him: let the children of Zion be joyful in
their King.
17 Let them praise his name in the
dance: let them sing praises unto him
with the timbrel and harp.
18 For the Lord taketh pleasure in
his people: he will beautify the meek
with salvation.
19 Let the saints be joyful in glory:
let them sing aloud upon their beds.
20 Let the high praises of God be in
their mouth, and a twoedged sword in
their hand;
21 To execute vengeance upon the
heathen, and punishments upon the people;
22 To bind their kings with chains,
and their nobles with fetters of iron;
23 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his
saints. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm 150

24 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God
in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.
25 Praise him for his mighty acts:
praise him according to his excellent
greatness.
26 Praise him with the sound of the
trumpet: praise him with the psaltery
and harp.
27 Praise him with the timbrel and
dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
28 Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding
cymbals.
29 Let everything that hath breath
praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

1 William Russell (1777–1813)

2 Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–)

3 Gregorian: arr. by Tallis

4 Sir George A. Macfarren, 1850

5 Gregorian

6 Hart

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

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